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McCLURE'S

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The Cure for Pessimists

by Herbert Kaufman

MATT BEAL is farming ten thousand acres this year. All Garfield County knows it but the information is far more important to New York, Pittsburgh and Boston where a few million folk profess to believe that opportunity fled America before they reached here.

Garfield County is a rich, luxuriant chunk of Eastern Washington which Nature retched forth in volcanic agony and seemingly abandoned as a hopeless bungle. Once, you might have bought miles of the sage-scabbed hills with pocket money. Nowadays, a fair to middling grain ranch there brings about a hundred thousand dollars.

It's hard to find a local farmer without a first-rate automobile, a paddock of blooded work-horses, a flock of electric domestics, a house in town, a son in college or a daughter at finishing school.

You can't convince Matt Beal and his neighbors that this isn't still a poor man's land any more than early circumstance could keep them poor land's men.

Not so very long ago the Beal family, poverty and determination lived in an unpainted shack.

They simply worked—made the best of what they had—rebuffed indulgence until the mortgage was met, the new barns built, the tool-shed stocked, the combine bought, and now in mid-life, Beal of Pomeroy is lord of endless golden fields and his wagon trains crowd the roads with breadstuff for hungry cities, earth-over.

There never was an hour since the first dawn when will couldn't win through. There's always a show for the Pomeroy breed.

Within a week's journey from any seat of discontent in these United States fortune has reserved a chance as big as the man who cares to take it.

The trail to Eldorado starts at the nearest railroad station. A billion future tons of wool and corn and beef are in plain sight from the windows of any transcontinental train.

Time will see orchards and pastures and granaries and mighty cities where unimagination beholds but barrens.

This nation shall remain a half-done job so long as swamps and marshes yield no crops—and deserts sleep infertile in the sun—while mountain torrents waste their strength—while coyotes sing on factory sites and forests rot beyond the reach of rails.

The map's the cure for pessimists: to-morrow is our richest day.

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"Say, Cutie, here's a 'quaintance o' mine that don't know jazz from a jitney. First time around the track. Wise him up a little, so the bunch don't hand him the razz"

Something That Might Happen To Your Boy— Any Boy

Boob's Progress

by Walter Jones

Illustrations by Lee Conrey

JERRY MASON was a boob. He lived in a boob neighborhood, in a boob suburb that possessed all the attributes and limitations of boobdom. Selma Street looked well enough on the realty company's circulars, but in reality it was a reformed alley, plumb-lined with flimsy double-deckers; Laurelwood lacked even the sophistication of a poolroom or a picture show; and at nineteen Jerry had never kissed a girl, used a cuss word, or missed the mid-evening local.

He supported his widowed mother and his sister, Evangeline, and commuted as sedately as a veteran. Economic necessity had been his cosmic urge. At eleven he had a paper route, at fourteen he clerked Saturdays in the Laurelwood Coöperative Grocery, at seventeen an obliging neighbor got him into the National Wholesalers' Supply in the city.

In his home he was as spoiled as all dutiful sons ought to be. Saturday nights Evangeline made him Vienna waffles and Sunday mornings his mother let him sleep until noon. As an added attraction, Vangy usually had her chum, Mary Simmons, in to dinner.

It was a wholesome life and should have been soul-satisfying. But a cat may look at a king and a boob may envy a regular guy. And there were times when Jerry sighed at a jaunty youth in waist-seams and Stetson. Or smiled at a pretty girl in a street-car. And he never could make his feet behave when passing a dance-hall.

Often his sigh was only a sigh. Again it deepened into a mood of ill-humor and depression. Then his mother plied him with digestive pills, Vangy scolded him for forgetting her sheet music, and Mary Simmons placated him with parchesi.

According to the specifications for Laurelwood boobs, a modicum of these prescriptions should have cured his social disorder and impelled him to marry Mary under a festoon of smilax and begin pricing perambulators. But Jerry was a six-footer, the pills were homeopathic, and Fate slipped in a joker that disarranged the suburban deck.

One blustery March evening there was a tie-up on the Laurelwood branch and Jerry detoured by traction. He was waiting impatiently at the last transfer station when a classy looking touring-car, occupied by two youths about his own age, drew up at the curb. The driver, leaning out to buy a sporting extra, saw Jerry with his green check. "If you're goin' out Farmsway, Jack," he called, "we'll give you a lift."

Jerry never bounced autos or accepted rides from strangers, but it was after seven and he knew his mother would be worried; so he replied, "I sure would like to get to Laurelwood."

"Hop in then," — the youth in the tonneau pulled an extra robe from the rack. "Let her rip, Hobe, and go easy on the curves, cuz them skid-chains are climbin'."

"Kind o' chilly for auto riding, ain't it?" ventured Jerry, submerging in the furry robe. "Live out this way?"

"Gosh, no!" disclaimed his companion. "We're after a couple o' dames at the Farms. Takin' 'em down to Bailey's Pavilion for a jazz time."

"Gee," said Jerry, "a night like this! They must be awfully good friends of yours."

"You're tootin', they are. Some squabs! We'd go further'n the Farms for them babies, wouldn't we, Hobe?"

"I'll say we would, Stewie!" shouted back the driver.

"Ever been to the Pavilion?"

"No, I don't go round much," confessed Selma Street. "What's it like?"

"Raggiest hall on the circuit. Has everything — jazz, shimmie, and nifty cups for their contests. Better grab off your Jane and blow down there sometime."

"Sounds great!" sighed Jerry. "But I don't dance and I don't know any girl to take if I did."

"How do you get that way? I bet you're stringin' half a dozen on the side. Have a fag?"

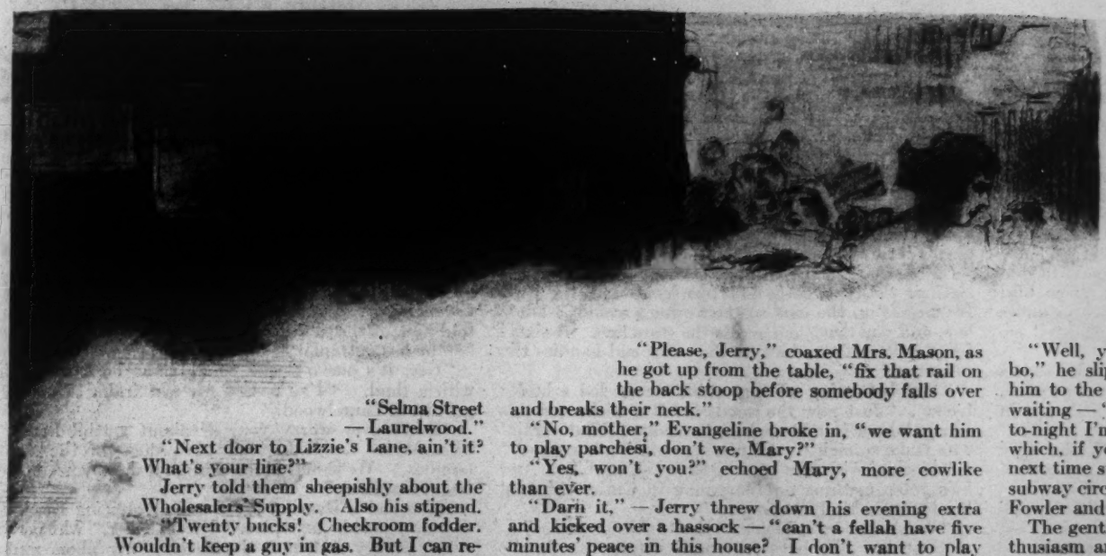
"Don't smoke," he refused, wishing somehow he did. "No, honestly, I don't know any — Janes."

"For cats' sake, Hobe, here's a gink don't chew coffin-nails and never been vamped by a dame! Whaddayuh know?"

"He's kiddin' you — or he ain't human."

"I'm a dead one, all right," Jerry confessed.

"One o' them fireside companions, huh? Where'd you say you live?"



"Selma Street — Laurelwood." "Next door to Lizzie's Lane, ain't it? What's your line?"

Jerry told them sheepishly about the Wholesalers' Supply. Also his stipend.

"Twenty bucks! Checkroom fodder. Wouldn't keep a guy in gas. But I can remember when I was a poor simp like you — until I met up with The Duke and Hobe and learned me a few formulas for annexin' the jack."

"Formulas?" Jerry inquired. "You mean you went to night school beside your job?"

"You might call it that," Stewie chuckled. "Some of it's by night, some by day. First it was beside my job. Now it *is* my job. All easy money —— "

"Easy money! Gee, I never saw any."

" — and perfectly legitimate —— "

"Tie a can to the wise stuff, Stewie," growled Hobe. "Which way do I turn around this dummy bull, bo?"

"Keep on ahead," directed Jerry, climbing out of the robe. "Only a minute or two to my town. Thanks for the lift."

"Pleasure's all ours!" Stewie replied, with a sidelong glance. "Say, Jack, how'd you like to make a noise like a regular guy? Come in town once in awhile and find out you're livin'? Whaddayuh say, Hobe, should I give him a card to the Club?"

"Sure!"

As the car slowed down in City Hall Square, Stewie rummaged a square of pasteboard and scribbled his name across the corner. "There's your passport. Some kippy club we got — bowling alley, pool tables, 'n' everything. Drop in any time and we'll knock you down to the bunch. Friday's ladies' night and you'll always meet up with a crowd o' swell queens."

"LIKE to," — Jerry backed away wistfully — "but I'm such a dub; not dancing, or playing pool, or anything, ——"

"Don't let that worry you, little one. You got a great fist for a cue and if Dode and Eena can't trot a little jazz into you, I'll say you're some wooden Indian! S'long, Jack. Mind you look us up."

"So long, fellahs! I will."

In a boob's trance he stood in his tracks while the auto sped away, and, as a great yearning flared up in his smouldering soul for all the youthful pleasures the gods of suburban circumstance had denied him, he thrust the card in his pocket and strode feverishly homeward.

Of course when Jerry came to next day's sober senses, he abandoned any intention of following up the casual invitation of the sociable strangers. But that didn't prevent him from conning the pasteboard, which read:

TUXEDO SOCIAL CLUB

Dansants Friday evenings. Tuxedo St. and Castle Park Ave.

He put it away in his bill-purse with the envious reflection that it must be a great life — if you had the money — cars — clothes — class — some place to go evenings — get acquainted with a bunch of swell girls. Especially the swell girls. Vangy and Mary Simmons were the sole unsatisfactory items in his sum total of women. His sister he regarded simply as a part of the household furniture, like the piano lamp or the maltese cat. Miss Simmons was cowlike and did her hair too plain. Her conversation consisted largely of "Yes" and "No" and "Oh, won't you?" and "Isn't that lovely!" And Vangy was always throwing her at him.

One Friday when he came home to an economical dinner of meat hash and junket and found Vangy had invited Mary to spend the evening, he reached a crisis of domestic discontent.

"Please, Jerry," coaxed Mrs. Mason, as he got up from the table, "fix that rail on the back stoop before somebody falls over and breaks their neck."

"No, mother," Evangeline broke in, "we want him to play parchesi, don't we, Mary?"

"Yes, won't you?" echoed Mary, more cowlike than ever.

"Darn it," — Jerry threw down his evening extra and kicked over a hassock — "can't a fellah have five minutes' peace in this house? I don't want to play parchesi and I ain't going to push any hammer tonight." He arose with hasty determination. "I'm going in town and I won't be back till the last local."

Grabbing his best derby, he darted for the depot. The seven-five landed him in the city with wrath in his soul and no definite purpose for the evening. He was hesitating before a picture show, when a heavy hand clapped him on the shoulder. "Well, whaddayuh know, if it ain't the Laurelwood kid! How's every little thing?"

He turned and beheld his friend of the classy touring-car.

"Say, you poor fish, why haven't you been round to the Club?"

"Why, I don't know," Jerry stammered, "I —— "

"What you doin' to-night?"

"Nothing special."

"Then come along to our dansong."

"Gee, I'd like to!" — hung back the boob. "But I have to get home early——"

"Well, you will — earlier'n the milkman. Listen, bo," he slipped his arm through Jerry's and guided him to the curb, where a dashingly dressed duo were waiting — "I got you sized up for a regular guy and to-night I'm gonna give you a look in on a real razoo which, if you don't like it, it's your own funeral and next time stay away. Boys, a friend o' mine from the subway circuits. Mr. Mason, meet my buddies, Connie Fowler and The Duke o' Tuxedo."

The gentlemen acknowledged the honor without enthusiasm and Stew and Jerry fell in behind them on the way to the hall. "Some nameplates my bunch has got," explained Stewie: "but they're all white guys. Connie's old man's boss o' Ward Nine. Owns our hall and gives us the lease for roustin' out the rummies election time. Duke's king o' Tuxedo Street and

"Darn it, can't a fellah have five minutes' peace in this house?" Jerry kicked over a hassock. "I'm going in town and I won't be back until the last local"

prince o' the jazzers. Wins more prize cups — Say, bo, you wanna watch that boy in action! And he's a great scout. Only, if you cross him in women — bloocy! Then Hobe and me, that's the inside gang."

"What time does the dancing begin?" asked Jerry, much impressed.

"Any time the jazz babies gets there. Here's the Club. Some little palace, ain't it?"

Jerry followed him through a stucco arch opening on a tunnel-like stairway, illumined by a dust-dimmed bulb. "Don't get cold feet, kiddo," he said encouragingly, as they entered the clubrooms, whence issued a blare of music, and white light, and laughter. "None of 'em's got anything on you. First dope is to find somebody that'll learn you to spiel. A green bird don't stand much show with the Janes. All the ladies that comes here is class. Look 'em over and tell me which one would you pin the ribbon on?"

Jerry inspected the dancers confusedly. He didn't know class when he saw it. "Gorry," he hesitated, "they're all good lookers. Perhaps that little girl in pink, with her hair bobbed, —— "

"Well, whaddayuh know! Eena Myers, the very same I was gonna introduce you to. She's one corkin' kid. I like them baby starers myself."

Next time the baby starer passed Stewie signaled her. "Say, Cutie, here's a 'quaintance o' mine that don't know jazz from a jitney. First time around the track, but I'm countin' him in the money. Wise him up a little, will you, so the bunch don't hand him the razz?"

"Cer-tain-lee! I sure will." Miss Myers calmly inspected Jerry from his yellow poll to his number nines. "Sit right down, Blondy, and I'll explain you the idea."

Jerry was in the seventh heaven of bliss and bewilderment. "Gee, I've never danced a step in my life——"

"That makes no difference."

"No, you don't, Blondy! Do you think you're goin' to pull the innocent stuff on me and give me the gate after all these weeks I been turning down dates for you?"

she assured him serenely. "If it's in you, you'll get the feel of the floor. Duke never spieled a step till he was twenty; now I got him doin' championships."

Twenty minutes later he was debuting with Terpsichore.

"Hey, you Laurelwood!" greeted Hobe, capering by with a Titian blonde tucked under his mighty arm. "How's every little thing? Keep at him, Cutie. Yattaboy!"

And Cutie kept at him until, just before intermission he was walking respectably through a one-step, when The Duke came up and carried her off. Jerry retired in embarrassment to a checkroom the men used for a smoker.

Nobby dressers were scattered all over the place, swapping cigarettes and lingo that was Volapük to Selma Street. He draped a cork-tip experimentally on his lip and crawled out on the fire escape, where he wouldn't be conspicuous if the thing back-fired.

"I tell you it's a lead pipe!" Connie Fowler was declaring. "All you gotta do is turn 'em over to the gink. He messes up the cars so their owners wouldn't know 'em, and you drive 'em across the state line. A sixty-forty split and the duck at the other end handles the turnover."

"You better lay off that stuff," counseled a husky tenor. "Just now the woods is full o' dicks and this garage keeper is liable to be a frame-up. What's eatin' The Duke to-night? All you get outa him's a growl."

"Flockin' with the snowbirds again, prob'ly. And he's got something on the pan with Cutie. Shakin' her for a Castle Hill vampire."

"Who's the baby elephant she's takin' to raise?"

"Dunno. She likes 'em new, before the paint's cracked off. Whaddayuh say, Congo, stake me to a V. I'm sittin' in a sucker session. All I need's my ante and I'll cash in with a killing."

Jerry didn't know what all this dashing converse was about; but he slipped in the window in time to see Connie produce a roll that made his suburban eyes bulge.

"Thanks, ole kid. Always loaded with the jack, ain't you?"

"Gotta be, to keep my sweetie shimmyin'," Fowler replied with a wink.

The music was resuming and Jerry wandered shyly back to the floor. When he walked up awkwardly alongside Miss Myers, she was saying to The Duke, "Well, go on, dance with her, Bailey's, or any contest you want to. It's cer-tain-lee nothing to me. And to-night you needn't bother. Blondy here'll look after me, won't you, Blondy?"

"I sure will," said Jerry, his chivalry aroused by the childlike appeal in her tone and the unshed tears in her blue eyes. "I hope you haven't had a disagreement with your pardner."

"Disagreement ain't the name for it." She stared after the Duke's retreating figure with a glance he couldn't fathom. "I'll show him yet! The big — Listen," she turned to him suddenly with her dimpling-est smile, "d'you want to be a friend o' mine?"

"Why, certainly, Miss Myers!" he fluttered.

"Well, then," — earnestly — "you dance with me the rest of the evening and treat me nice, because I've had a dreadful disappointment."

"Blondy, you're born to shake a mean hoof!" she told him, as the jazz drummer brought down his sticks for the last rattaplat.

"Gee, it's one o'clock!" — he came back to earth with a thud. "I've missed my last train. How'll I get out to Laurelwood?"

"Don't ever worry yourself about gettin' home," Miss Myers laughed. "It ain't done in the best families. We'll find Hobe and he'll drop you at the transfer station."

Hobe had a Roaring Eight and an obliging habit of dropping people anywhere. "Remember," whispered Eena, as they drew near the station, "my 'phone number's Harcourt 2716, and if I ain't there, my sister'll take the message. Call me any time. If I got other dates, I'll break 'em, 'cause we're goin' to be friends, ain't we? And next week I'll fix it with Hobe for a swell party."

Jerry trod Selma Street on air. His thin Yale in the flat door sounded like a giant key in some Brobdingnagian lock. He took off his shoes and tiptoed along the hall; but his mother came in tears to the threshold. "What made you so late, Jerry? You've got me all nervoused up. Has there been a railroad accident or something?"

Guilt prompted him to a mumbled excuse; but he summoned to his aid an oft pondered courage to proclaim himself a man in his own house, with a man's rights and privileges.

"Wasn't any accident," he replied boldly. "Just been visitin' some friends. It's a crazy habit you got, mother, sitting up like this, and you want to get over it, 'cause I'm liable to be out late a lot."

If it hadn't been for Eena Myers, Jerry would never have followed up his début in Tuxedo Club circles. He saw that being a regular guy meant money, clothes, late hours, and continual fuss at home; and he tried to put the whole adventure out of his mind. But Eena wouldn't stay put. A hundred times a day she flashed across his vision, with her baby blue eyes that were large enough to be bold if they hadn't been so innocent; her three-dimpled smile; and the serious little way she had of saying, "Cer-tain-lee!" And she wanted him to be her friend. After a dozen false starts, he rang Harcourt 2716 and made an engagement with her for Saturday lunch and the movies.

A day or so later Stewie invited him around to Oscar's, where the gang hung out, for chow. "Say, Stewie," he ventured, over his rye sandwich and ha' per cent; "if it ain't too personal, where do you get those suits with the slit sleeves, and the hats that come down over your eyes?"

"Now you're talkin' progress!" Stewie replied. "And you came to the right party, cuz wardrobe's my middle name." And forthwith he escorted the neophyte down Haberdashery Lane.

Jerry stayed away from work till two o'clock, spent all his ready money, drew forty dollars from his hundred-dollar savings account, and, when the sartorial jamboree was ended, found himself in possession of a light gray pinchback, a Stetson that battened down to his eyebrows, a lavender silk shirt, cordovan brogues, and — a pale green feeling at the pit of his stomach.

"Don't let this little layout worry you, Blondy!" — said Stewie, brushing aside his financial misgivings. "You'll make a noise like a million dollars and get it back in a couple o' weeks. Why, there's guys in our club make their livin' playin' pool and I can sit you in a poker game to-night that'll clean you up a quarter-century!"

But Jerry wasn't sitting in any poker game yet. He went home [*Continued on page 38*]

Religion *and* Psychic Research

Conclusions of a Master Mind on a Subject of Universal Interest

by Sir Oliver Lodge

Illustration by Lejaren Hiller

I AM often asked if my investigations into unrecognized human faculty have led me toward and not away from the Christian religion. Also if the descriptions given by those who communicate with us from "the other side" are consonant with religious teaching.

My reply is in no uncertain tone; yes. That the utterances are in accord with every form of ecclesiastical doctrine would be impossible, for ecclesiastics do not agree with each other. It is not to any form of ecclesiasticism that I have been brought back, nor to any of the many accretions which, in the process of time, have superseded and confused the earlier teachings, but to the essentials, the main teachings of the Gospels.

First, the existence of a spiritual world or immaterial realm is established; and that surely is the fundamental basis of all religion. If there is no other world than this material order of things which appeals to the senses, then, though there may be high and self-sacrificing morality, there can be no Theology and no religion. The existence of a spiritual universe, above and distinct from matter, one that can be apprehended by the mind and spirit but not by bodily organs inherited from the animals, is surely the first essential.

A second essential to religion is that even here and now we are not cut off or completely isolated from that higher order of things, but that we can receive inspiration and help from it, and can reach out to it by aspiration and prayer. This possibility is also confirmed and established as a fact by the discovery of telepathy. Mind can commune with mind, without the use of bodily organs or material means of communication, without language or any artificial code of signals, but simply and directly by a transmission or reception of ideas, of thoughts, of feelings, of aspirations.

Hence, both aspiration and prayer are justified; the one is the receiving power, possessed, it may be, by only a few, — the few in whom we recognize genius, — the other is the transmitting power, possessed apparently by all, or at least by all who have not obscured and smothered their better nature. Unworded petitions and aspirations can reach their goal.

Continued existence, with full responsibility for our thoughts, words and deeds, is a third element common to many religions; and this is conspicuously taught by those with whom we are in communication. A few quotations from messages actually received from the other side may suffice to illustrate this.

"We live in a place where the only test is character. . . . The man arriving here finds this world very much what he has made it. You see the result of your life's work, thoughts and deeds. You make your next life; you do it day by day, hour by hour. There is no sudden transformation. You are as you were. . . . What burdens the soul most is selfishness, what helps it most is love. Every man goes to the place he has made for himself according as his life has been."

The simpler facts that we learn about incarnation and continued existence, and about the possibility of descent from higher regions or states for the achievement of some good object or the help of our fellows, is surely in accordance with the main revelation of the Christian religion.

That a lofty Personality should descend and dwell among us, and should be able to accomplish many things apparently miraculous and beyond the order of nature as at present known to us, is likewise reasonable according to our psychic experiences and instruction. In fact, the narrative of the Gospels puts on a vivid aspect, it clothes itself with renewed vitality. It is no longer a fable invented in a superstitious age. The records may not be correct in every detail, but in the main they exhibit the signs of reality and truth. Especially is this true of such episodes as the Transfiguration, the Divine Voice at the Baptism, the Appearances during the forty days.

Surely it is no light matter to have these things confirmed in general outline by actual observation and psychical discovery.

We are not cut off or completely isolated from that higher order of things; we can receive inspiration and help — can reach out to it by aspiration and prayer

Why then do Ecclesiastics, many of them, regard us as trespassers, or scout us as outlaws? It must be because certain of their medieval and superstitious doctrines will have to be discarded. The long sleep in the grave is one of them. We never enter the grave. Nothing is put there but our discarded remains.

Another thing to be discarded is a distant Day of Judgment, at which we shall be appraised or condemned, with no sort of intervening activity, nor any immediate outlook, save a close imprisonment until that day of gaol delivery. In reality, Judgment is inevitable and is immediate. It is lifelong and natural and sane and just. No arbitrary sentence of only two kinds—Bliss on the one hand, Damnation on the other.

There will be judgments of every grade, corresponding to the "many mansions" which have been prepared for us. Nor is there any place of unending torment. There is plenty of room for punishment, for remorse, for bitter and agonizing regret. Let no man think that the next world is full of ease and safety. It is no rose water world, any more than this. It is said to be freer and happier and more stimulating; and better in every way, at least for those who have led reasonable lives and been willing to do their duty to the best of their poor ability. But we do not become saints suddenly, any more than we shall be condemned to associate with devils; unless that is the kind of company for which we have fitted ourselves.

Among all the grades of existence there must be some so low as to be contemplated only with a shudder or a kind of hopeless despair — although hopelessness and despair are not really the attitudes appropriate to the circumstances. Not even the deepest-dyed criminal can be regarded as utterly hopeless. There must also be grades so high in the scale of existence that no conception which we are able to form can approximate their grandeur. So that the turgid language of the book of Revelation may be the best and only way of conveying to us some idea of the glories which shall some day be revealed.

So far as I apprehend the things we are told, and the hopes held out to us, they seem to me eminently in accord with the teachings of the most inspired of the Saints and Apostles who are admitted by the Church to have had the truest insight and to be the most trustworthy authorities.

Do not, then, let us despise and condemn the gropings of science, which are after all leading in the same general direction. Mistakes may be made, now, as mistakes have been made in the past, but on the whole psychic inquiry is proving itself a handmaid to the Christian religion; it is restoring comfort to many a darkened home, and bringing back to a reasonable faith many who else would have wandered into the deserts of Atheism and despair.

They must be judged by their fruits. If unhappy, incipient maniacs wreck their lives by pursuit of superstition — let them be warned and chidden. There are always dangers surrounding every powerful instrument, every beneficent discovery. Everything can be used and abused. Warn against the abuse, by all means and at all times; but take pains to get the subject into good hands, to rescue it from the low estate which the neglect of leaders of thought have brought upon it, and so gradually present it clean and wholesome and sane and helpful for the perennial supersensuous inspiring assistance of the children of men.

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Mortimer turned to the girl. "What ought I to do here?" he asked. "Give it a good hard knock," she said

Sundered Hearts

The Sequel to that Jolly Story "A Mixed Threesome"

by P. G. Wodehouse

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

IN THE smoking-room of the club-house a cheerful fire was burning, and the Oldest Member, as he toasted his venerable toes at the blaze, glanced from time to time out of the window into the gathering dusk. Snow was falling lightly on the links. From where he sat, the Oldest Member had a good view of the ninth green: and presently, out of the grayness of the December evening, there appeared over the brow of the hill a golf-ball It trickled across the green, and stopped within a yard of the hole. The Oldest Member nodded approvingly. A good approach-shot.

A young man in a tweed suit clambered on to the green. He regarded the ball with satisfaction. He holed out with easy confidence, and, shouldering his bag, made his way to the club-house. A few moments later, he entered the smoking-room and uttered an exclamation of rapture at the sight of the fire.

"I'm frozen stiff!" he said.

"You have been doing the first nine?"

"I finished with the first nine. I went all the way round earlier in the afternoon. Got an eighty-six. I did the pond hole in one. The ice was pretty thick, and I used my iron. The pill skidded over it, jumped the bank, hit a frozen worm-cast and popped into the hole. I've been missing those lately."

He rang for a waiter and ordered a hot drink. The Oldest Member gave a gracious assent to the suggestion that he should join him.

"I like playing in winter," said the young man. "You get the course to yourself, for the world is full of slackers who turn out only when the weather suits them. I cannot understand where they get the nerve to call themselves golfers."

"Not everyone is as keen as you are, my boy," said the Sage, dipping gratefully into his hot drink. "If they were, the world would be a better place, and we should hear less of all this modern unrest."

"I *am* pretty keen," admitted the young man.

"I have only encountered one man whom I could describe as keener. I allude to Mortimer Sturgis."

"The fellow who took up golf at thirty-eight and let the girl he was engaged to marry go off with some one else because he hadn't time to combine golf with courtship? I remember. You were telling me about him the other day."

"There is a sequel to that story, if you would care to hear it," said the Oldest Member.

"You have the honor," said the young man. "Shoot!"

Some people (began the Oldest Member) considered that Mortimer Sturgis was too wrapped up in golf, and blamed him for it. I could never see eye to eye with them. In the days of King Arthur nobody thought the worse of a young knight if he suspended all his social and business engagements in favor of a search for the Holy Grail. In the Middle Ages a man could devote his whole life to the Crusades, and the public fawned upon him. Why, then, blame the man of to-day for a zealous attention to the modern equivalent, the Quest of Scratch? Mortimer Sturgis never became a scratch player, but he did eventually get his handicap down to nine, and I honor him for it. Still, as I say, there were people who held the opinion that he gave too much time and attention to the game, and I suppose they are entitled to their point of view.

The story which I am about to tell begins in what might be called the middle period of Sturgis's career. He had reached the stage when his handicap was a wobbly twelve: and, as you no doubt are aware, it is then that a man really begins to golf in the true sense of the word. Mortimer's fondness for the game until then had been merely tepid compared with what it now became. He had played a little before, but now he really buckled to and got down to it. It was at this point, too, that he began once more to entertain thoughts of marriage. A profound statistician in this one department, he had discovered that practically all the finest exponents of the art are married men: and the thought that there might be something in the holy state which improved a man's game and that he was missing a good thing troubled him a great deal. Moreover, the paternal instinct had awakened in him. As he justly pointed out, whether marriage improved your game or not, it was to Old Tom Morris's marriage that the existence of young Tommy Morris, winner of the British Open Championship four years in succession, could be directly traced. In fact, at the age of forty-two, Mortimer Sturgis was in just the frame of mind to take some nice girl aside and ask her to become a stepmother to his eleven drivers, his baffy, his twenty-eight putters, and the rest of the ninety-four clubs which he had accumulated in the course of his golfing career. The sole stipulation, of course, which he made when dream-

ing his day-dreams was that the future Mrs. Sturgis must be a golfer. I can still recall the horror in his face when one girl, admirable in other respects, said that she had never heard of Harry Vardon and didn't he mean Dolly Varden? She has since proved an excellent wife and mother, but Mortimer Sturgis never spoke to her again.

With the coming of January, it was always Mortimer's practise to leave Manhooset and go to Florida, where there was sunshine and crisp dry turf. He pursued his usual custom this year. With a suitcase and his ninety-four clubs he went off to Port Rickey staying as he always did at the Beach Hotel, where they knew him and treated with an amiable tolerance his habit of practising chip-shots in his bedroom. On the first evening, after breaking a statuette of the Infant Samuel in Prayer, he dressed and went down to dinner. And the first thing he saw was Her.

Mortimer Sturgis, as you know, had been engaged before, but Betty Weston had never inspired the tumultuous rush of emotion which the mere sight of this girl had set loose in him. He told me later that just to watch her holing out her soup gave him the sort of feeling you get when your drive collides with a rock in the middle of a tangle of rough and kicks back into the middle of the fairway. If golf had come late in life to Mortimer Sturgis, love came later still, and just as the golf attacking him in middle life had been some golf, so was the love considerable love. Mortimer finished his dinner in a trance, which is the best way to do it at some hotels, and then scoured the place for some one who would introduce him. He found such a person eventually and the meeting took place.

She was a small and rather fragile-looking girl, with big blue eyes and a cloud of golden hair. She had a sweet expression, and her left wrist was in a sling. She looked up at Mortimer as if she had at last found something that amounted to something. Mortimer was no Apollo: he wore glasses, and would not have been the ideal of many girls, but he had a pleasant, cosy face and looked what he was, a good fellow. The girl seemed to find him absolutely satisfactory. I am inclined to think it was a case of love at first sight on both sides.

The introducer, as introducers always do, mumbled a few words which enabled neither to catch the other's name, and retired, leaving them alone.

"FINE weather we're having," said Mortimer, who was a capital conversationalist.

"Yes," said the girl.

"I like fine weather."

"So do I."

"There's something about fine weather!"

"Yes."

"It's — it's — well, fine weather's so much finer than weather that isn't fine," said Mortimer.

He looked at the girl a little anxiously, fearing he might be taking her out of her depth but she seemed to have followed his train of thought perfectly.

"Yes, isn't it!" she said, "It's so — so fine."

"That's just what I meant," said Mortimer. "So fine. You've just hit it."

He was charmed. The combination of beauty with intelligence is so rare.

"I see you've hurt your wrist," he went on, pointing to the sling.

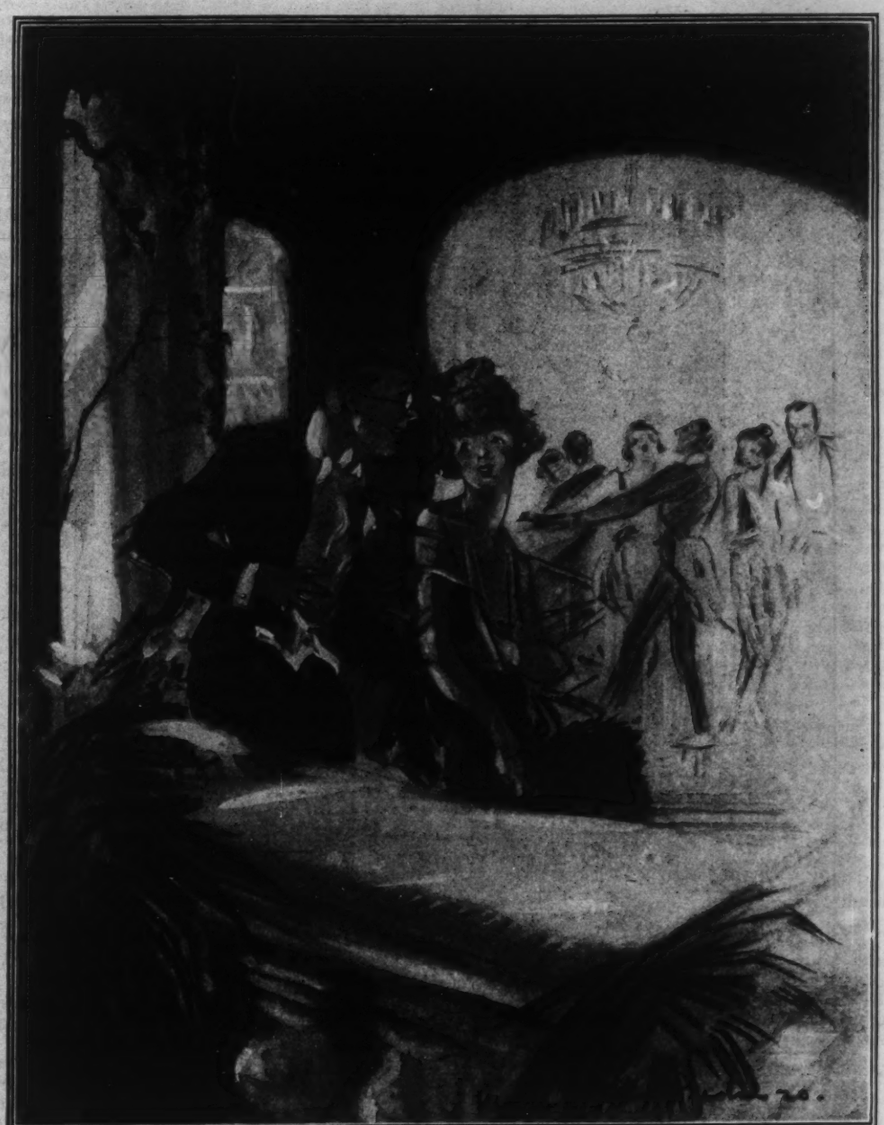
"Yes. I strained it, playing in the championship."

"The championship?" Mortimer was interested. "It's awfully rude of me," he said apologetically, "but I didn't catch your name just now."

"My name is Somerset."

Mortimer had been bending forward solicitously. He overbalanced and nearly fell off his chair. The shock had been stunning. Even before he had met and spoken to her, he had told himself that he loved this girl with the stored-up love of a lifetime. And she was Mary Somerset! The hotel lobby danced before Mortimer's eyes.

The name will, of course, be familiar to you. In the early rounds of the Ladies' Open Golf Championship of that year nobody had paid much attention to Mary Somerset. She had survived her first two matches, but her opponents had been nonentities like herself. And then, in the third round, she had met and defeated the champion. From that point on her name was on everybody's lips. She became favorite. And she had justified the public confidence by sailing into the final and winning it easily. The papers had spoken warmly of her push-shots, her wind-cheaters, her grand recoveries and her supreme putting. Mortimer had read every word of the accounts. And here she was, talking to him like an ordinary person, and, if he could read the message in her eyes, not altogether indifferent to his charms, if you could call them that.



"Mary, will you be mine?" he began. "Will you fix up a match with me on the links of life which shall end only when the grim Reaper lays us both a stymie?"

"Golly!" said Mortimer, awed.

He hardly knew what he was saying after that, and he hardly heard what she said. He tottered up to bed later on, his head swimming, and for the first time since he had become a golfer, retired to rest without a single practise putt on the carpet.

Their friendship ripened rapidly, as friendships do in Florida. In that favored clime, you find the girl and nature does the rest. On the second morning of their acquaintance Mortimer invited her to walk round the links with him and watch him play. He did it a little diffidently, for his golf was not of the caliber that would be likely to extort admiration from a champion. On the other hand, one should never let slip the opportunity of acquiring wrinkles on the game, and he thought that Miss Somerset, if she watched one or two of his shots, might tell him just what he ought to do. And, sure enough, the opening arrived on the fourth hole, where Mortimer, after a drive which surprised even himself, found his ball in a nasty cuppy lie.

He turned to the girl.

"What ought I to do here?" he asked.

Miss Somerset looked at the ball. She seemed to be weighing the matter in her mind.

"Give it a good hard knock," she said.

Mortimer knew what she meant. She was advocating a full iron. The only trouble was that, when he tried anything more ambitious than a half-swing except off the tee, he almost invariably topped. However, he could not fail this wonderful girl, so he swung well back and took a chance. His enterprise was rewarded. The ball flew out of the indentation in the turf as cleanly as though John Henry Taylor had been behind it, and rolled, looking neither to left nor to right, straight for the pin. A few moments later Mortimer Sturgis had holed out one under bogey, and it was only the fear that, having known him for so short a time, she might be startled and refuse him that kept him from proposing then and there. This exhibition of golfing generalship on her part had removed his last doubts. He knew that, if he lived forever, there could be no other girl in the world for him. With her at his side, what might he not do? He might get his handicap down to six . . . to three . . . to scratch . . . to plus something! Good Heavens, why, even the amateur championship was not outside the range of possibility. . . . Mortimer Sturgis shook his putter solemnly in the air, and vowed a silent vow that he would win this pearl among women.

NOW, when a man feels like that, it is impossible to restrain him long. For a week Mortimer Sturgis's soul sizzled within him: then he could contain himself no longer. One night, at one of the informal dances at the hotel, he drew the girl out on to the moonlit terrace.

"Miss Somerset. . . ." he began, stuttering with emotion like an imperfectly corked bottle of ginger-beer. "Miss Somerset. . . . May I call you Mary?"

The girl looked at him with eyes that shone softly in the dim light. It seemed to Mortimer that there was affection in that gaze, yet also surprise.

"Mary?" she repeated. "Why, of course, if you like, but. . . ."

"If I like!" cried Mortimer. "Don't you know that it is my dearest wish? Don't you know that I would rather be permitted to call you Mary than do the first hole at the Engineers' Club at Roslyn in two? Oh, Mary, how I have longed for this moment! I love you! I love you! Ever since I met you I have known that you were the one girl in this vast world whom I would die to win! Mary, will you be mine? Shall we go round together? Will you fix up a match with me on the links of life which shall end only when the Grim Reaper lays us both a stymie?"

She drooped toward him.

"Mortimer!" she murmured.

He held out his arms, then drew back. His face had grown suddenly tense, and there were lines of pain about his mouth.

"Wait!" he said, in a strained voice. "Mary, I love you dearly, and because I love you so dearly I cannot let you trust your sweet life to me blindly. I have a confession to make. I am not — I have not always

been. . . ." he paused. ". . . a good man," he said, in a low voice.

She started indignantly

"How can you say that? You are the best, the kindest, the bravest man I have ever met! Who but a good man would have risked his life to save me from drowning?"

"Drowning?" Mortimer's voice seemed perplexed. "You? What do you mean?"

"Have you forgotten the time when I fell in the sea last week, and you jumped in with all your clothes on. . . ."

"Of course, yes," said Mortimer. "I remember now. It was the day I did the long seventh in five. I got off a good tee-shot straight down the fairway, took a baffy for my second, and. . . . But that is not the point. It is sweet and generous of you to think so highly of what was the merest commonplace act of ordinary politeness, but I must repeat that, judged by the standards of your snowy purity, I am not a good man. I do not come to you clean and spotless as a young girl should expect her husband to come to her. Once, playing in a foursome, my ball fell in some long grass. Nobody was near me. We had no caddies, and the others were on the fairway. God knows . . ." His voice shook. "God knows I struggled against the temptation. But I fell. I kicked the ball on to a little bare mound, from which it was an easy task with a nice half-mashie to reach the green for a snappy seven. . . . Mary, there have been times when, going round by myself, I have allowed myself ten-foot putts on three holes in succession, simply in order to be able to say I had done the course in under a hundred. . . . Ah! you shrink from me! You are disgusted!"

"I'm not disgusted! And I don't shrink! I only shivered because it is rather cold."

"Then you can love me in spite of my past?"

"Mortimer!"

She fell into his arms.

"My dearest," he said, presently, "what a happy life ours will be. That is, if you do not find that you have made a mistake."

"A mistake!" she cried, scornfully.

"Well, my handicap is twelve, you know, and not so darned twelve at that. There are days when I play my second from the fairway of the next hole but one, days when I couldn't putt into a coal-hole with 'Welcome!' written over it. And you are a Ladies' Open Champion. Still, if you think it's all right. . . . Oh, Mary, you little know how I have dreamed of some day marrying a really first-class golfer! Yes, that was my vision . . . of walking up the aisle with some sweet 'plus two' girl on my arm. . . . You shivered again. You are catching cold."

"IT IS a little cold," said the girl. She spoke in a small voice.

"Let me take you in, sweetheart," said Mortimer. "I'll just put you in a comfortable chair with a nice cup of coffee, and then I think I really must come out again and tramp about and think how perfectly splendid everything is."

"You do really love me, Mortimer?"

"My angel!"

He kissed her again.

They were married a few weeks later, very quietly, in the little village church of Port Rickey. The secretary of the local golf-club acted as best man for Mortimer and a girl from the hotel was the only bridesmaid. The whole business was rather a disappointment to Mortimer, who had planned out a somewhat florid ceremony at St. Thomas's, Fifth Avenue, with the Bishop of New York (a scratch player, excellent at short approach-shots) officiating, and "The Voice That Breathed O'er St. Andrew's" booming from the organ. He had even had the idea of copying the military wedding and escorting his bride out of the church under an arch of crossed cleeks. But she would have none of this pomp. She insisted on a quiet wedding, and for the honeymoon trip preferred a tour through Italy. Mortimer, who had wanted to go to Scotland to visit the birthplace of James Braid, yielded amiably, for he loved her dearly. But he did not think much of Italy. In Rome, the great monuments of the past left him cold. Of the Temple of Vespasian all he thought was that it would be a devil of a place to be bunkered behind. The Colosseum aroused a faint spark of interest in him, as he speculated whether James Barnes would use a full brassy to carry it. In Florence, the view over the Tuscan Hills from the Torre Rosa, Fiesole, over which his bride waxed enthusiastic, seemed to him merely a nasty bit of rough which would take a deal of getting out of.

And so, in the fulness of time, they came home to Mortimer's cosy little house adjoining the links.

Mortimer was so busy polishing his ninety-four clubs on the evening of their arrival that he failed to notice that his wife was preoccupied. A less busy man would have perceived at a glance that she was distinctly nervous. She started at sudden noises, and once, when he tried out the newest of his mashie-niblicks and broke one of the drawing-room windows she screamed sharply. In short, her manner was strange, and if Edgar Allan Poe had put her into "The Fall of the House of Usher", she would have fitted it like the paper on the wall. She had the air of one waiting tensely for the approach of some imminent doom. Mortimer, humming gaily to himself as he sandpapered the blade of his twenty-second putter, observed nothing of this. He was thinking of the morrow's play.

"Your wrist's quite well again now, darling, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes. Yes, quite well."

"Fine!" said Mortimer "We'll breakfast early — say at half-past seven — and then we'll be able to get in a couple of rounds before lunch. A couple more in the afternoon will about see us through. One doesn't want to over-golf oneself the first day." He swung the putter joyfully. "How had we better play, do you think? We might start with you giving me a half."

She did not speak. She was very pale. She clutched the arm of her chair tightly till the knuckles showed white under the skin. To anybody but Mortimer her nervousness would have been even more obvious on the following morning as they reached the first tee. Her eyes were dull and heavy, and she started when a grasshopper chirruped. But Mortimer was too occupied with thinking how jolly it was having the course to themselves to notice anything.

He scooped some sand out of the box, and took a ball out of her bag. His wedding-present to her had been a brand-new golf-bag, six dozen balls, and a full set of the most expensive clubs, all born in Scotland.

"Do you like a high tee?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she replied, coming with a start out of her thoughts. "Doctors say it's indigestible."

Mortimer laughed merrily.

"Deuced good!" he chuckled. "Is that your own or did you read it in a comic paper? There you are!" He placed the ball on a little hill of sand, and got up. "Now let's see some of that championship form of yours!"

She burst into tears.

"My darling!"

Mortimer ran to her and put his arms round her. She tried weakly to push him away.

"My angel! What is it?"

She sobbed brokenly. Then, with an effort, she spoke.

"Mortimer, I have deceived you!"

"Deceived me?"

"I have never played golf in my life! I don't even know how to hold the caddie!"

Mortimer's heart stood still. This sounded like the gibberings of an unbalanced mind, and no man likes his wife to begin gibbering immediately after the honeymoon.

"MY precious! You are not yourself!"

"I am! That's the whole trouble! I'm myself and not the girl you thought I was!"

Mortimer stared at her, puzzled. He was thinking that it was a little difficult and that, to work it out properly, he would need a pencil and a bit of paper.

"My name is not Mary!"

"But you said it was."

"I didn't. You asked if you could call me Mary, and I said you might, because I loved you too much to deny your smallest whim. I was going on to say that it wasn't my name, but you interrupted me."

"Not Mary!" The horrid truth was coming home to Mortimer. "You were not Mary Somerset?"

"Mary is my cousin. My name is Mabel."

"But you said you had sprained your wrist playing in the championship."

"So I had. The mallet slipped in my hand."

"The mallet!" Mortimer clutched at his forehead. "You didn't say 'the mallet.'"

"Yes, Mortimer! The mallet!"

A faint blush of shame mantled her cheek, and into her blue eyes there came a look of pain, but she faced him bravely.

"I am the Ladies' Open Croquet Champion!" she whispered.

Mortimer Sturgis cried aloud, a cry that was like the shriek of some wounded animal.

"Croquet!" He gulped, and stared at her with unseeing eyes. He was no prude, but he had those decent prejudices of which no self-respecting man can wholly rid himself, however broad-minded he may try to be. "Croquet!"

There was a long silence. The light breeze sang in the pines above them. The grasshoppers chirruped at their feet.

She began to speak again, in a low, monotonous voice.

"I blame myself! I should have told you before, while there was yet time for you to withdraw. I should have confessed this to you that night on the terrace in the moonlight. But you swept me off my feet, and I was in your arms before I realized what you would think of me. It was only then that I understood what my supposed skill at golf meant to you, and then it was too late. I loved you too much to let you go. I could not bear the thought of [*Continued on page 58*]

A Study by **James Montgomery Flagg** *of the heroine in "The Wasted Generation"*

A New Novel with Intense Story Interest and Sincerity of Purpose

"The Wasted Generation"

By OWEN JOHNSON

The Author of "Stover at Yale" and "The Salamander", which appeared in McClure's, has written the best story of his career — a story that will live. It will begin in the

January McClure's

The Isle of Complexities

Another Chapter of the Japanese Impressions of a Distinguished Journalist

Julian Street

FOR several weeks I had been in Japan striving to gain some comprehension of the country and the people. Never had I been so fascinated by a foreign land. Never in so short a time had I seen and heard so much that was new and strange and charming. Yet never had my observations been so fragmentary, so puzzling. My notebooks made me think of traveling-bags packed with unrelated articles of clothing. With the stockings belonging to one theme I had, as it were, packed the shoes of another. Here was a full dress coat; here a pair of overalls. Nothing was complete and no two things seemed to match. I could help to dress an army of ideas, but I wondered if I could fully clothe one.

There was, at the time of which I speak, a single exception to this general rule of heterogeneousness. On the day of my arrival in Japan I had started a list of things which according to our ideas the Japanese do backwards — or which according to their ideas we do backwards. This list, beginning with the observation that their books commence at what we call the back, that the lines of type run down the page instead of across, and that "foot-notes" are printed at the top of the page, had now grown to considerable proportions. Almost every day I had been able to add an item or two, and every time I did so I found myself playing with the fancy that such contrarieties ought in some way to be associated with the fact that we stand foot-to-foot with the Japanese upon the globe.

The Japanese way of beckoning would, to us, signify "go away"; boats are beached stern foremost; horses are backed into their stalls; planing and sawing are accomplished with a pulling motion; keys turn in their locks in a reverse direction from that customary with us. In the Japanese game of *Gō*, played on a sort of checker-board, the pieces are placed not within the squares but over the points of linear intersection. During the day Japanese houses, with their sliding walls of wood and paper, are wide open, but at night they are enclosed with heavy wooden shutters and people sleep practically without ventilation. At the door of a theatre or a restaurant they check their shoes instead of their hats; their sweets come early in the meal instead of toward the end; men do their *saké* drinking before rather than after the meal, and instead of icing the national beverage they heat it in a kettle. Action in the theatre is modeled not on life but on the movements of dolls in marionette shows, and in the classic *Nō* drama the possibility of showing emotion by facial expression is eliminated by the use of carved wooden masks.

Actors are admired for their art and adored by young girls as matinée idols are with us, but are considered as belonging to a social stratum in which geisha and wrestlers figure

Theatre and movie houses in Tokyo's Coney Island. American motion pictures are shown in Japan but kissing scenes are cut from the films, being considered vulgar

Instead of slipping her thread through the eye of her needle a Japanese woman slips the eye of her needle over the point of her thread; she reckons her child one year old on the day it is born and two years old on the following New Year's Day. Thus, when an American child born on December thirty-first is counted one *day* old, a Japanese child born on the same day is counted two *years* old.

Once when I was dining at the house of a Japanese family who had resided for years in New York, their little daughter came into the room. Hearing her speaking English, I asked:

"How old are you?"

"Five and six," she answered. Then she added, by way of explanation, that five was her "American age" and six her "Japanese age."

Old age is accepted gracefully in Japan; elderly women never dress in a too-youthful manner, as sometimes occurs in certain other countries which shall be nameless; as a woman ages the fact is denoted by the shortening of her sleeve-ends and the darker colors that she wears; brilliant colors and yard-long sleeve-ends are for young unmarried women and children only. Old age is, moreover, highly honored. Often you will find men and women actually looking forward to their declining years, knowing that they will be kindly and respectfully treated and that their material needs will be looked after by their families. Old gentlemen and ladies are pleased at being called grandfather and grandmother — *o-ji-san* and *obá san* — by those who know them well, and elderly unmarried women like similarly to be called *ôba san* — aunt. The same terms are also used in speaking to aged servants and peasants whom one does not know, but to whom one wishes to show amiability.

The duty of the younger to the older members of a family does not stop with near relatives, but includes remote ones, wherefore poorhouses have until quite recently been unnecessary.

It seems to me that one of the most striking differences between the two nations is revealed in the attitude of Japanese school and college boys. Instead of killing themselves at play — at football and in automobile accidents — as is the way of our student class, Japanese boys not infrequently undermine their health by overstudy, and now and then one hears that a student, having failed to pass his examinations, has thrown himself over the falls of Kegon at Nikko.

Undoubtedly there is a morbid strain in the Japanese nature. Translations of the works of unwholesome European authors have a large sale in Japan, and suicides are by no means confined to the student class. Poisoning, and plunging before an oncoming locomotive are favorite methods of self-destruction. Once when I was riding on an express train I felt the emergency brakes go on suddenly. A moment after we had stopped I saw a woman running rapidly away on a banked path between two flooded rice-fields with a couple of trainmen in pursuit. They caught her, but after a few minutes' agitated talk during which they shook her by the sleeves as though for emphasis, let her go. We

A Japanese actor in a female rôle. Until recently there were no actresses in Japan

Sawing and planing are accomplished with a pulling instead of a driving motion

were told that the engineman had seen her sitting on the track. Two or three days later I read in a newspaper that a woman had committed suicide beneath a train at about the place where I witnessed this episode. Her husband, the paper said, had deserted her. I suppose it was the same woman.

Another curious inversion is to be found in the Japanese point of view concerning woman's dress — and undress. I have been told that our style of evening gown, revealing shoulders, arms and ankles (to state the matter mildly), does not strike the Japanese as modest. Certainly the mandate of the Japanese Imperial Court is not the same as that of the French *modiste* (how curiously and inappropriately the word suggests our word "modest"!); for whereas the latter decrees skirts of hardly more than knee length, the former decrees, for ladies being presented at court, skirts that touch the ground. Considering the foregoing facts it is, however, somewhat perplexing to the Occidental mind to find that men and women often dress and undress, in Japanese inns, with their bedroom *shoji* wide open, and that furthermore they meet in the bath without, apparently, the least embarrassment.

Like the English, the Japanese are persistent bathers, but whereas the English take cold baths the Japanese bathe in water so hot that we could hardly stand it. And when they have bathed they dry themselves with a small, damp towel, which they use as a sort of mop.

Also like the English they drive to the left of the road. There is much to be said for that, but some of their other customs of the road surprise one. Wherever they have not been "civilized" out of their native courtesy you will find that one chauffeur dislikes to overtake and pass another. Surely to an American this in an inversion! When a procession of automobiles is going along a road and one of them is for some reason required to stop, the cars which follow do not blow their horns and dash by in delight and a cloud of dust, but draw up behind the stationary car; and if it becomes necessary for them to go on, the chauffeurs who do so apologize for passing. This custom, which is dying out, comes, I fancy, from that of rickshawmen, who never overtake and pass each other on the road, but always fall in behind the slowest runner, getting their pace from him, protecting him against the complaints which his passenger would make if others were continually coming up behind and going by.

Of all differences, however, none is more pronounced than that of language. Instead of a simple alphabet like ours, the fairly educated Japanese high-school graduate must know two or three thousand Chinese ideographs, and a cultivated person will know several thousand more. To be sure, there is a simple way of writing by a phonetic system, not unlike shorthand, which is called *kana*. Every Japanese can read *kana*, which is sometimes also mastered by foreigners long resident in Japan. There are but forty-eight characters in *kana*, and as the characters have in themselves no meaning, but signify only a set of sounds, they can be used to write English names as well as Japanese words.

My own name is written in *kana* in five characters having the following sounds: *Su-to-ri-d-to* — which being spoken in swift succession produce a sound not unlike "Street." The Chinese ideographs used by the Japanese have the same forms as the characters used in China, but are pronounced in an entirely different way so that the Japanese and Chinese can read each other's writing, yet cannot talk together. Books and newspapers published in Japan are printed in a mixture of Chinese characters and *kana*, and there is, moreover, beside each Chinese character in newspapers a tiny line of *kana* giving the sound of the word represented. In this way a reader of newspapers gets continual instruction in the written language, so that he finally knows the most frequently used words from the ideographs, without referring to the *kana* interpretation. Thus there are actually two ways of reading a Japanese paper. A thoroughly educated man reads the ideographs, while a poorly educated one reads the *kana*, which gives him the sound of a word that he knows by ear, though he does not know it by sight when it is written in the classic character. These conditions, of course, eliminate the use of our sort of typewriter, though there is an extremely complicated and slow Japanese typewriter which is used chiefly where carbon copies are required. Also, they render the use of the linotype impracticable, and make hand-typesetting an extremely complicated trade. The difficulty of learning the Chinese characters, moreover, keeps boys in school and college several years longer than is the case with us. There is a movement on foot to Romanize the Japanese language, just as in this country there is a movement to adopt the metric system; but practical though such improvements would be in both cases, the realization of them is, I fear, far distant, because of the difficulties involved in making the change. And, indeed, from the standpoint of picturesqueness, I should be sorry to see the Chinese characters discarded by the Japanese, for they are fascinating not only in form but by reason of the very fact that we never, by any chance, know what they mean.

The Japanese write with a brush dipped in water and rubbed on a stick of India-ink; they seem to push the brush, writing with little jabs, instead of drawing it after the hand, even though they write down the column. Calligraphy is with them a fine art, and beautiful brushwork, such as we look for in a masterly painting, is a mark of cultivation. Because of their drilling with the brush almost all educated Japanese can draw pictures. Short poems and aphorisms written in large characters by famous men are mounted on gold mats and hung like paintings in the homes of those so fortunate as to possess them. A scription from the hand of General Count Nogi or Prince Ito would be treasured by a Japanese as we would treasure one from the hand of Lincoln or Roosevelt — possibly even more so, for where a letter from one of our great men has a sentimental and historical value, a piece of writing from one of their great men has these values plus the merit of being a work of art. Such bits of writing bring large prices when put up at auction, and forgeries are not uncommon.

In its structure the Japanese language is the antipodes of ours. Lafcadio Hearn declares that no adult Occidental can perfectly master it. "Could you learn all the words in the Japanese dictionary," he writes, "your acquisition would not help you in the least to make yourself understood in speaking, unless you learned also to think like a Japanese — that is to say, to think backward, to think upside down and inside out, to think in directions totally foreign to Aryan habit." The simplest English sentence translated word for word into Japanese would be meaningless, and the simplest Japanese sentence, translated in the same way, equally so. To illustrate, I choose at random from my phrase book: "Please write the address in Japanese." The translation is given as: *Doka Nihon no moji de tokoro wo kaite kudasai.* But that sentence translated back into English, word for word, gives this result: "Of beseeching Japan of words with a place write please." And there is one word, *wo*, which is untranslatable, being a particle which, following the word *tokoro*, "a place", indicates it as the object of the verb.

I shall mention but one more inversion. The Japanese use no profanity. If they wish to be insulting or abusive they omit the customary honorifics from their speech, or else go to the opposite extreme, inserting honorifics in a manner so elaborate as to convey derision.

Numerous and curious though these reversals be, they are but the merest surface ripples upon the deep, dark, baffling pool of Japanese thought and custom.

Ceremonial tea is potent. Nor is its potency diminished by the fact that the hand which makes and serves it is a lovely Japanese hand

A Japanese water-wheel for irrigating rice-fields which, according to our ideas, operates backward

Another inversion is to be found in the Japanese point of view concerning woman's dress — and undress — men and women meet in the bath without, apparently, the least embarrassment

At first I did not quite grasp this fact. In my early days in Japan, when I was asking questions about everything, it sometimes looked to me as though the average Japanese was constitutionally unable to give a direct and simple answer to a direct and simple question, and my first impression was that this was due to some peculiarity of the far-famed Oriental Mind. But that impression soon changed—so much so that I am now disposed to doubt that such a thing as the Oriental Mind exists in Japan, if by that term is meant a mental fabric constitutionally different from that of Occidental peoples. That is to say, I believe the average Japanese child starts out in life with about the same intellectual potentialities as the average American, English, French or Italian child, and that differences which develop as the child grows older are not differences in mental texture, but only in the mental pattern produced by environment. My contention is not that Japanese brains are never imperfect or peculiar, but that their imperfections and peculiarities are precisely those found everywhere else in the world. And the same rule applies, of course, when one compares the great intellects of Japan with the great intellects of other nations. At bottom we are much more of a piece with the Japanese than either they or we generally suppose. The differences between us, aside from those of color, size and physiognomy, are almost entirely the result of our opposite training and customs and the effect of these upon our respective modes of thought. Neither nation has a corner on brains nor on the lack of them.

In a hotel in Kobé a lady of my acquaintance ordered orange juice for breakfast. The Japanese boy—waiters and stewards are all "boys" in the Far East — presently returned to say that there was no orange juice to be had that morning. But he added that he could bring oranges if she so desired.

The Oriental Mind? Not at all. The Orient has no monopoly on stupid waiters. The same thing might have happened in our own country or another. And that is the test we should apply to every incident which we are inclined to attribute to some basic mental difference between the Orientals and ourselves.

Granted the same background, could not this thing have happened in an Occidental country?

Never, in Japan, was I able to answer that test question with a final, confident "No."

Sometimes, however, I thought I was going to be able to.

One day on the Ginza, the chief shopping street of Tokyo, I saw a well-dressed young lady strolling down the street with her long, beautiful hair hanging down her back and false hair dangling from her hand. She was evidently returning from the hairdresser's where she had been for a shampoo. The situation, from my point of view, was precisely as though I had seen a similar spectacle on Fifth Avenue. But when I spoke about it to Yuki, who beside being our maid was our guide, philosopher and friend, she assured me that the young lady was quite within the bounds of custom.

"We Japanese no think it shame to have false hair," she said.

Once I thought I had the Oriental Mind fairly cornered and had I not later chanced to discover my mistake I should probably be thinking so still.

I was driving in an automobile with a Japanese gentleman, a director in a large pharmaceutical company. Parenthetically, I may say that he had been telling me how, when his company bought three hundred thousand *hectares* of land in Peru for the purpose of raising plants from which some of their products are manufactured, the anti-Japanese press of the United States took up the story, falsely declaring that here was a great emigration scheme backed by the Japanese government. But that is by the way.

Presently we came to a place where a large building was being erected. The framework was already standing and was surrounded by screens of split bamboo which were attached to the scaffolding. Having noticed other buildings similarly screened, I asked about the matter.

"Ah," said the gentleman. "The screens are to prevent the people on the streets from seeing what is going on inside."

"But what goes on inside that they ought not to see?" I asked mystified.

My informant gazed at me gravely for a moment through his large round spectacles. Then he said, as it seemed to me cryptically: "It is not thought best for the people to see too much."

I pondered this answer for a moment, then noted it down in my little book, adding the memorandum: "The Oriental Mind"

Doubtless I should now be making weird deductions from that brown-eyed gentleman's explanation of the screens, had I not chanced to mention the matter to a Japanese with whom I was more intimately acquainted.

"But that is not correct," he said, smiling. "The screens are not there to prevent people from seeing in, but to prevent things from falling on their heads as they pass by."

The bamboo screens, in other words, served precisely the protective purpose of the wooden sheds we erect over sidewalks before buildings in process of construction. The pharmaceutical gentleman did not know what they were for, just as we do not know the uses of a great many things we see daily on the streets of cities in which we live; he was anxious to be helpful to me; he did not wish to fail to answer any question I might ask him; so he guessed, and guessed wrong. But as any reporter can tell you, the practise of passing out the results of guessing in the guise of accurate information is by no means exclusively a Japanese practise. Reporters sometimes guess at things themselves, but that is not what I mean. I mean that a conscientious reporter now and then finds himself deceived by misinformation coming from some source he had supposed reliable.

[*Continued on page 59*]

The peasant woman who works beside her husband is the happiest woman in Japan — being a companion to him

The flower vendor, peddling his blooms and greens, is a familiar and picturesque figure on the streets of Tokyo

Joe bent a trifle closer and said: "Do you ever go to picnics and the like?" There was suggestion to the words. Mamie's heart went a stroke quicker

Another Episode of "The Ladies and Joe O'Brien"

The Love Strike

by Henry Irving Dodge

Author of "Skinner's Dress Suit"

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

"I HOPE you have not put your foot in it, Tom," said Arnstein to his big Irish partner the afternoon of the departure of Joe O'Brien to take charge of the firm's branch store down at Millbrook Junction.

"You do, eh?" commented O'Neill superciliously, without looking up from a sheet of figures he was scanning. Then, presently: "I ain't in the habit of puttin' my foot in it, am I, Arny?"

"No," the dark little member of the firm admitted. "But you do things so different at times you scare me, Tom."

"Just how?" murmured O'Neill, amused, flattered.

"For instance, you bring a young feller from New York that ain't ever done anything but sell men's hats and make a man milliner of him."

"He made good, Arny," O'Neill chuckled.

"And right in the middle of his makin' good here in Big Falls you send him down to Millbrook Junction to take charge of a store he don't know anything about. Ain't that an innovation? Ain't it?"

"Success nowadays is built on innovations, Arny. This is an age of shocks. You've got to shock the public — shock 'em harder than anybody else — to make 'em take notice."

"But, Tom ——"

"Look here, Arny, I know what you're drivin' at. But just you let me alone. I'm tryin' a big experiment. I'm sendin' that boy down there to use his original methods, shake 'em up."

The reactionary little partner lifted his hands protestingly.

"Why, damnation, Arny, you yourself have been complainin' that things were in bad shape down there."

"They're in a rut, Tom."

"That's just it. I'm sendin' O'Brien down there to shake 'em out of it."

"But you gave him *carte blanche*, Tom."

O'Neill was indulgent now. "Arny, you weren't born yesterday. You know there's a string to that *carte blanche*." O'Neill tapped the telephone significantly. "We always know what's goin' on down at Millbrook Junction."

"I admit O'Brien's got original ideas, Tom, but that don't necessarily mean good ideas. It's one thing to grin an' make eyes at a woman till she's dizzy and she'll pay any price for a hat just to please you. It's another thing to turn down a subordinate that's askin' for more money and do it in such a way that she won't hate you. That's what a G. M. has to do, Tom."

"O'Brien's got tact all right, Arny." Then, mollifyingly: "It's this way, Arny. I *know* you're a big enough man an' I *think* I am, too, to realize that we don't know it all. You an' I are just as apt to get in a rut as the fellers we laugh at for doin' it. The danger of bein' in a rut is that after a while a feller gets so darned egotistical an' self-satisfied that he won't believe he's in a rut till some feller that ain't in a rut begins to sail big circles all round him in a business way. That's why I say experiment, innovate — innovate to the limit. That's why I told O'Brien to use his originality unrestricted. I told him to act just as if he owned the place." O'Neill chuckled. "But I didn't give him a bill of sale for the shebang, Arny."

"Meanin' that we have the end of the string an' the telephone here, Tom."

Such was the explanation Tom O'Neill, the dominant, gave Arnstein, the acquiescent, for making Joe O'Brien, a youngster of twenty-three, general manager of the firm's branch down at Millbrook Junction. O'Neill's further motives were too personal to explain to his partner. He couldn't explain to Arnstein that Joe O'Brien had flatly refused to be sent to Millbrook

Junction unless he was made general manager of the branch and how he came to be in a position to do that; he couldn't explain to Arnstein that he was sending this remarkable young salesman, right at the top of his success, from the principal store to the branch because of Florrie's infatuation. O'Neill was a big man and like all big men he did most of his big work in the silence of his own brain. O'Neill had faith in his wife. Being a worldly man, he knew that her fancy for young O'Brien was but a fleeting one, one that could lead to no indiscretion, a fancy that could only be sustained by the actual presence of its object. Nevertheless, O'Brien's presence in the Big Falls store, which Florrie had got into the habit of visiting with most disconcerting frequency, embarrassed him, O'Neill. As a shrewd husband, he couldn't speak to his wife about it. But as a merchant, he could promote O'Brien. And he did. That's how Joe O'Brien got to be general manager of the firm's branch store down at Millbrook Junction — Millbrook Junction, be it understood, being a bustling, up-to-date town that had far outgrown its graphic name, and now commanded a vast country-wide trade.

Being an Irishman, O'Neill had a sense of humor, even when the joke was on himself — and the present joke was most emphatically on himself. He had brought Joe O'Brien from New York, he reflected, to catch the women of Big Falls, to lure trade away from Wilton's store, and the very first one to fall for the trick had been his own wife. There was only one man in the world who could realize the full humor of the situation and that was O'Neill, for O'Neill was the only one that knew all the circumstances of the game he had played. The others were quite innocent puppets, but, he reflected with some consternation and much amusement, puppets that had quite unexpectedly come to life. Yes, most decidedly, the joke was on him. But so long as nobody but himself knew it, it was bearable.

O'Neill, having momentarily silenced Arnstein, turned to some papers, apparently scanning the same, but in reality preparing for the persistent little man's next question, which he knew would come.

"Another thing, Tom, what about Kimball?"

O'Neill was prepared — with evasion. "I didn't promise her the job."

"You slated her for it, Tom, even before you got Jameson's resignation."

Again evasion. "She didn't know it."

"All the same, she's been schemin' to get it."

"I ain't responsible for that."

Arnstein paused as if for new argument, flung his feet on the corner of his desk, looked out the window, then: "I ain't so scared of your sendin' an inexperienced man down there, a feller with original ideas; that ain't it. But a disappointed woman's a cat, Tom."

Another convenient evasion. "Arny, it's your business to know merchandise — an' you know 'em from the ground up — an' it's my business to know folks an' I know 'em from the head to the heart an' back again. Kimball don't bother me any. Besides, I've fixed all that. O'Brien won't try to boss her an' make her mad so she'll stir up a muss. I told him she'd been in our employ for a long time, that she knew all about the business down there and was very valuable. I told him it would be a good scheme to consult her, give her his full confidence."

Another silence on the part of Arnstein, another impending, inconvenient question. Arnstein looked into his partner's eyes and grinned knowingly. "Did you tell him anything else about Kimball, Tom?"

"Just what do you mean?" O'Neill growled.

"Did you put him wise to the situation?"

"I did not. What's the use lettin' a man know he's goin' into a hostile atmosphere and chill the new-born pluck that's in him?" O'Neill turned abruptly to his partner. "What makes you so scared of Kimball?"

"Oh, nothing, Tom, but a woman that's got brains to scheme for such a job as that once'll keep on schemin'."

"O'Brien has wits, Arny."

"That's all right, Tom, but I never knew a man yet, even a full-grown man — let alone a baby like O'Brien — that was equal to the schemin' of a smart woman, especially a disappointed woman."

"You never knew a Joe O'Brien before, Arny."

The happiest man in all the great Northwest was Joe O'Brien, G.M. — G.M. standing for general manager — when his train pulled out for Millbrook Junction that night. Joe was exuberantly happy. Above all things, he had laid that bugaboo ghost, man milliner, a thing O'Neill had thrust upon him by a trick; a thing he had hated, loathed and abominated; a thing that had made his young life a burden during all his waking hours in Big Falls. Also, he had turned the tables on the boss, who would have banished him, athlete, man's man, good sport, to Millbrook Junction to sell cosmetics and perfumes and preside over a bevy of pink-tinted manicure girls for all time. Instead, he had bluffed O'Neill into making him general manager of the branch down there. "By jingo," he thought, "but it was clever of me to get the start of the old man that way."

BUT had he turned the tables on O'Neill? The thought gave him pause. Though temperamental, Joe was intelligent. He could see two sides to a question, even where his own personality was involved. O'Neill's act in putting one over on him in Big Falls had clipped the wings of his egotism somewhat, made him cautious. Gradually there came to him the suspicion that the wily O'Neill had fallen a little too easily for his bluff. Was it possible the boss had another one up his sleeve that he was going to put over on him, Joe? Sending him down to Millbrook Junction, while ostensibly promoting him, would be an easy way to get rid of him without causing comment. He had heard of "inconvenient persons" being promoted out of jobs that way. And it was clear to him that Florrie O'Neill's fancy for him — though but twenty-three, he admitted to himself it was but a passing fancy — had made him an "inconvenient person" in the sight of O'Neill, her husband. Perhaps the old man was laughing at him. It might even be that he wanted to humiliate him for presuming to find favor in the eyes of Florrie, humiliate him by an awful bump, then chuck him out ignominiously. There was something Mephistophelian in the idea that gave Joe panic, and as usual his first thought was of Minnie. What would she think? His letters to her, he reflected, had been modest — all but the last. He might have told her of the women of Big Falls and his relations therewith, very flattering to himself. But old kill-joy, discretion, had tugged at his elbow and had bidden him forbear. But when O'Neill had made him G.M. down at Millbrook Junction, he had nudged old discretion in the stomach and just bragged, bragged, bragged. He had got wise, he told Minnie in his last letter. He had picked up things more quickly, the boss had told him, than any one who had ever been there before. He had found that his personality was a great asset. And he had capped the climax by exuberantly boasting to Minnie that he had put one over on O'Neill.

The reaction from his jubilation left Joe in the dumps. But no young man with red hair and bounding spirits stays in the dumps. Besides, Joe was too good a fighter for that. His recent experience in Big Falls had opened his eyes, given him confidence. "I don't know much about the business down there," he thought, "and it may be hard to break in, but, by jingo, I'll make good somehow." He paused, then chuckled. Oh, ho, why hadn't he thought of it before? O'Neill had pointed the way. Miss Kimball! "Keep your shirt on, Joe O'Brien. With the help of that old lady down there you'll put another one over on O'Neill — if that *carte blanche* only holds out long enough."

At this, Joe fell to reflecting on Miss Kimball. She'd been there a long time, was faithful, O'Neill had told him. The word faithful suggested a picture of her to Joe, a very comforting picture. She was a little austere perhaps — probably affected austerity designed to check the over-frivolity and garrulity on the part of young saleswomen and to chill flirtation between the sexes, — but with a kind, motherly heart behind it all. She had worked up from cash girl. That meant she was now middle-aged. She had large competent hands and she wore comfortable shoes with low, flat heels. Compensating nature, on taking away her waist-line, had given her a double chin. Joe longed to lay his troubled head on her ample bosom — in a strictly metaphorical way, of course, for first in Joe's code of ethics was loyalty to Minnie — and gush his confidences into her motherly heart. And in her experienced brain was wisdom and guidance, his for the asking, as O'Neill had suggested.

Joe leaned back in his seat with a great sigh of relief. "Thank the Lord for the Miss Kimballs of the world," he murmured, "thank the Lord for such women." He closed his eyes dreamily. And the big drivers at once took up the refrain, "Personality plus, O'Brien — personality plus." And the little wheels at the end of the car admonishingly tick-tacked, like a katy-did, "Let 'em alone, Joe — let 'em alone."

Miss Ella Kimball did not square with Joe's picture of her. She was quite startlingly different, as he discovered next morning. Instantly, the spectacled, flat-heeled, waist-lineless, ample-bosomed, double-chinned, faithful, motherly woman of his dreams was gone. There was nothing flat-heeled about Miss Ella Kimball! Not much! The lady was marvelously gowned and carried herself with the grace and hauteur of a racer. Though twenty-eight, to Joe she looked no older than

O'Neill threw his head back and laughed uproariously and Minnie caught the spirit of the thing and grinned sympathetically. Then the big boss picked up the telephone. "Give me Millbrook"

Minnie, and her eyes suggested Minnie's, hazel, though of a deeper brown. She was a trifle taller than Minnie, it seemed to Joe, and slenderer, though Minnie was on the better side of plump. He particularly noted her hands, as she stood with her fingers outspread on the counter, neither large nor small, white, and extremely competent. To Joe's intuitive eye those hands denoted service, experience. He somehow felt humiliated in so stunning a presence. All the cosy little confidences he had prepared for the Miss Kimball whom he was going to adopt as a mother were gone. He couldn't confess ignorance of the business to such a creature and expect sympathy.

There was more to Miss Ella Kimball than met the eye. She was a good illustration that sophistication is a matter of the head and the heart, rather than of geography. She had got all of her experience practically in a Junction town, yet she was infinitely wiser than Joe O'Brien, who had been brought up in a hat store in New York — Broadway between Forty-second and Fiftieth Streets.

Miss Ella Kimball had been using her sex and beauty as an asset ever since she could toddle, when she made little boys fetch and carry for her, and fight and lie for her. Early in her teens, she had learned the value of personality — her own. Her fresh beauty and affability had prompted overtures from enterprising males all the way from seventeen to seventy. This had given her a pretty good idea of the sex value she possessed. She had been taught that real manhood in America obtained only between the Mississippi and the Rockies, but she had been shocked into a realization that true chivalry was not a sectional affair. When she was seventeen, a patent-leathered and mustached New Yorker, a commercial man, had asked her to go to the local theatre and to the hotel for supper afterward. Being a Broadway man, his motives were, of course, corrupt. But the girl had been rescued in the nick of time by a big, breezy, honest, large-handed, East-hating cattle man, who afterward attempted the citadel of her heart. And she was on the point of surrendering unconditionally when she discovered that her hero of the wind-swept plains had a wife and three children. Another unprotected-female rescuing, effete-East-hating, honest fellow from the far off Rio Grande had sold her and some other shop girls stock in a salted mine. These experiences had made Kimball rather more calculating than hard. She had come to bunch men as one selfish, pleasure-grafting lot.

Resolved to trade on her personality, Miss Ella Kimball had left a drab-colored home in St. Paul and had broken into business in Millbrook Junction. She had brought her angular, dragon-eyed elder sister, Amy, along as housekeeper, general guardian, confidante, and most effective contrast. Ostensibly the sisters were different in every respect, alike only in ambition, — ambition for Ella.

Tom O'Neill fell for Miss Ella Kimball's personality. That's how she had so quickly "worked" her way up from salesgirl to assistant manager. Her ambition was to be G.M. down there — a stepping stone merely to further development and more varied enterprise. But O'Neill had always balked at conferring that final degree. No woman G.M. for him. More pay, yes. But not G. M. So Kimball had held her ambition in check and waited. But when O'Neill innovated to the extent of putting a man milliner in the Big Falls store, her hopes revived. Clearly, the boss had experienced a change of heart. And if a man milliner, she reasoned, why not a woman G.M.? And so Joe O'Brien, sustained by little more than the arrogance of twenty-three — the betwixt and between age, the nine o'clock age, the age when a man regards the errors of youth as things impossible of repetition and the man of forty a hopeless back number — was up against a dangerous proposition, a disappointed woman of twenty-eight — an age when experience and beauty go hand in hand, an age when ambition is not leashed by caution.

"Well," said Amy, the angular, the evening of the advent of Joe O'Brien, "what about the new G. M.?"

"I was flabbergasted." Ella snuggled back in her great chair. "He's a mere baby — hardly past the age of consent." She kicked off her slippers to rest her feet. "When T. O. told me he had somebody from New York I thought he'd be a man of thirty-five anyhow."

"Protégé of T. O.'s, do you reckon?"

"T. O.'s only known him two months. Another one of his experiments, I guess."

Joe pondered a bit, then: "I get you, Miss Kimball. You think I ought to be — er — a little personal with the girls — as I am with the men?"

"Smart Aleck New Yorker?"

"Not exactly. Only a kid genius."

"Why do you think so, Ella?"

"'Cause the first thing he told me was that T. O. sent him down here 'cause he was new blood, a man of ideas."

"Modest, ain't it!"

Presently Amy broke the reflective silence into which the two had fallen. "What you going to do? Get him on a string?"

"Heavens! That red-headed kid?"

"Kid, all right, but G.M., Ella."

"Oh, Lord, Amy, you make me tired."

"It ought to be easy to get him out."

Ella crossed her feet and scratched her knee. "Think so? Just how?"

"T. O.'s great for new things, Ella, but he's as fickle as a girl. You know that. He always thinks he's stumbled on some genius. But when he finds it ain't a genius, which he always does, off goes his head quicker'n that," with a backward jerk of her left hand and a snapping of the bony, scrupulously clean finger and thumb. "Why," she sneered, "T. O. couldn't keep him if he wanted to for, believe me, if there's any loss the black devil," — meaning Arnstein, thus designated from his reactionary policy in the matter of salaries — "will make his life a burden."

And Ella supplemented: "I've often thought if I were T. O. I'd kill that little shrimp some day and hide him in an ink well, darn his treacherous skin."

"This is the way I dope it out," said Amy. "If the kid *is* a genius, he'll have lots of fool notions, of course. He'll come to you with 'em. All you've got to do is to push 'em along, push 'em to the limit. Always remember he's got a noose round his head and T. O.'s got the other end." She paused, then: "Why, Ella, there's nothing to it. All you've got to do is to encourage him; get everybody in the store to encourage him; swell his head; make him feel good. You know — the old way — make him think he's the smartest ever."

"That's just what I was thinking," said Ella.

"And you see how quick he'll get to the end of his rope."

And so those two sisters did then and there, knowingly, and with malice aforethought, scheme, plot and devise to kill Joe O'Brien with kindness.

While the sisters were scheming Joe O'Brien's undoing by the most civilized method imaginable, Joe himself was scheming how best to hold his job. For he felt that unless he speedily made good, O'Neill would summarily decapitate him. His first interview with Kimball had not greatly reassured him. On the contrary, he felt humiliated that he was in a more or less false position of authority over a woman of so great shrewdness and experience. But the fact remained that he was in the position, no matter how he got it. Also it was the chance of his life. He would bend all his energies, mental, moral, and physical, so to qualify as to hold down the job. And not by personality alone, a thing he'd come to regard as unsubstantial and shifting. He would have to bluff it out until he could gain familiarity with the details of the business, enough to carry him over. How to do this puzzled Joe until the solution suddenly occurred as if volcanically erupted from his sub-consciousness. By jingo, he could innovate. What a wonderful word these days — innovate. "Good old innovate," Joe chuckled, "first aid to the bluffer." Yes, sir, he would startle them — them meaning the other people of the store — by innovating. He would make them, in thinking him some kind of a genius, forget that he was a bluff. He would thus cover up his shortcomings until he had time to qualify for his job by real knowledge.

So Joe O'Brien began to look around for an excuse to innovate.

It didn't take a live wire like Joe long to see that the Millbrook Junction branch was in a rut. There was much dead wood in the place. The more he thought about it, the more convinced he became that the first thing would be to get rid of that dead wood. And he had full authority. He was the boss. And O'Neill would be pleased. By jingo, perhaps O'Neill had sent him down there for that very thing. Who knows?

When a little boy, Joe's father had given him this advice: "When you're in a new place lie low and see how the land lies before you do anything." He had followed this rule all his life. He would follow it now. He waited for a week and then said to Kimball: "I'm going to make some changes here, Miss Kimball. I find they're needed."

[*Continued on page 48*]

Clyde Fitch's Bric-a-brac Days

The Life Story of America's Most Famous Playwright

by

Montrose J. Moses

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In autographing this photograph Fitch wrote "Define friendship as you will— I define it as the thing that lasts"

HAD any one predicted, at the time of Clyde Fitch's graduation from Amherst, that he would become one of America's foremost dramatists, no one would have believed it, least of all his family. They saw only a rather romantic youth, who could act in college theatricals, who could write second-rate poetry for the undergraduate magazines, and dress according to the latest fashion. So it came to them very much as a shock when he announced his determination to earn a living by his pen. His correspondence at this time bears every evidence that any other profession would be decidedly distasteful to him. He honestly tried to be enthusiastic over various suggestions made by friends and relations, but his reactions were all negative. He writes humorously, in one of the many illustrated books he was always printing and binding:

"My father leaned toward architecture, and tho't the death of Richardson an opportunity for me to take my proper position at once in the profession. My mother viewed my onslaughts into art with partial eye, and tho't I ought not to let Raphael's brush lie idle. My aunt said Tennyson was aging, and spoke of my early poems with fond pride, most sweetly blind to lack of metre, verse and feet and tho't."

The wife and son of Oscar Wilde. Clyde Fitch had a very deep affection for the English author

W. J. Ferguson, the valet in "Beau Brummell." "We dressed our parts out of our trunks— " said he, describing the producer's money troubles, "and my tout ensemble was a veritable League of Nations"

That gives the intimate flavor of the solicitude which surrounded the boy at the period of graduation; and, written not very long after, it suggests that he had a sane and healthy and satiric view of his immediate importance.

"A college friend" (he declared further) "proposed the stage, but that but made my mother swoon and my father vow he'd disinherit me. With my college tailor-bill still sword-of-Damoclesing over me, I felt I could not be so little dutiful. . . . Thus it was that, to aid in my expenses as a débutante in *belle lettres*, I became a tutor."

The final days at Amherst were sentimental ones; the threads of association were difficult to break — the last glees sung on the fraternity porch, the last service at church, and then the commencement, when Fitch and Robert Lansing, the recent Secretary of State, stepped up, as members of the class of '86, for their diplomas. At that moment Fitch seemed to shed a certain immaturity: he took off his sophomoric attitude with his cap and gown, and the next picture we get of him is a stride ahead on the road toward finding himself. There was nothing better that his father could have done for him than to tell him to go out and sink or swim; for, petted and guarded by his mother, he nevertheless showed a remarkable self-determination, and attacked the problem of livelihood with vigor. One letter of his shows an inclination to bicycle during the summer of '86 in England, but that idea was brushed aside. Any one seeing him on the night of his graduation dance, with his cousins resplendent in party gowns, and his girl friends, the Moshers, suggesting in his mind the first glimmer of a novel, afterward published as "The Wave of Life", would have smiled at the idea of his ever being patient enough to become a tutor. As he himself said, "Born and bred for the lordly manor of an ancient dukedom, and not for a horny-handed son of toil, I was one of those rose-leafs (sic) of humanity, meant for an existence of Easter Sundays."

Nevertheless, an agency found him a position in a household where a girl and boy enslaved him, and where the mother's "ambition seeming to be that her daughter should be a cook, — I could hardly hope in the face of this fact to make her a lady." There is a little picture of Fitch at this time, embedded in an account he wrote of this uninspired family with whom he spent so many uninspired moments — indicating that he was not impervious to the *sub rosa* jibes at his own tastes and appearance. He declares: "The evil influences of two things I have not been able to overcome, one the fact of my wearing a high standing collar, the other an unpardonable weakness in regard to the study of history. For these I was irretrievably stamped as 'Dude' in the family." Notwithstanding the *gaucheries* in which he was enmeshed, Clyde stuck to his job, doing the boy's sums for him, "as Arithmetic prevented his sleeping nights", and listening to the excuses for imperfect lessons, until "the words, '*I don't know*' and '*I can't do it*' will be found stamped upon my heart like *Calais* on the heart of Queen Mary."

This sad personal narrative of Clyde's tutoring, deliciously illustrated in water color sketches, at which he was adept, comes to a proper climax, showing the extent of his patience and the state of mind which forced him to seek other channels of livelihood. He writes:

"If I live, which I think is doubtful, I may pose in the Eden Musée for Patience on a Monument, between

"Frédéric Lemaître," Fitch's second costume play and second success, was really the beginning of Henry Miller's brilliant career

Lily Langtry and the Chicago Anarchists. If I ever marry and become a paternal parent, my children shall grow up uneducated. I would not have the blood of any tutors or teachers on their heads as my gore in all probability will curdle and clot on the heads of Philip and Elsie. If I do expire, I believe the best words on my lips will be '*Je me levé*' (freely translated, 'I go up') from force of habit, — I only trust it will be true; I should hate to die with a lie on my causeried lips. Bury me out in the green, happy cemetery, with a weeping willow over me, and a nice fancy iron bench for my mother to sit on in her new crape vail (sic). Put a Latin book at my head, an arithmetic at my feet, and a speller in my hands. Let the little singing birds sing over me, and the gaudy butterflies but. And on my marble mausoleum let there be carved no autographs of Lily Langtry, Henry Ward Beecher, or Clara Urquhart Potter, but only this simple epitaph —

> Here lies the body of William Clyde,
> Who tutored two pupils until he died.
> A tutor's life to this youth was not suited,
> And gladly he skipped when the Death
> Angel tooted."

It is easy enough to draw conclusions, when one has the entire perspective of a life to view. Was there, for instance, any early love for the stage in these years? Clyde was always a theatregoer; while at college, he would descend with onslaught on New York, and, during a week's vacation with an upper classman, Tod Galloway, he went to the theatre eleven times in six days, buying "bill poster seats", and seeing Madame Judith, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. He would visit Boston also, where his mother was living, at the Berkeley apartments, and take in the "shows", good, bad and indifferent. I find a record, April 6, 1886, of his seeing Richard Mansfield the night before in "A Parisian Romance." How Fate must have chuckled when actor and incipient dramatist thus came closely in touch, without knowing each other; yet each to mean so much to the other in only a few years more!

Whenever he went to Boston at this time, he found a ready welcome in the home of the Moshers, who lived in Cambridge, and whose circle was enlivened by the charm and vivacity of three daughters, Grace, who painted, Florence, who played the piano, and Maud, the violinist. The atmosphere of their home furnished Clyde with the meat and substance for "The Wave of Life"; he used two of the girls as his contrasting heroines, and he masqueraded himself as the hero under the name of Cyril Farnsworth, who embodied his views of life and art. This is the value of Fitch's only novel: a purely autobiographic reflection of the artistic temperament. But if after leaving college this impressionable young man was chastising himself in the winter months by tutoring, his mother was fully determined that, in the summer, he should have some of the social atmosphere; so, in 1887, he visited Newport, and gave himself up to a continual round of parties, teas and drives. All this, he exclaimed in a letter, "was very swell for a penniless TUTOR." In the light of such an experience one can read his plays reflecting the social "swim", and understand what a storehouse of impressions he was erecting at the time.

Fitch's exquisite sense of banter was not put into "The Wave of Life", published in *Lippincott's Magazine* for February, 1891. Existence was very serious to him here; he expounded old philosophy only as a young man can, and reserved for his numberless "skits" that refreshing satire which later was to be a constant source of delight to his audiences. Here was an outlet for that spirit of fun which he always possessed; he cartooned everything: his own people in "Records of the Family of Fytches, Big Guns and Full of Tone During the Reign of Adam III, B. C. 1303, versified by the Poet Laureate"; himself at all times Uniqueness of phrase, a quaint turn of thought, such as "twenty-one summers had fled over me with their sunny sides up", were his special refreshing qualities. Such a volatile point of view could not be destroyed by any task put before Fitch. He turned his trivial "skits" into genuine fun. All of his correspondence contains this same sparkling effervescence. That was the joy of a letter from him — the unexpected shifting of a trial into a piece of good humor. At the time when every penny counted, I am told, he took a suggestion for a joke to a friend who drew pictures, and together they worked the idea into presentable shape. Then they sent it to *Life*. Much to the illustrator's chagrin, the picture was accepted, and the joke returned. The news was broken to Clyde in a series of verses, to which he responded by making an eight-page booklet, recounting "The Adventures of a Little Joke that Went Forth to See Life", and illustrated with water color sketches. His mind was ever ready for such conceits; they sharpened his pen for future work.

THE tender side of his nature found expression in a series of children's stories which he began writing just after he left college. These he started sending to *The Churchman*, the Rev. Mr. Robinson, who was managing editor at the time, giving him his first encouragement, and Mr. Robinson's daughter adding to his list of momentary "flames." Dr. Lyman Abbott of *The Outlook* also stretched forth a helping hand. So that the volume which eventually saw the light under the title "The Knighting of the Twins" contains eleven tales, each one with a dedication to some significant friend. They were written during a period of varied occupation, for Fitch now began to harness into his service the ability he had of reading aloud. By the time he settled in New York, and took quarters at 53 West 53rd Street, he surrounded himself with an atmosphere of affluence, all the more remarkable in the face of his limited income. Literature was paying in dribs and drabs, but somehow his love for ornamentation was never limited by this fact. Sometimes he would fall behind in his rent, and would be gently reminded by his landlady as he went out of a morning. He handled such situations with swiftness and deftness. On one of these embarrassing occasions, he turned back into his room and wrote off hastily a quatrain which he sent to a magazine. Shortly after, a munificent check for two dollars came to him, not enough to pay his rent; but he turned it to account, for he hastened to the nearest florist shop and bought some white roses which he presented to his landlady with a few gentle explanations — which quite softened her heart. There is some of the *Beau Brummell* atmosphere in this. Fitch always met difficulties with ease.

In these "freshling" days, the picture of which is graphically sketched in the "evenings at home" of the Synnotts, in "The Wave of Life", I find a letter, dated March 12, 1889, written from the Fellowcraft Club, in New York, detailing the curve of his activities:

"I have two different sets of readings from Browning every week, and also every week reading from Keats, Morris, Dobson, Praed and Matthew Arnold. Lately I've not even had time to write, for the preparation for my readings some weeks takes every minute. As it is I have manuscripts accepted with *the Independent* (2 stories), *the Xtian Union*, *The Churchman*, *Puck* and *Life*. *Life* has a score of things of mine, and they are all paid for, which is one sort of blessing. . . . I tell you all this because I think you will care to hear what tracks I'm making in the sands of time. I am going to sail again,— D. V.— the last of May, to spend the summer in England and the fall in Italy. I hope to come back with another book done."

This would indicate that Fitch had already fallen into the habit of going abroad regularly — a habit which, as he became more successful, showed how closely he was keeping in touch with the continental theatre. (The two C. F.'s — Clyde Fitch and Charles Frohman — kept equal pace in these yearly trips.) The book he mentions must have been "The Knighting of the Twins", because the dedications are many of them dated from England, and are to friends, like Walter Pater and Oscar Wilde. Not only that, but when Fitch moved to his place in Fifty-third Street, he had many purchases of a foreign character around him. This love of buying was a characteristic much encouraged by the Moshers. The Fitches lived with the Moshers in Paris, during Clyde's first year abroad, on the top floor of an apartment building in the *Rue Washington*. Here, of an evening, while the families were seated on the balcony overlooking the street, Clyde would read some of his stories to them, — and read so dramatically, with such passionate vigor, that the French Marquise below them would send up to request that the Americans would try not to make quite so much noise. He went to the French *revues*, with their "cancan" dances, he haunted the curio shops with their antiques, he did without lunch that he might stretch his limited allowance, handed to him each morning by his mother, further than it would ordinarily have gone.

There is a picture of Clyde, taken when he moved to his Sherwood Studio, on Fifty-seventh Street, in New York, which shows on the wall directly behind him his first substantial purchase — a picture which he always called his "Salome." One day he and the Moshers while in Paris, were asked to come to Vincennes to lunch. They had just left the station, when the alert eyes of Clyde caught sight of a curio shop. He disappeared inside, followed by the [*Continued on page 32*]

Mansfield, being temperamental and easily discouraged, predicted failure for "Beau Brummell" which proved his greatest success

The Man, The Tiger *and the* Snake

A Novel of Mystery, Love and Adventure

by Ferdinand Reyher

Illustrations by Pruett Carter

"That friend only is the true one who is by when trouble comes; words are air, a deed talks louder than a solo played on drums."

COOPER COMLOUGH thought himself on the eve of organizing the greatest oil and general industrial project in the world and now the secret plans for the corporation were in the hands of the enemy — the crooks of the oil game who sought to destroy him. The papers were in a traveling bag which was stolen from Comlough's Japanese valet while waiting for his master at a railway station.

On the night of the theft Cooper had seen a woman of the streets unjustly arrested, had followed her to court and obtained her acquittal. Thus he had met THE SNAKE who received aid of him and promised to repay when the occasion arose. But he had missed his train and his plans had been stolen.

Comlough had previously encountered THE MAN — Evans Lynn, the banker, who asked help when his embezzling was about to be exposed, and obtained it. He had also met THE TIGER — Joe Glenn, the ex-convict known as "Mystic Fingers" — and he had rescued him from evil policemen who were determined that he should not go straight.

In addition to the loss of his valuable plans, Comlough was worried about Marcia Lynn, the wife of the embezzling banker, who had been his boyhood sweetheart. The same evening that his bag was stolen he had dined with the Evanses and certain observations he had made caused him uneasiness.

COMLOUGH bathed and changed, with the grim satisfaction of feeling that, bad mess though things were in, he was at least trending toward a reorganization of ways and means. He had still no inkling of what was in store for him. At seven o'clock two telegrams were delivered at opposite sides of North America. One was addressed to Richard Porter in Vancouver. It read:

"Your sale of Long Horn and Lone Star to Texcol Corporation premature. Could have got better price. Will dispose of your other holdings Texan Central as requested. Walpole."

The other telegram was delivered in Washington, D. C., and offered Sidonia Godoz $400,000 for an option on a certain Magdalena River property, provided certain concessions regarding other oil lands in Colombia could be effected. The telegram was signed "Texcol Oil and Asphalt Corporation, W. R. R. Yerger, President." It brought Señor Godoz, who, despite his extensive clutch on a vast section of his native land, was in need of cash, very quickly into the presence of Señors Molino and del Corral to effect the specified concessions for Texcol Oil and Asphalt.

At eight-thirty a small, cool man, with an habitually governed gaze, closed with Rafael DePinna a satisfactory arrangement concerning the Maracaibo Lake Basin concessions which Comlough had been after.

Before Comlough left his house he called Lynn's home. Things would have to move fast that morning. He wanted both enough additional Utopian to give him control, and control of Texan Improvement — at any price. Marcia answered the telephone without even the intercession of Timmons.

He buried his face in his hands, and his shoulders shook convulsively before he got himself in hand again. Then he muttered: "Marcia — Oh, God — Marcia!"

"Why, Cooper, where are you calling from?"

"My home."

"I thought you were in Washington!"

"I missed the train."

"That explains why you kept Evans out so late. I thought you had taken him with you."

"Why, Ev——"

"Now, no excuses!" Marcia interrupted. "Evans left for the bank more than an hour ago," she said in answer to his next words, a request to speak to Lynn. "You know," she went on, "I am taking the children out to Hempstead to-day, so I don't suppose I shall see you for a while. But you will come out, won't you, Cooper? Please promise!"

It was exactly quarter to nine by his watch when he hung up the receiver. Why Lynn should have gone to the bank at quarter to eight bothered him for a moment, then passed. It was replaced by a peculiar uneasiness, not connected with the bag or his own affairs, aroused solely by something like a hint of hurt in Marcia's voice. Why should that be there? He hardly knew what gave him the impression that it was there. She sounded cheerful enough. But his impression continued.

As he was leaving the house Ralston returned. The detective Kirkman and the man Snell had originally dispatched to the Twenty-third Precinct were now making a canvass of hotels in the vicinity of the station in company with Ochia, to discover whether any one bearing a bag similar to Comlough's had come in during the night.

He hurried to his office. The immediate matter to be attended to after terse consultations with Updike and Aiken, and instructions to his secretary, was to get that grip on Utopian and Texan Improvement. Kilcairn and his block of Utopian must be located without a moment's loss. He sent off four telegrams to Texas about Kilcairn. Lynn had already been in his office and cashed the order he had given him on Hannemann the night before for $50,000 for Texan Improvement stock. He called up the Clinton Loan and Trust, but Lynn was not in the bank. His first actual shock came when he called up Medill & Spear, the brokers who were acting for him through Lynn.

"Why, hello, Mr. Comlough, I thought you were in Washington!" Medill greeted him over the wire. "Mr. Lynn was just here and said you left last night. We've struck a jam on that Prairie Extension, Mr. Comlough!" Prairie Extension was the telephone code phrase for Texan Improvement. Comlough's blood grew cold at Medill's words. The broker talked on. "Mr. Lynn came here with the draft to buy the Extension we were offered yesterday. This morning not a particle of it is for sale. Do you know what happened? It's absolutely amazing! Our stock-breeding interests — you know — materialized! Actually! They sold out the Prairie Extension to large cattle interests at nine o'clock this morning! Mr. Lynn very nearly collapsed when he discovered it."

Comlough felt like a man chained to a stake, looking up at the overhanging lip of an avalanche held back for a second before it uproots the last obstacle. Deliberately forcing himself into a calm which was stark grimness, he took out a box of cigars, painstakingly selected a beautifully made one, clipped its point neatly and slowly puffed it aglow. He rang for Wallace.

"Get me a report on the cattle-breeding people who have just bought up the Canassus," he directed quietly.

By eleven o'clock he had the report. Cattle-breeding interests had bought in Texan Improvement — cattle-breeding interests! — blue deep sea eagles! The Texan Improvement and Petroleum Corporation had been bought up by one Texcol Oil and Asphalt Corporation! An obscure concern about a year old. By all that was fantastic what had this diminutive organization, whose capitalization was less than half a million dollars, wanted with the Estacado?

"Get me a complete report on Texcol Oil and Asphalt," he ordered.

He called up Lynn at the bank. His line was busy. He hurried over to Hargreaves' office. Wallace had already informed him, as well as Colonel Maurice, of the loss of the bag, and Comlough found them closeted together. He thought he perceived coolness in their manner toward him; but he had no patience for sensitiveness in himself now, nor was he in any mood for explanations of his failure to make his train, his reasons for putting the papers in the bag or intrusting bag and papers to Ochia. Maurice, cold always, despite his conversational expansiveness; cynical often, an instinct for intrigue in him, despite his vociferous advocacy of direct action, eyed Comlough scrutinizingly. He laid a telegram just received from Washington before him:

"Long Horn and Lone Star railroad sold Texcol Corporation by Porter on twelfth.
Walpole."

"You want me to go to a man who is married and show him up for a rotter by getting him to go away with me?" she asked, her eyes narrowing

And another:

"Impossible to come New York to-day. Texcol Corporation taken over Magdalena lease.
Sidonia Godoz."

And a third:

"Will be in New York on sixteenth. Maracaibo Lake Basin property disposed of to Texcol Oil and Asphalt Corporation.
Rafael DePinna."

He had no chance to comment on this wicked, triple bludgeoning of his plans. He was wanted on the telephone. Wallace was calling.

"Mr. Comlough — the bag has been found!"

After what he had just read his elation was formal — and momentary. The bag had been found, emptied of the papers. Shortly after midnight a man had registered at the Fesole Hotel, on West Forty-seventh Street. The night-clerk was still on duty when the detectives and Ochia arrived. He vaguely recalled some one registering — having kind of bag they described. The name was — there it was, written — Carlos Cardoza. Man spoke with soft foreign accent. Tall — dark, as he remembered. Didn't take particular notice of him. Yes — wore a light suit. Light brown, with darker brown striping. Room 435. They went up. The man was gone; the bag, with Comlough's C. C. monogram on it, there in his room. Contents gone over, but nothing except the papers taken.

"Anything else?"

"Yes. Mr. Stover telephoned in that the gentlemen from South America could not be here to-day."

"Anything else?"

"No, sir."

He turned to Hargreaves and Colonel Maurice.

"The *bag* has at least been located," he said, and repeated what Wallace had told him.

"I will buy out Texcol as soon as I locate this Yerger," was Colonel Maurice's sole comment, assuming command.

Comlough hurried to the Clinton Loan and Trust Company. The attendant took his card in to Lynn, and returned to inform him that the vice-president in charge of the loan department was at the moment in conversation with another gentleman, but would be ready for him in a very few minutes. He was led to Lynn's office. Almost on the threshold of it he passed a little stout man with bulgy eyeballs and ruddy complexion. There was a sort of roly-poly air about him. In passing he shot Comlough a humorous shrewd look.

"Cooper, what shall we do about Texan Improvement?" exclaimed Lynn the moment Comlough entered. "I only just heard you hadn't gone. Whatever's happened anyhow?"

Comlough told him of the bag. Lynn, exquisitely dressed as always, from his dull black shoes to the white bud in the lapel of his fine dark serge suit, leaned toward him, closely following each word.

"Man, that's hell! You got the bag, and there wasn't a paper left? That sounds ominous. What sort of description have they got of the thief?"

Comlough told him the extent of that description.

"Pretty slim to go on — but there's just a chance of landing him on it."

Comlough shook his head questioningly.

"But man alive — what to do? Can't I help you some way? I haven't forgotten what you did for me, Cooper. Say anything."

Comlough had something for him to do immediately. "Get in touch with Spear or Medill, Evans, and tackle Bonsell. I can't wait to locate Kilcairn now. In some way get at least 6,000 shares from Bonsell or Cann — pay up to twenty-five for them. But get them. Get them!"

He questioned Lynn briefly along lines suggested by Stover. Had Lynn met any one who was interested in oil, after he had left him last night? Any one at all? Had he mentioned Comlough's plans to a living soul — to any one? Comlough hated this type of querying, but Lynn was not offended. No — not to a soul — not even to Marcia. When Comlough left he gripped his hand.

"No matter what it is, Cooper, that I can do for you," said Lynn earnestly; "give me the word, and I'll do it. Man — only call on me!"

In his office again Comlough got into communication in turn with Stover, Ralston, Ochia, Kirkman, Inspector Snell, and DePinna and del Corral in Washington. Something like chaos seemed to have touched the clean sharp outline of his affairs. Then, right after lunch, the most unexpected blow of all.

"Cooper!" It was Lynn's voice which came through the receiver, as he accepted it from Wallace. Comlough read disaster in the mere intonation of his own name coming with a premonitory quaver over the wire.

"Yes!"

"Hell's broke loose!"

Comlough's pulse was like the grinding of ice — so cold.

"Yes!" he said, coldly, mechanically.

"Gulf Lubricant" — code phrase for Utopian Oil — "sold out to what they thought were stock-raising interests at nine-thirty this morning. Texcol bought them up, too. What's more — in some way they've got hold of Kilcairn and his block!" There was a pause. "Old man, I feel as bad as you do," Lynn's voice came over the wire almost brokenly.

Comlough hung up the receiver and went to the window. He gripped his hands behind him and just looked out — looked out. From the pride and eminence of his nineteen stories he saw nothing of the lower East River and the smudge of Brooklyn. For a long time he saw nothing. Then, instead of the bay and the city across the river, he saw again his illimitable tract out there in the southwest, traversed in two strategic places by holdings he had almost secured — and lost. Saw it, too, as it would not be — as he had dreamed his dream of it; bringing order, purpose, vision into that desolate range plain — something different from the hodge-podge of mud and greed, flash promotion, misdirected zeal, thieving and muddling, weak and avaricious and neurotic hopes of wealth which had characterized the other great oil strikes. His dream of great industrial organization to carry the authentic rightness of his purposes from Pago-Pago to Reykjavik! A face formed itself slowly into vividness between him and the scene. Marcia!— The next moment everything was swept out of his mind by the heaviest shock the inherent sardonicism of things and men's natures could have meted out to him.

"Mr. Stover is here," Wallace said from the doorway.

"Send him in." He crossed to meet him. Something in Stover's face stopped him in the center of the big room. "What — is it, Deems?" he asked.

Stover looked at the floor, slowly walked past Comlough and tossing his hat on the big table, half sat on the edge, his foot slowly swinging, watching it swing for probably a half-minute before he raised his eyes to Comlough's. Then he spoke.

"I know who took your bag," he said slowly, quietly.

Comlough started.

"Who?"

"Evans Lynn," said Stover.

Comlough stood graven. Stover thought for an instant that he had not heard. Then he looked down at the oil man's hands. They were interlocked with a visible tension that seemed as though it might snap off his fingers.

"Who —?" he asked, with a kind of dead calm glaring, glaring beyond Stover.

The latter reached over and gently put one hand over the other's locked fingers. The touch broke the strain in Comlough. Something savage flared in his deep eyes, hidden farther than ever it seemed behind his sharp shelving brows. In the searing red hell of that moment he again thought of a woman first. He grasped Stover's arms with a grip which entered into the slighter man like a burn.

"Who else knows it?" he snapped hoarsely at him.

"Only Kirkman. He ——"

"Won't tell! Understand, Stover — he — won't tell! Seal him! Seal your own soul on this! Promise me —man — damn it, promise me!" He shook Stover as though he were weightless, and suddenly dropped his hands from his arms. "Now, Deems — go," he said in a whisper. "Go — I want to think."

FOR a long time he sat motionless; not thinking — his thoughts were too volatile — but trying to order his mind sufficiently to be able to think. Gradually, with that curious detachment from his own bruised affairs which he had experienced a short time before, Marcia's face formed itself with extraordinary distinctness in the distracted spaces of his mind, and he seemed to redetect that slight innuendo of hurt in her voice as she inquired half-jestingly why he had kept Lynn out so late — Lynn! Like motes streaming into a light-beam, stray points of thoughts and recollections drifted into consciousness, odds and ends of acts and suggestions of acts on Lynn's part which had been tucked away unheeded in his subconsciousness to corroborate Stover. Strange he had not insisted on proof; and not strange. The proof was already within himself; it was seeping forth now. The look Lynn had cast on the woman who had passed them; his exaggerated reticence concerning his business affairs to Marcia; Stover's remark about seeing him on Thirty-seventh Street with a woman he supposed was Marcia — when Marcia was out of town; the queer inflection of Stover's voice when he had spoken of Lynn in the hallway early that morning; the light brown suit Lynn had worn the night before — the dinner that evening being informal because Comlough was to leave their house to go to his train; Lynn's adeptness at Spanish — having lived in Buenos Aires he could manage the accent which went with that grandee roll of vowels, Carlos Cardoza; Lynn's knowledge of his plans in detail — it was through him, indeed, that the instructions to Ochia to bring the bag to the station had gone. Lynn might possibly have gone to the station at first to ask him about something, and seen Ochia — got the idea of stealing the bag — suddenly. He could do it better than any one. If Ochia caught him at it, he could laugh it away — would not even have to do that — the Japanese knew him so well. It was Lynn, then, who was behind — who *was* the Texcol Oil and Asphalt Corporation.

Almost gently it all arranged itself in his mind; but when his consciousness fully grasped the significance and connection of all these trifles and inevitable conclusions, they seemed more authentic than Stover's statement itself; they rained conviction anew on him with horrible, freshly revealing light.

Like a world of skyscrapers tumbling on him, the revelation of the perfidy of his oldest friend — the man whom he had saved from jail — came crashing about his head — came, too, amidst all the throbbing racket of his horror at it, with as indisputable claim to actuality as the daylight. It is one thing, however, to have a thing revealed to one; another thing entirely to comprehend it. For a long time he sat trying to comprehend it. There were minutes when he repeated over and over, "My friend — and he did this to me! My friend! My friend!"

He buried his face in his hands, and his shoulders shook convulsively, despite his iron self-control, before he completely got himself in hand again, and he muttered:

"Marcia — oh, God — Marcia! Marcia!"

Now, it so happened, that need befell the hunter in the old Laos fable, and remembering the man whom he had befriended and who had promised aid should he, the hunter, ever be in difficulty, he went — But you know already how the man repaid his benefactor.

"Gentlemen, we are willing to do anything in our power to help you further the industrial position of Texas, and the country at large — of that you must be assured — but the fact remains that you have not that necessary beginning you require to start operations. We are willing to see to it that you get the requisite franchises for your railroad; the concessions for your dams and other developments — but obviously we cannot grant you rights for putting down something on something you do not possess!"

Senator Morissey expressed the minds of his fellows to Comlough, Colonel Maurice and Hargreaves at the end of the two-hour conference in Comlough's office.

"That's all right — we will possess them!" said Maurice bluntly. "I am buying this Texcol association out!"

In Comlough's ears it sounded the death knell of his hopes. In that original plan of his it was himself who was to organize the development of the great Texas holdings on a basis which was to have been a point of industrial departure and social forward-looking. "Buy 'em out!" The brutal grip of old-time moneyed power and methods, exemplified in Maurice, was at the helm again.

"Feels good to be straight — with nobody waiting to put something on you? You'd never crack another safe, eh?" asked Comlough. "Never again — hell, no!"

The meeting broke up and shortly after five o'clock Comlough was left alone in his office. Irresistibly his thoughts began circling about Lynn. After all, Lynn was the key to the situation. Putting the mere sentimental hurt and personal consideration entirely away from him for the time being, he began to analyze Lynn's position. He rang for Wallace and ordered the report on Texcol Oil and Asphalt brought to him. The company, he learned now, had been incorporated not one but two years. The president and chairman of the board of directors were one — W. R. R. Yerger. Comlough had heard of him. Never remembered having seen him; remembered no one he knew who [*Continued on page 44*]

McCLURE'S

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Sandro took command. Over a gap of five hundred years the spirit of the galley rower of Lepanto leaped in the Throw-Back. He glared at the sea which he had never known; and suddenly he knew it!

The Throw-Back

A New Story by a New Author

Robert Husted Chambers

Illustrations by Anton Otto Fischer

DRIFTWOOD is of the sea; from her it comes, to her it returns. The green-haired Ocean Goddess may tire of her plaything for a time and toss it carelessly upon the beach, where it lies for years while the shifting sands cover it and the shell-cased creatures of the sea upon its surface die and crumble into lime-flecked dust. But, in the end, the sea remembers and comes again in storm and hurricane. She stretches out her foam-white arms; the sands dissolve; and she takes again what she has cast away. For the sea never really gives up anything, not even her dead, and they who go down to the sea in ships must be listed, like driftwood, to the credit of the sea.

Until to-day he had never seen the sea, this man in blue overalls, who sat on a snubbing-post alongside the Municipal Dock at Miami, gazing across the water with shifty, narrow-slitted eyes. Behind the unshaven mask that was his face strange emotions were passing, emotions that he could not understand, would not understand unless he had translated the message of the wavelets as they slapped against the piling beneath his feet.

"We have been calling," they whispered, "calling, calling for five hundred years. You are ours and we claim our own at last."

At the end of the pier a tanker was moored, big-bellied, high at bow and stern, reeking of petroleum; a trim yacht lay in the offing; he could see a sailor in white polishing the brass-work along the deck-house. Below him a Nassau sponging schooner was taking on provisions.

"Heave ho — once more — come again — make that fast!" The long arm of the crane swung inboard, poising its load above the littered deck.

"Lower away." The slack ran out swiftly; an unoiled pulley shrieked in protest; from below, a pair of dirty hands reached out to receive the swinging burden. Then crate and hands disappeared into the hatchway, and the crane swung back, narrowly missing the man on the snubbing-post.

"Dirty beachcomber," observed the dock master, with a glance at the tattered figure.

"Naw, Portygee sailor-man," the sponger's skipper corrected. "Look at the dago face of him — hi, look alive thar, *you!* — " The crane swung again and the object of discussion scrambled hastily out of the way.

"Dirty Portygee," continued the skipper, kicking aside a bucket and coil of rope to make room for the approaching flour-sack. "Never mind if you hit him. Lively, now — heave!"

The attempts of the two men to establish the stranger's identity were at fault. He was not a beachcomber, for that presupposed some knowledge of the beach; he was not a Portuguese, in spite of his Latin features and sombre eyes; he was not a sailor, never having known the sea; he was just a back-woods "cracker."

They called him Sandro, because he had to have a name. By birth he was nothing, by ancestry a little of everything. In the slanting eyes and high cheek-bones he showed traces of the outcast Seminole who had been his grandfather; of the other grandfather nothing was visible except the tiny semi-circle of blue beneath his finger nails, revealing somewhere in the strain a trace of Africa.

Sandro himself was a throw-back. Five hundred years before, he had had ancestors of a different kind: Minorcan sailor-men who had lived when Spain was mistress of the seven seas, when no wind blew that did not flutter the yellow flag from masthead or citadel, when her ships dotted the waters from the Straits of Magellan to the Golden Horn.

One ancestor had pulled an oar in the imperial galleys at Lepanto. Another had smuggled Algerian spices into Valencia, snapping his fingers under the royal nose of the second Philip. Still another, in the days of the Armada, had fought and sailed his ship through the hornet-swarm of Drake's fleet, only to die at last on the storm-swept Irish coast beneath the clubs of its savage peasantry.

His son, and the grandson of Lepanto, had been lured to Florida by Menendez, then captain at St. Augustine, Florida, the land of promise and disappointment, of gold and of indigo.

The Castilians, jealous of their prestige, had seized the islands, forcing them to replace the Carib Indians, whom they had imported to work the indigo-vats, and who died too rapidly to pay for their importation. But the Minorcans died even faster than the Indians, save the few who escaped, taking to the swamps like wild things before Menendez's blood-hounds. There they established their little colonies, preserving for a hundred years purity of both race and speech. Gradually they disintegrated, intermarrying with the races which they

found — Seminole, runaway black, and English settler — until they vanished, save for such throw-backs as this, who do not know who or whence they are and probably do not care.

Of this stock was Sandro. Born inland, among the swamps and flat-woods, striving to eke out a wretched livelihood by riding and branding the stray razor-back hogs that roamed the woods about his cabin. Later, in an argument with another "cracker" over one of these hogs, he had mislaid his clasp-knife between his adversary's ribs, and taken to the Big Cypress with the marshals at his heels.

ONE day they found him: shot him like a fox-squirrel out of the crotch of a live-oak, and brought him in to a trial by jury of his peers. Both "cracker" and porker being disinterred for evidence, it was found that the latter was marked with Sandro's brand, and, hog-stealing being in that country a greater crime than homicide, he had been given a nominal sentence for the sake of formality, and the matter dropped.

Now, his term completed,— and with that behind him and nothing ahead,— he drifted into Miami, impelled by something he did not comprehend. The sea that he had never known was calling, and over a gap of five hundred years the spirit of the galley rower of Lepanto had heard and answered: driftwood returning at last to the jealous ocean which never entirely gives up anything.

On board the sponger, a crate of something was being lowered into the hold. A hand-winch clanked rhythmically, then jarred to a stop.

"Downhaul jammed — steady — stand by to clear away! Heave — slack off!"

A swarthy seaman with a red handkerchief about his throat and gold hoops in his ears clambered into the ratlines, leaned far out, and began to tug at the fouled tackle.

"All clear!"

"Stand by below there! Lower away."

The crate started downward in little erratic jerks. Again the hands were thrust up from the hatchway. Something snapped; a bit of metal fell to the deck with a clatter, a rope's end screeched as it whipped smoking through the pulley; then a crash shook the little schooner from wheel to bowsprit. The hands tossed high, clawed the air, relaxed, and flopped back out of sight.

The sailor with the earrings, clinging like a cat to the shrouds, peered downward into the hold. His face was ghastly.

"*Dio mio!*" he whispered, and made the sign of the cross.

The skipper bounded down the ladder with a stifled oath. Presently the sound of voices.

"Dead?"

"I don't think."

"Turn him over!" Then a long silence.

Presently the captain spoke again.

"Cracked like an eggshell."

"Not 'arf."

"Taup'lin under the chain-locker; get it out."

A scuffle from below; on deck the dock master's voice ordering somebody to get an ambulance.

Through the hatchway the sailor with the earrings was trying to hoist something wrapped in a tattered sail-cloth; a big negro helped him. The canvas sagged in the middle and began to drip on the unpainted deck. The negro looked at the sailor; the sailor looked at the negro. Then they deposited the thing against the scuppers and the black went aft for a swab and bucket.

The captain was talking to the dock master.

"Well?" inquired the latter.

"He was a good man — none better — " The captain kicked absently at a pile of sponging hooks; suddenly he burst out: "Just my luck! Set to sail in an hour and this had to happen. Short-handed and she only carries four. Take a day to dig up a man, and me running close-hauled to get my load in afore the New Providence boats."

The dock master nodded sympathetically.

"Who do you want?"

"Any one I can get."

"What about that Portygee?" jerking his thumb in the direction of Sandro, who sidled over to the board that did duty as the sponger's gangway.

"Looks like a sailor; chances are, though, he's on the tanker yonder."

"Take a chance."

"Hey, Portygee-ee-ee!"

Sandro, realizing that he was being addressed, looked up and slouched closer.

"Want to sign on?"

"Huh!"

The captain's face clouded, then he shrugged: "Manuel," he called, "lay aft and spill a little 'spig-talk' to this fellow. Tell him I'm short a hand and want him for the trip."

The sailor with the earrings came forward, flashed an amused smile at the captain, and immediately launched into a stream of fluent Portuguese. He kept it up for ten minutes, talking with his hands as well as his mouth. As far as Sandro was concerned, he might have been speaking Chinese. The skipper waited, his features working convulsively. It was evident that he was losing control of his temper.

Finally Manuel gave up and turned deprecatingly.

"He not sabe, Captain."

Then the storm broke. The skipper, his face apoplectic with fury, wheeled on the Minorcan:

"Make up your mind!" he bellowed "If you want to go to sea, come aboard: if you don't, stay out."

To sea! Sandro understood, and the spirit of his ancestor, dormant for centuries, leaped to answer the call. But it was the back-woods cracker who spoke at last, slowly and reflectively:

"I'd like to could."

An hour later the sponger spread her dirty wings and beat down the channel, following the line of piling, each topped by an impassive cormorant, or frowsy pelican digesting mullet, too gorged to fly.

She rounded Cape Florida with the wind fair astern, passing the *Van*, cargo steamer from the Bahamas, stuck, as usual, on a sand-bar, her screw churning the mud helplessly until the rising tide should float her off. *Soldier Key*, squatting among the amber-colored flats, slid by to starboard; ahead, the skeleton shaft of the reef-light rose above a thread of foam, where the long swell of the Gulf Stream pounded itself to pieces against the coral.

The schooner came about, turning her battered prow toward the Bahama sponging-grounds. Presently a stay-sail broke out between fore and main masts, and a balloon jib began to flutter slowly toward the cross-trees.

The captain sat astride the wheel-box, setting the course from the tarnished binnacle at his elbow.

"South, southeast by south," he thought. "What weather for a run!" Then — "Wind up aloft! She'll take more canvas."

His eye fell on Sandro, laboriously coiling the slack from the main-mast halyards, and coiling it the wrong way.

"Get aloft," he ordered, "and shake out the top-sails."

The Minorcan hesitated uneasily. He did not intend to "sojer", in the seaman's sense of the word; he only feared to betray his incompetence. Until now he had waited until some one else took the initiative, never throwing his weight upon a rope until Manuel or the negro hauled at it first, adroitly managing to be forward when individual work was required aft, and aft when it was required forward. This time he was fairly caught.

He started slowly up the lee ratlines, wondering what top-sails were and how one ought to shake them out.

What he would have done aloft is open to conjecture. He might have loosened enough to bring the whole rigging crashing about the heads of those on deck; probably he would have done nothing.

As it happened, the captain took it into his head to bring the craft three points closer to the wind. She heeled over to starboard — heeled beyond what her ballast allowed, and snapped half-way back with a jolt that rocked the mast and made the stays sing like a bass-fiddle.

SANDRO, half-way to the cross-trees, shuddered and looked down. The deck seemed to slide away beneath him and assume an acute angle. To his horror, he discovered that he was hanging over water that boiled and foamed, rushing along the schooner's side to where the trailing dory bobbed astern, scarce larger than a peanut shell.

Fright paralyzed him: his legs refused to act, his fingers clutched the ratlines. Slack-jawed, green with terror, he clung like a crab to the sticky ropes. No power on earth could have loosened that grip. Sandro, himself, had no intention of loosening it.

Presently he began to climb upward very slowly.

Manuel had gone up the windward side and was already at work, balancing on the edge of nothing and tugging at the balled canvas with both hands.

Sandro swung up, curled one arm around the top-mast, and pulled feebly with the other.

Presently the canvas bellied out into the wind, and the halyards tightened. Manuel flung a half-contemptuous, half-amused glance at the Minorcan, swung out, caught the topping-lift, and [*Continued on page 35*]

The shock wrenched Sandro from the wheel, hurling him across the deck and breaking his back. Ever the sinister fins cruised closer. Sandro settled back, watching, knowing the end

The Government's Ethical Trade School

by C. L. Alsberg

Chief U.S. Bureau of Chemistry

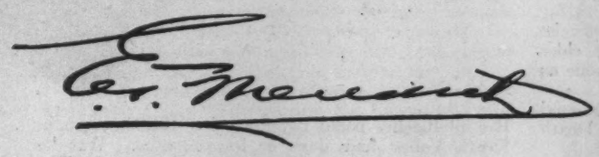
and Donald Wilhelm

With a Foreword by Edwin T. Meredith, Secretary of Agriculture

FOREWORD — The accompanying article, by Dr. Alsberg, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, and a representative of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, *does not in the least over-emphasize what can be accomplished by coöperation between industry and the Government in the elimination of unwholesome trade practises.*

The wonder to me constantly is that so few business men appreciate the constructive service that the Department of Agriculture performs not only for agriculture but also for business and, in fact, for the Nation as a whole. All the people of the United States are stockholders in this great enterprise which is yielding them an annual return of more than one thousand per cent on their investment. Yet a great many business men do not realize what the Department means to them. In fact, not a few of them have the impression that its activities relate only to agriculture or are of interest only to farmers.

I hope business men generally will read carefully the accompanying article, because it points out some of the things which the Bureau of Chemistry — one of the seventeen bureaus of the Department — with a personnel, all told, of less than 600 and an annual appropriation of about $1,500,000 — has done and is doing to aid legitimate business in the United States.



WHEN oranges are scarce it follows that the price is high, and oranges are scarcest, of course, just before a new crop ripens. So, a few years ago, some profiteering California growers and jobbers, in order to get ahead of Nature's schedule, gathered oranges when green and ripened them with kerosene. That is to say, they put green fruit in air-tight and humid rooms with kerosene or other stoves aglow and water steaming on the stoves, thereby turning the green into the delusion of a perfect yellow. The people who bought these oranges discovered that something was wrong, but they did not know what, so when the bulk of the real, ripe oranges came on the market they refused to buy. They thought the whole crop was bad, and the entire orange industry suffered.

And if there had not been a restraining hand this artificial ripening process might easily have become a custom of the trade. Anything done for a long time in the business world becomes "a custom of the trade." A whole book might be written about customs of trades, their origin, the good or harm they do to consumers and the trades themselves. It has been found that a trade custom often began with no more than the practise of a deliberate few — a practise to which the great majority refused at first to subscribe but which they accepted reluctantly, lest they be forced to the wall.

In this instance conscientious orange growers of larger vision did not go to the wall and were not obliged to permit the sweating of oranges to become a custom of their trade. The Bureau of Chemistry, which is charged with the enforcement of the Pure Food and Drugs Act, stepped in and ruled against interstate and foreign traffic in sweated oranges. The best elements of the industry, who of themselves were powerless against the bad practise of a deliberate few, rallied to the support of the Bureau, and forced through the California Legislature a law that eradicated this trade evil at its very source.

Then there is the canning industry — an industry that does not lend itself easily to self-control but which now in many respects is singularly exemplary. The canneries of the country are not, of course, centralized as, for instance, meat-packing plants are centralized. They are scattered, often in remote places, since, like collieries, they must operate near the sources of supply. They are seasonal in their operations, often have little capital, and since they usually contract for their materials, which are perishable, in advance, and sell their products in advance, they have sometimes yielded to the temptation to use accumulated and partly spoiled materials. A few years ago various New England canners, finding themselves overstocked with more or less spoiled supplies of the little fish that in New England are used as sardines, packed them instead of selling them for fertilizer, and dumped them on the market. At once 90,000 cans were seized by the Government — from which event there were interesting consequences.

Promptly the old cry of "interference" was raised; the Bureau replied with copies of the law, which was designed to prevent the importation or shipment in interstate or foreign commerce of adulterated or misbranded foods or drugs.

Next, the public, as well as federal, state and municipal inspectors began literally to "see" spoiled sardines. Then the Bureau established at Eastport, Maine, a laboratory which worked out standards for sardine packing and emphasized, in numerous demonstrations to packers, the futility of packing spoiled fish. Most of the packers saw the light and adopted those standards, but a few refused and "took a chance." They suffered accordingly, and the whole industry suffered.

At last, a man high in the esteem of the canning trade came into the office of the Bureau and asked: "What are we going to do about this panicky sardine situation?" Conferences between representative canners and representatives of the Government followed and the outcome was the organization of a special branch of the National Canners' Association composed of sardine packers. These men established their own inspection service as well as a system of certificates. And this plan of self-regulation has worked so well that very few sardines have been seized since it went into effect. Having made a start in the right direction, the Canners' Association set up its own laboratories, hired some of the Bureau's chemists to man them, and has been so successful in establishing packing standards and in perfecting packing methods that it can with justice advertise the quality of American canned goods.

BECAUSE of operations carried on under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, there is to-day less misrepresentation in food and drugs than in any other two large classes of marketed products. This is because the Act was in reality one of the very first of a series of federal measures designed to prevent unfair competition, as well as to protect the public from fraud. The two purposes go hand in hand; in protecting the public from fraud, the Government, with the coöperation of the best elements in the trades, state and other authorities, protects also the honest producer from unfair competition.

It is interesting to note, too, that the trades affected have in general become more and more self-reliant and self-regulatory. The old, bitter prejudice between state and federal authorities on the one hand and between them both and the trades on the other hand, has died out.

In other words, the bureau established by "the Pure Food Act" is something more than a mere police department; it has in fact become a kind of clearing-house of all individuals, corporations, associations and authorities who are concerned with betterment of the trades and the products of the trades affected. In fact, while continuously exercising its right to eliminate bad business practises and misbranded or injurious products, the Bureau of Chemistry, like several other little understood federal agencies, had, in its own field, gone a long way toward attaining that long-desired result — a friendly relationship between government and business.

A few rapacious orange growers and brokers suffered from the Bureau's ruling against sweated oranges, but in the long run, the industry, like the consumer, has profited. And in other ways this feeling of friendliness that ought to exist between business and government has been promoted. In one instance, to strike at random, federal chemists detected traces of arsenic in fruit dried in California; their investigation led to the ruling-out, by state law, of sulphur, used in drying processes, that contained arsenic, most of which was Japanese sulphur.

Again, by the establishment of a federal laboratory in Los Angeles the trade was shown how wasted by-products of the citrus and fruit industry could be used for commercial purposes. One result of this is that tons of oranges which are bruised or irregular in size or shape yet intrinsically fit as food are now used in the making of marmalade, jams, and other preserved products for which there is a large market. Practicable methods of utilizing lemons culled out from the packs were given; the trade was told how culled oranges which then sold at five dollars a ton or so, if they sold at all, could be sold for five or six times as much; culled lemons are used to make candied lemon peel and a steadily growing use for orange and lemon oils is being developed in the soft-drink industry. While these oils, which are derived from fruit skin, are not fit for fruit beverages and must not be given children, invalids or others in place of fruit juices, they do make refreshing soft drinks.

The requirement that all soft drinks shall be truthfully labeled has necessitated extensive work in the soft-drink industry. During the War, when the use of sugar in less essential industries was prohibited, federal chemists, who had facilities few manufacturers possess, made drinks in the Bureau's miniature bottling plant, using substitutes for sugar such as glucose, malt sugar, refiners' syrups and the like. The findings were given to the trade and experts were sent out to show manufacturers how to make the products. This plan, which with variations has been used in relation to other trades, won the confidence of the new industry, kept it alive, and has resulted in a gratifying willingness to abide henceforth by federal rulings.

Incidentally, by working with the pharmaceutical industry and profession, and by emphasis of the fact that all prescriptions shall comply with the official standard, the United States Pharmacopœia, which the Bureau in coöperation with selected members of the profession prepares, the public is assured of the purity of prescriptions compounded for it and the trade itself has either eliminated scores of flagrantly misrepresented patent medicines of long-established popularity, or seen to it that they were accurately labeled before distribution.

Eggs also have presented problems. The Bureau, clearly drawing the distinction between dried-eggs and egg "substitutes", has recently emphasized the worthlessness of the substitutes, which were extensively advertised as reducing the high cost of living, though selling at approximately a dollar a pound. In many instances the substitutes were found to consist mainly of baking powder and cereal flour colored yellow, and in actual trial in the Bureau's miniature bakery found to have less worth than water or milk.

When high prices here caused an expansion of the egg-drying industry in China, where eggs and labor both are cheap, laboratory analysis of the Chinese dried-eggs, which are used [*Continued on page 42*]

Every Instalment
A Story in Itself

The Wanderer *of the* Wasteland *by* Zane Grey

Illustration by W. Herbert Dunton

MAGDALENE VIREY had been brought to Death Valley by her husband, and placed in a hut built on a site where sooner or later it would be crushed by rolling stone.

"Virey knows Death Valley is a hell on earth," she told Adam Larey. "That is why he brought me . . . That is why I came."

Adam had had many strange adventures since he quarreled with an unscrupulous domineering elder brother, shot him and fled to the desert, but none as strange as this.

He found Magdalene Virey alone in the hut; he found Virey miles away overcome by the poison air of Death Valley and packed him back to camp.

The husband, when he recovered, at once resented Adam's presence. The attitude of the woman was odd; she seemed to feel the need of him, yet she appeared to fear the result of his presence.

Adam did not know what he could do to aid this unfortunate woman, but he had promised Dismukes, a prospector who had saved him from starvation, that he would help if he could and he decided to stay.

"As a man who was once a gentleman, I thank you for saving my life — which is a courtesy due my past," said Virey. "But now that you have put me in debt for a service I didn't want, why do you linger here?"

"I wish to help your wife," Adam replied.

"Ah! That's frank of you. That frankness is something for which I really thank you. But you'll pardon me if I'm inclined to doubt the idealistic nature of your motive to help her."

ALL the rest of that day Adam's ears seemed full of bells.

At sunset he cooked supper for the Vireys, satisfying his own needs after they had finished. Virey talked lightly, even joked about the first good meal he had sat down to on the desert. His wife, too, talked serenely, sometimes with faintly subtle mockery, as if she had never intimated that a dividing spear threatened her heart. That was their way to hide truth and emotion when they willed. But Adam was silent.

Alone, out under the shadow of the towering gate to the valley, Adam strode to and fro, absorbed in a maze of thoughts that gradually cleared, as if by the light of the solemn stars and virtue of the speaking silence. He had chanced upon the strangest and most fatal situation in all his desert years. Yes, but was it by chance? Straight as an arrow he had come across the barrens to meet a wonderful woman who was going to love him, and a despicable man whom he was going to kill. That seemed the fatality which rang in his ears, shone in the accusing stars, hid in the heavy shadows. It was a matter of feeling — this terrible presagement. His intelligence could not grasp it. Had he been in Death Valley four days or four months? Was he walking in his sleep, victim of a nightmare? The desert, faithful always, answered him. This was nothing but the flux and reflux of human passion, contending tides between man and woman, the littleness, the curse, the terror, and yet the joy of life. Death Valley yawned at his feet, changeless and shadowy, awful in its solemnity of solitude, its voicelessness, its desolation that had been desolation in past ages. He could doubt nothing there. His thoughts seemed almost above human error. A spirit spoke for him.

Virey had dragged his wife to this lonely and dismal hell-hole on earth to share his misery, to isolate her from men, to hide her glory of charm, to gloat over her loneliness, to revenge himself for a wrong, to feed his need of possession, his terrible love that had become hate, to watch the slow torture of her fading, wilting, drooping in this ghastly valley, to curse her living, to burn endlessly in torment because her soul would elude him forever, to drive her to death and to die with her.

Death Valley seemed a harmonious setting for this tragedy and a fitting grave for its actors. The worst in nature calling to the darkest in mankind! What a pity Virey could not divine his littleness — that he had been a crawling maggot in the peopled ulcer of the world — that in the great spaces where the sun beat down was a fiery cleansing!

But Magdalene Virey was a riddle beyond solving. Nevertheless Adam pondered every thought that would stay before his consciousness. Any woman was a riddle. Did not the image of Margarita Arallanes flash up before him — that dusky-eyed, mindless, soulless little animal, victim of nature born in her? Adam's thought halted with the seeming sacrilege of associating Magdalene Virey with the memory of the Mexican girl. This Virey woman had complexity — she had mind, passion, nobility, soul. What had she done to earn her husband's hate? She had never loved him — that was as fixed in Adam's sight as the North Star. Nor had she loved another man, at least not with the passion and spirit of her wonderful womanhood. Adam divined that with the intensity of feeling which the desert loneliness and solitude had taught him. He could have felt the current of any woman's great passion, whether it was in torrent, full-charged and devastating, or at its lowering ebb. But, as inevitable as life itself, there was the mysterious certainty that Magdalene Virey had terribly wronged her husband. How? Adam had repudiated any interest in what had driven them here; not until this moment had he permitted his doubt to insult the woman. Yet how helpless he was! His heart was full of unutterable pity. As a man, he could never have loved Magdalene Virey, but as a brother he was yearning to change her, save her. What else in life was worth living for, except only the dreams on the heights, the walks along the lonely trails? By his own agony he had a strange affinity for any one in trouble, especially a woman, and how terribly he saw the tragedy of Magdalene Virey! And it was not only her death that he saw. Death in a land where death reigned was nothing. For her he hated the certainty of physical pain, the turgid pulse, the red-hot iron band at the temples, the bearing-down of weighted air, the drying-up of flesh and blood. More than all he hated the thought of the death of her spirit while her body lived. There would be a bloodless murder long before her blood stained Virey's hands.

But this thought made Adam pause. Was he not dealing with a personality beyond his power to divine? What did he know of this strange woman? He knew naught, but felt all. She was beautiful, compelling, secretive, aloof and proud, magnificent as a living flame. She was mocking because knowledge of the world, of the frailty of women and falsity of men, had been as an open page. She had lived in sight of the crowded mart, the show-places where men and women passed, knowing no more of earth than that it was a place for graves. She was bitter because she had drunk bitterness to the dregs. But the sudden up-flashing warmth of her, forced out of her reserve, came from a heart

Virey, hissing and panting in a frenzy, scrambled to his feet. In that moment he had no fear of man or devil. The desert rage was on him

of golden fire. Adam constituted himself an omniscient judge, answerable only to his conscience. By all the gods he would be true to the truth of this woman!

Never had she been forced into this desert of desolation. That thought of Adam's seemed far back in the past. She had dared to come. Had Death Valley and the death it was famed for any terrors for her? By the side of her husband she had willingly come, unutterably despising him, infinitely brave where he was cowardly, scornfully and magnificently prepared to meet any punishment that might satisfy him. Adam saw how in this, Magdalene Virey was answering to some strange need in herself. Let the blind, weak, egoist Virey demand the tortures of the damned! She would pay. But she was paying also a debt to herself. Adam's final conception of Magdalene Virey was that she had been hideously wronged by life, by men — that in younger days of passionate revolt she had transgressed the selfish law of husbands — that in maturer years with the storm and defeat and disillusion of womanhood, she had risen to the heights, she had been true to herself, and with mockery of the man who could so underestimate her, who dared believe he could make her a craven whimpering guilty wretch, she had faced the desert with him. She had seen the great love that was not love change to terrible hate. She had divined the hidden motive. She let him revel in his hellish secret joy. She welcomed Death Valley.

Adam marveled at her unquenchable spirit, her sublime effrontery. And he hesitated to turn that spirit from its superb indifference. But this vacillation in him was weak. What a wonderful experience it would be to embody in Magdalene Virey the instinct, the strife, the nature of the desert! With her mind, if he had the power to teach, she would grasp the lesson in a single day.

And lastly, her unforgettable implication, "the crowning agony", of what he might bring upon her. There could be only one interpretation of that — love. The idea thrilled him, but only with wonder and pity. It took possession of Adam's imagination. Well, such love might come to pass! The desert storms bridged canyons with sand in one day. It was a place of violence. The elements waited not upon time or circumstance. The few women Adam had come in contact with on the desert had loved him. Even the one-eyed Mojave Jo, that hideous, unsexed, monstrous deformity of a woman, whom he had left groveling in the sand at his feet, shamed at last before a crowd of idle gaping vile men, — even she had awakened to this strange madness of love. But Adam had not wanted that of any woman, since the poignant moment of his youth on the desert, when the dusky-eyed Margarita had murmured of love so fresh and sweet to him: "Ah, so long ago and far away!"

Least of all did Adam want the love of Magdalene Virey. "If she were young and I were young! Or if she had never . . . !" Ah! even possibilities, like might-have-beens, were useless dreams. But the die was cast. Serve Magdalene Virey he would, and teach her the secret of the strength of the sand-wastes and the lonely hills, and that the victory of life was not to yield. Fight for her, too, he would. In all the multiplicity of ways he had learned, he would fight the solitude and loneliness of Death Valley, the ghastliness so inimical to the creative life of a woman, the heat, the thirst, the starvation, the poison air, the furnace wind, storm and flood and avalanche. Just as naturally, if need be, if it fatefully fell out so, he would lay his slaying hands in all their ruthless might upon the man who had made her dare her doom.

When next morning at sunrise hour Adam presented himself at the Virey camp, he was greeted by Mrs. Virey, seemingly a transformed woman. She wore a riding-suit, the worn condition of which attested to the rough ride across the mountains. What remarkable difference it made in her appearance! It detracted from her height. And the slenderness of her, revealed rather than suggested, as did her gowns, much of grace and symmetry. She had braided her hair and let it hang. When the sun had tanned her white face and hands, Magdalene Virey would really be transformed.

Adam tried not to stare, but his effort was futile.

"Good morning," she said, with a bright smile.

"Why, Mrs. Virey, I — I hardly knew you," he stammered.

"Thanks. I feel complimented. It is the first time you've looked at *me*. Shorn of my dignity — no, my worldliness, do I begin well, desert man? . . . No more stuffy dresses clogging my feet! No more veils to protect my face! Let the sun burn! — I want to work. I want to help. I want to learn. If madness must be mine, let it be a madness to learn what in this God-forsaken land ever made you the man you are. There, Sir Wansfell, I have flung down the gauge. . . ."

"Very well," replied Adam, soberly.

"And now," she continued, "I am eager to work. If I blunder, be patient. If I am stupid, make me see. And if I faint in the sun or fall beside the trail, remember, it is my poor body that fails, and not my will."

So, in the light of her keen interest, Adam found the humdrum mixing of dough and the baking of bread, a pleasure and a lesson to him, rather than a task.

"Ah! how important are the homely things of life!" she said. "A poet said, 'The world is too much with us', . . . I wonder did he mean just this? We grow away from or never learn the simple things. I remember my grandfather's farm — the plowed fields, the green corn, the yellow wheat, the chickens in the garden, the mice in the barn, the smell of hay, the smell of burning leaves, the smell of the rich brown earth. . . .Wansfell, not for years have I remembered them. Something about you, the way you worked over that bread, made me remember. . . . Oh, I wonder what I have missed!"

"WE all miss something. It can't be helped. But there are compensations, and it's never too late."

"You are a child, with all your bigness. You have the mind of a child."

"That's one of my few blessings. . . . Now you try your hand at mixing the second batch of dough."

She made a picture on her knees, with her sleeves rolled up, her beautiful hands white with flour, her face beginning to flush. Adam wanted to laugh at her absolute failure to mix dough, and at the same moment he had it in him to weep over the earnestness, the sadness, the pathetic meaning of her.

Eventually they prepared the meal, and she carried Virey's breakfast in to him. Then she returned to eat with Adam.

"I shall wash the dishes," she announced.

"No," he protested.

Then came a clash. It ended with a compromise. And from that clash Adam realized he might dominate her in little things, but in a great conflict of wills she would be the stronger. It was a step in his own slow education. There was a constitutional difference between men and women.

Upon Adam's resumption of the work around the shack, Mrs. Virey helped him as much as he would permit, which by mid-day was somewhat beyond her strength. Her face sunburned rosily and her hands showed the contact with dirt, and her boots were dusty.

"You mustn't overdo it," he advised. "Rest and sleep during the noon hours."

She retired within the shack and did not reappear till the middle of the afternoon. Meanwhile, Adam had worked at his tasks, trying the while to keep an eye on Virey, who wandered around aimlessly over the rock-strewn field, idling here and plodding there. Adam saw how Virey watched the shack; and when Magdalene came out again he saw her and grew as motionless as the stone where he leaned. Every thought of Virey's must have been dominated by this woman's presence, the meaning of her, the possibilities of her, the tragedy of her.

"Oh, how I slept!" she exclaimed. "Is it work that makes you sleep?"

"Indeed, yes."

"Ah! I see my noble husband standing like Mephistopheles, smiling at grief. . . . What's he doing over there?"

"I don't know, unless it's watching for you. He's been around like that for hours."

"Poor man!" she said, with both compassion and mockery. "Watching me? What loss of precious time — and so futile! It is a habit he contracted some years ago. . . . Wansfell, take me down to the opening in the mountain, so that I can look into Death Valley."

"Shall I ask Virey?" queried Adam, in slight uncertainty.

"NO. Let him watch or follow or do as he likes. I am here in Death Valley. It was his cherished plan to bury me here. I shall not leave until he takes me — which will be never. For the rest, he is nothing to me. We are as far apart as the poles."

On the way down the gentle slope Adam halted amid sun-blasted shrubs, scarcely recognizable as greasewood. Here he knelt in the gravel to pluck some flowers so tiny that only a trained eye could ever have espied them. One was a little pink flower with sage-color and sage-odor; another a white daisy, very frail, and without any visible leaves; and a third was a purple-red flower, half the size of the tiniest buttercup, and this had small dark green leaves.

"Flowers in Death Valley!" exclaimed Mrs. Virey, in utter amaze.

"Yes. Flowers of a day! They sprang up yesterday — to-day they bloom — to-morrow they die. I don't know their names. To me their blossoming is one of the wonders of the desert. I think sometimes that it is a promise. A whole year the tiny seeds lie in the hot sands. Then comes a mysterious call and the green plant shoots its inch-long stalk to the sun. Another day beauty unfolds and there is fragrance on the desert air. Another day sees them wither and die."

"Beauty and fragrance indeed they have," mused the woman. "Such tiny flowers to look and smell so sweet! I never saw their like — Flowers of a day! They indeed give rise to thoughts too deep for tears!"

Adam led his companion to the base of the mountain wall, and around the corner of the opening, so that they came suddenly and unexpectedly into full view of Death Valley. He did not look at her. He wanted to wait a little before doing that. The soft gasp which escaped her lips and the quick grasping of his hand were significant of the shock she sustained.

Their position faced mostly down the valley. It seemed a vast level, gently sloping up to the borders where specks of mesquites dotted the sand. Dull gray and flat, these league-wide wastes of speckled sand bordered a dazzling white sunlit belt, the winding bottom of the long bowl, the salty dead stream of Death Valley. Miles and miles below, two mountain ranges blended in a purple blaze, and endless slanting lines of slopes ran down to merge in the valley floor. The ranges sent down off-shoots of mountains that slanted and lengthened into the valley. One bright green oasis, that, lost in the vastness, was comparable to one of the tiny flowers Adam had plucked out of the sand, shone wonderfully and illusively out of the glare of gray and white. A dim mystic scene!

"Oh, God! . . . It is my grave!" cried Magdalene Virey.

"We are all destined for graves," replied Adam, solemnly. "Could any grave elsewhere be so grand — so lonely — so peaceful? . . . Now let us walk out a little way, to the edge of that ridge and sit there while the sunsets."

From this vantage point they were out, somewhat, in the valley, so that they could see even the western end of the Panamint Range, where a glaring sun had begun to change its color over the bold black peaks. A broad shadow lengthened across the valley and crept up the yellow foothills to the red Funeral Mountains. This shadow marvelously changed to purple, and as the radiance of light continued to shade, the purple deepened. Over all which, at the western end, appeared a haze, the color of which was nameless. Adam felt the lessening heat of the sinking sun. Half that blaze was gone. It had been gold and was now silver. He swept his gaze around jealously, not to miss the

transformation; and his companion silent and absorbed, instinctively turned with him. Across the valley the Funerals towered, ragged and sharp, with rosy crowns, and one, the only dome-shaped peak, showed its strata of gray and drab through the rose. Another peak, farther back, lifted a pink shaft into the blue sky. What a contrast to the lower hills and slopes, so beautifully pearl-gray in tint! And now, almost the instant Adam had marked the exquisite colors, they began to fade. On that illimitable horizon line there were soon no bright tones left. Far to the south, peaks that had been dim, now stood out clear and sharp against the sky. One, gold-capped and radiant, shadowed as if a cloud had come between it and the sun. Adam turned again to the west, in time to see the last vestige of silver fire vanish. Sunset!

A SOMBRE smoky sunset it was now, as if this Death Valley was the gateway of hell, and its sinister shades were up-flung from fire. Adam saw a vulture sail across the clear space of sky, breasting the wind. It lent life to the desolation.

The desert day was done and the desert shades began to descend. The moment was tranquil and sad. It had little to do with the destiny of man — nothing except that by some inscrutable design of God or an accident of evolution man happened to be imprisoned where nature never intended him to be. Death Valley was only a ragged rent of the old earth where men wandered wild, brooding, lost, or where others sought with folly and passion to dig forth golden treasure. The mysterious lights changed. A long pale radiance appeared over the western range and lengthened along its bold horizon. The only red color left was way to the south and that shone dim. The air held a solemn stillness.

"Magdalene Virey," said Adam, "what you see there resembles death — it may be death — but it is peace. Doesn't it rest your troubled soul? A woman must be herself here."

She, whose words could pour out in such torrent of eloquence, was silent now. Adam looked at her then, into the shadowed eyes. What he saw there awed him. The abyss seen through those beautiful unguarded windows of her soul was like the gray scored valley beneath, but lighting, quickening with thought, with hope, with life. Death Valley was a part of the earth dying, and it would become like a canyon on the burned-out moon; but this woman's spirit seemed everlasting. If her soul had been a whited sepulchre, it was in the way of transfiguration. Adam experienced a singular exaltation in the moment, a gladness beyond his comprehension, a sense that the present strange communion there between this woman's awakening and the terrible lessons of his life, was creating for him a far-distant interest, baffling, but great in its inspiration.

In the gathering twilight he led her back to camp, content that it seemed still impossible for her to speak. But the touch of her hand at parting was more eloquent than any words.

Then, alone in his blankets, with his gaze turned up to inscrutable, promising stars, Adam gave himself over to insistent and crowding thoughts, back of which throbbed a dominating, divine hope in his power to save this woman's life and soul.

Next day Adam's natural aggressiveness asserted itself, controlled now by an imperturbable spirit that nothing could daunt. Thus it had taken him long to find himself.

He approached Virey relentlessly, though with kindness, even good nature, and began to talk about Death Valley, the perilous nature of the camping-spot, the blasting heat of midsummer and the horror of the midnight furnace winds, the possibility of the water drying up. In fact, he painted Death Valley in ghastly colors. Virey was cold, then impatient, then intolerant, and finally furious. First he was deaf to Adam's persuasion, then he tried to get out of listening, then he repudiated all Adam had said, and finally he raved and cursed. Adam persisted in his arguments until Virey strode off.

Mrs. Virey heard some of this clash. Apparently Adam's idea of changing her husband amused Mrs. Virey. But when Virey returned for the supper he was glad enough to eat, and when Adam again launched his argument, it appeared that Mrs. Virey lost the last little trace of mockery. She listened intently while Adam told her husband why he would have to take his wife away from Death Valley before midsummer. Virey might as well have been stone deaf. It was not Virey, however, who interested the woman, but something about Adam that made her look and listen thoughtfully.

Thus began a singular time for Adam, unmatched in all his desert experience. He gave his whole heart to the task of teaching Magdalene Virey and to the wearing down of Virey's will. All the lighter tasks that his hands had learned he taught her. Then to climb to the heights, to pick the ledges for signs of gold or pan the sand washes, to know the rocks and the few species of vegetation, to recognize the illusion of distance and color; to watch the sunsets and the stars became daily experiences. Hard as work was for her delicate hands and muscles, he urged her to their limit. During the first days she suffered sunburn, scalds, skinned fingers, bruised knees, and extreme fatigue. When she got tanned and stronger he led her out on walks and climbs so hard that he had to help her back to camp. She learned the meaning of physical pain, and to endure it. She learned the blessing it was to eat when she was famished, to rest when she was utterly weary, to sleep when it meant peace.

Through these brief, full days Adam attacked Virey at every opportunity, which time came to be, at length, only during meals. Virey would leave camp often to go up the slope of weathered rocks, a dangerous climb that manifestly fascinated him. Reaching a large rock that got to be his favorite place, he would perch there for long hours watching, gazing down like a vulture waiting for time to strike its prey. He would walk to and fro, aimlessly, as if life had not yet an object. All about him seemed to suggest a brooding wait. He slept during the midday hours, and through the long nights. At dusk, which was usually bedtime for all, Adam often heard him talking to Mrs. Virey in a low hard passionate voice. Sometimes her melodious tones, with the mockery always present when she spoke to her husband, thrilled Adam, while at the same moment it filled him with despair.

Adam never despaired of driving Virey from the valley. The man was weak in all ways except in his desire for revenge. Notwithstanding the real and growing obstacle of this passion, Adam clung to his conviction that in the end, Virey would collapse. When, however, one day the Indians came, and Virey sent them away with a large order for supplies Adam gave vent to a grim thought: "Well, I can always kill him."

All the disgust and loathing Adam felt for this waster of life vanished in the presence of Magdalene Virey. If that long-passed sunset hour over Death Valley had awakened the woman, what had been the transformation of the weeks? Adam had no thoughts that adequately expressed his feelings for the change in her. It gave him further reverence for desert sun and heat and thirst and violence and solitude. It gave him strange new insight into the mystery of life. Was any healing of disease or agony impossible — any change of spirit — any renewal of life? Nothing in relation to human life was impossible. Magnificently the desert magnified and multiplied time, thought effort, pain, health, hope, — all that could be felt.

It seemed to Adam that through the physical relation to the desert he was changing Magdalene Virey's body and heart and soul. Brown her face and hands had grown; and slowly the graceful thin lines of her slender body had begun to round out. She was gaining. If it had not been for her shadowed eyes, and the permanent sadness and mockery in the beautiful lips, she would have been like a girl of eighteen. Her voice, too, with its contralto richness, its mellow depth, its subtle shades of tone, proclaimed the woman. Adam at first had imagined her to be about thirty years old, but as time passed by, and she grew younger with renewed strength, he changed his mind. Looking at her to guess her age was like looking at the desert illusions. Absolute certainty he had, however, of the reward and result of her inflexible will, of splendid spirit, of sincere gladness. She had endured physical toil and pain to the limit of her frail strength, until she was no longer frail. This spirit revived what had probably been early childish love of natural things; and action and knowledge developed it until her heart was wholly absorbed in all that it was possible to do here in this lonesome fastness. With the genius and intuition of a woman, she had grasped at the one solace left her — the possibility of learning Adam's lesson of the desert. What had taken him years to acquire she learned from him or divined in days. She had a wonderful mind.

Once, while they were resting upon a promontory that overhung the valley, Adam spoke to her. She did not hear him. Her eyes reflected the wonder and immensity of the waste beneath her. Indeed, she did not appear to be brooding or thinking. And when he spoke again, breaking in upon her abstraction, she was startled. He forgot what he had intended to say, substituting a query as to her thoughts.

"How strange!" she murmured. "I didn't have a thought. I forgot where I was. Your voice seemed to come from far off."

"I spoke to you before, but you didn't hear. You looked sort of, well — watchful, I'd call it," said Adam.

"Watchful? — Yes, I was. I feel I was, but I don't remember. That is indeed a strange state for Magdalene Virey. It behooves her to cultivate it. But what kind of a state was it? . . . Wansfell, could it have been happiness?"

She asked that in a whisper, serious, and with pathos, yet with a smile.

"It's always happiness for me to watch from the heights. Surely you are finding happy moments?"

"Yes, many, thanks to you, my friend. But they are conscious happy moments just sheer joy of movement, of sight of beauty, or a thrill of hope, or perhaps a vague dream of old far-off unhappy things. And it *is* happiness to remember them. . . . But this was different. It was unconscious. I did not have a thought in my mind! I saw — I watched — oh! how illusive it is!"

"Try to recall it," he suggested, much interested.

"I try — I try," she said, presently, "but the spell is broken."

"Well, then, let me put a thought into your mind," went on Adam. "Dismukes and I once had a long talk about the desert. Why does it fascinate all men? What is the secret? Dismukes didn't rate himself high as a thinker. But he is a thinker. He knows the desert. To me he's great. And he and I agreed that the commonly accepted idea of the desert's lure is wrong. Men seek gold, solitude, forgetfulness. Some wander for the love of wandering. Others seek to hide from the world. Criminals are driven to the desert. Besides these, all travelers crossing the desert talk of its enchantments. They all have different reasons. Loneliness, peace, silence, beauty, wonder, sublimity; a thousand reasons! Indeed they are all proofs of the strange call of the desert. But these men do not go deep enough."

"HAVE you solved the secret?" she asked, wonderingly.

"No, not yet," he replied, a little sadly. "It eludes me. It's like finding the water of the mirage."

"It's like the secret of a woman's heart, Wansfell."

"Then if that is so — tell me."

"Ah! no woman ever tells that secret."

"Have you come to love the desert?"

"You ask me that often," she replied, in perplexity. "I don't know. I — I reverence — I fear — I thrill. But love — I can't say that I love the desert. Not yet. Love comes slowly and seldom to me. I loved my mother. . . . Once I loved a horse."

"Have you loved men?" he queried.

"No!" she flashed, in sudden passion, and her eyes burned dark on his. "Do *you* imagine that of me? . . . I was eighteen when I — when they married me to Virey. I despised him. I learned to loathe him. . . . Wansfell, I never really loved any man. Once I was mad — driven!"

[Continued on page 51]

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Fitch's Bric-a-Brac Days — *Continued from page 20*

Mosher girls. Soon, all covered with dirt, he appeared, holding a canvas, one corner of which he had partially cleaned, revealing some richly-colored jewel. He bargained for the picture, and got it for a few francs. Wrapped in old newspapers, he tucked it under his arm, and arrived before the chateau gate. Here he hid his package in the depths of some shrubbery. It was rescued later, and brought back with him to his lodging. Finally, he had it cleaned up, and it proved to be one of the chief pictures later to decorate his salon in his Fortieth Street house.

The atmosphere of these early days is colored by two letters from Clyde, written to his old friend, Mollie Jackson.

"New York, December 10, 1888.

My dear Mollie:

How time does get away with itself! I can't realize it's several weeks already since I saw you and your mother here. Yet — so it is, isn't it? . . . The theatre the last week has been attractive. And the society buds are *knee-deep*, all around! I had an afternoon tea party in my rooms here. I had *13 gurrls*, with Mrs. Robinson to chaperone. I was bored to death, and I fancy they were too. The tea was sloppy and the room too hot and Mrs. R. too cold. I shall have a *man* chaperone next time. I believe it's the only way! I go to Boston next week for the holidays. I don't like holidays, do you? They are — . . . upsetty — for me. Jolly, of course, for children, but when you've commenced to go ahead quick, with any milestones in the days behind you, these stations only delay and tire you! It would be better to have life go straight on, a limited express, with no stops. It was so jolly to see you, you dear old girl. . . .

W. Clyde Fitch."

". . . These two years since I left college seem a century anyway. You can't imagine what a different look the world puts on when you find you have your way to make *through* her, and by her.

And the City, too, I wouldn't live anywhere else now, I suppose, but I wouldn't give up for *anything* on God's earth. This life destroys (sic) *pure enjoyment*. You are surfeited, like the little boy with the ice cream. I have had a madly gay winter after an equally gay summer at Newport. I've enjoyed myself off and on *but* I have not had one single *fresh, honest pleasure*. . . . Do you know at the Vanderbilt ball, which was the handsomest thing of the kind I was ever at, there came to me, in the midst of all the whirl, the diamonds, the flowers, the Hungarian music, the champagne, the necks and shoulders and so forth, a thought of one of our old dances in Stanton Hall, where we danced every waltz right straight through, or sat it out on the stairs, ate our salad and ice cream with a *relish*, and strove to be the last ones home! And I grew actually homesick and choky, and totally forgot the bundle of tulle, jewels and inanity by my side in the cotillion. . . . I have given a series of Browning readings and one of Keats (Did you ever think Clyde Fitch would be doing that kind of thing! !). I've had my little strut on the stage, too, in December playing for Charity with Miss Elsie DeWolfe and Ned Coward. . . .

Pray, dear lady with the tapering fingers, write me a long letter. Remember me to everyone who knows who I am. . . ."

"The Knighting of the Twins," when it was being prepared for book form, was illustrative of Clyde's genius for friendship. He was youthful, idealistic, enthusiastic — ready to pay homage to any of his elders, as he did, when on one of his early trips abroad, he haunted the portals of Robert Browning's *Palazzo* with a bouquet of flowers in an old-fashioned lace-paper holder; eager also for sincere encouragement, which he now began to receive from a family named Gerson, into whose charmed circle he was introduced in the hope that one of the daughters would draw the pictures for his children's stories. Mr. Gerson had been a friend of Washington Irving's; his home was full of artistic and literary associations, with a strain of French *finesse* seen in the beautiful taste of the two daughters. Little did these two think, when Clyde, — bashful, and on the *qui vive* for sincere interest, — entered their parlor, that in the years to come, they would share in his stage triumphs, be appealed to by him on all occasions for their judgment regarding his plays, and, at the last, be the ones to carry out his own ideas of production for his final play, which he never saw rehearsed. Miss Virginia Gerson was facile and clever with her pen and brush, and, on his first visit, Clyde broached the subject of collaboration. To judge by the quaint, beautiful atmosphere which to-day surrounds the sisters — as though the pastel quality of life had turned a charming picture of "Cranford" into warmth and movement, — Clyde must have sat enthralled; for his eye was ever quick to grasp beauty of surroundings, taste in the contrast of color, rarity in furniture and simplicity of arrangement. He should have stayed only a short while; he remained three hours, and was asked to supper. At the table, his nervous energy worked itself out in other ways than keeping him silent. When the meal was over, and the guests had left the room, by the side of Clyde's chair was found a neat pile of linen ravelings, pulled by him unconsciously from a delicate lace centerpiece with a fringe border. No man could be more formal than Clyde Fitch; yet no one could throw himself so completely into the spirit of a good time, or enjoy life more whole-heartedly.

There are four letters which tell the progress in selling the manuscript of "The Knighting of the Twins"; for Clyde had determined to take his "wares" to market. On May 25, 1887, he detailed the publishers he expected to storm.

"You will be amused, I know," he wrote, "at my experience with Lockwood and 'Ot the German.' I did brace myself up and go, but was frightened speechless when I got there, and could say neither a word for myself nor my poor little affair. He wanted to know 'what it was for', or something to that effect, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and, when he said he didn't think he cared to publish it, I told him I didn't think it was suitable for his house, and crawled into the first street car I could strike, and 'came home.'"

This reticence did not desert him on his second trip, for I find a postscript to a hasty note, describing his taking "'em with trembling heart — and legs, yesterday."

Some time in 1888, publishing arrangements were made with Roberts Brothers, of Boston, and a definite order was given for the pictures. The young author was writing to Miss Gerson about the *format* of the book. "It looks as though the scheme which fell through so long ago was 'coming true' at last," he declared. "How sweet it is when things of this life 'Come true.'" "The Knighting of the Twins" actually was published after Fitch was launched as a dramatist; at the time when the stories were being accepted for magazine use, there was little idea in his mind that he would dedicate himself to the stage; but, with his first successes, he espoused the cause of the theatre, and there vanished his first ambitions to be a poet, to be a novelist, to be a writer of anything and everything. Events were shaping themselves so that he could not help being a playwright, just as surely as events transpired to keep him from being an architect.

Looking through the little volume of juvenile stories, with touches here and there of his own child remembrance, with gleanings of his early European observation, I linger over the dedications which represent, as all of his dedications represented — when he came to publish his plays, — a garland of love to friends who had loved and befriended him. There is an artist chum of his, William M. H. D'Urban, whose name appears here, and to whom, on his untimely death, Clyde penned a threnody in the meter of "In Memoriam." One of D'Urban's bits of philosophy from a private letter is quoted as the key-note to "The Wave of Life." He said: "People of artistic instincts are being ruined by bric-à-brac, I think; and that is why no stronger work is done." There is no indication that such a warning was heeded by Fitch in the production of "Brummell" and "Lemaître"; but the present writer has a copy of "Beau Brummell", sent him one Christmas by Fitch, in which are inscribed these words, "I send this as a curiosity. It was my Alpha Beta. But how well the theatre has progressed beyond the bric-à-brac stage." The names of Murial Robinson and Anne Williams attached to two of the stories represent Clyde's tribute to his early sweethearts, while one of the stories, entitled "Berenson's Model", enshrines the name of a well-known art critic of old masters, with whom Clyde, during these early days, climbed the Swiss Alps. From Chester, England, he wrote the dedication to Walter Pater. This brought from the English essayist the following note, when the book reached him:

"12 Earl Terrace,
Jan. 4th.

My dear Mr. Fitch:

I thought it extremely kind of you to send me your most charming and effective book, which has given me great pleasure to read, though I find your friendly dedication of "An Unchronicled Miracle" to myself more than I deserve. You have been well supported by your illustrator. I sincerely hope you will go on with work like this on an increasing sale. It makes a delightful gift-book. Sincere thanks for it. With best wishes for the New Year, from

Yours very truly,
Walter Pater."

While at Bushey, Herts, in 1889, Clyde wrote his dedication to Oscar Wilde. Clyde and his mother had often been guests in the white and gold dining-room of the Wildes, on Tite Street, and they both had a very deep affection for Mrs. Wilde, to whom Clyde had sent his little tales, when they first appeared in the papers. Here is Wilde's acknowledgment of the youthful storyteller's friendship:

"16, Tite Street,
Chelsea, S. W.

Dear Clyde: Just a line to tell you how sorry I am you have left town, and how much we shall miss you.

When you return, we must make merry over a flagon of purple wine, and invent new tales with which to charm the world.

O. W."

Certainly Fitch never thought that his small contributions to the child realm would ever compete with Wilde's classic tales, as the dedication to "The King's Throne" will bear witness:

"To Oscar Wilde.

O 'Happy Prince'! lay down your golden quill,
And leave one page in children's lore ungemmed,
That, tellers of less lovely tales, we still
May add our storied jewel uncondemned."

During his Fifty-third Street days, Clyde was fortunate in being introduced to the Dithmars, through his mother's friendship with the family. Mr. E. A. Dithmar was then the dramatic critic of the New York *Times*, and was the first to recognize that the ability of the young writer would be a valuable asset to the stage. It was this conviction on Mr. Dithmar's part which was instrumental in bringing Clyde and Richard Mansfield together. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Dithmar was an ardent believer in the poetry readings which used to be given regularly in the Fifty-third Street studio. On one such occasion, just as Clyde was about to begin his reading, as he glanced about his room with that aliveness, which was always characteristic of him, to see that everything was right, he discovered a lamp-shade had caught fire; quickly he reached for it, and as quickly flung it out on his fourth story window. Then he returned to his open book. Some one near him exclaimed, "What presence of mind." But Mrs. Dithmar saw things otherwise. "It was my lamp-shade!" she exclaimed.

By the time Fitch moved to the Sherwood studio, he had passed his strictly literary phase, and had definitely entered his real career. In none of his correspondence can I find any mention of the conditions under which he began writing his first play, "Betty's Finish" — redolent of college eccentricity, in which he put his observations made during numerous visits to Wellesley while he was at Amherst. Nor have I any memorandum to show who was instrumental in having it produced at the old Boston Museum. The record of the theatre in his own words begins when he was abroad — not his first trip — and the Mosher girls — two of them, were engaged to be married. Clyde, at this time, was wedded to the manuscript of "Frédéric Lemaître" and he was as anxious to be left alone as they. With his usual sense of fun, he painted for himself a large sign, with the word "FIANCÉ", boldly lettered. This he carried around with him wherever he went; when he did not wish to be interrupted, he would hang it outside his door, or suspend it from his arm-chair on the balcony, or outside his window. He was determined, as he ever was afterward, in his busy, successful years, not to be disturbed in the concentration which play-writing demands. There were many distractions — for this was vacation time, and Clyde was ever welcome in the household of the composer Massenet; and he was also a welcome visitor at the home of the singer, Sibyl Sanderson, and her sisters.

But before "Lemaître" saw the light of the theatre, he was busily engaged on his famous contract with Richard Mansfield. There is no doubt that Clyde must have let Mr. Dithmar read the manuscripts of "Betty's Finish", "Lemaître" and "Pamela's Prodigy" — the last two containing suggestions of that artificial atmosphere, that delicate comedy, so near to tears oftentimes, which he knew so well how to handle; and that these first manuscripts determined his destiny, as far as "Brummell" is concerned.

Therefore, when Clyde found himself ensconced in the Sherwood studio, with all his curios, he had every reason to be encouraged as to his progress. "Betty's Finish" was immature; "Pamela's Prodigy" was weak in plot. But they both showed an unending spring of spirit, and a certain joy in depicting manner. He was now able to gratify his artistic foibles and to put into realization a dream of his college days. "How often," an Amherst man told me, "have I heard Fitch, while an undergraduate, exclaim, 'Just as soon as I can afford it, I'm going to have a valet.'" Antoine enters, as the first of a picturesque group of attendants; it was he who helped to keep up his master's reputation as an entertainer. Outwardly he was to the manner born, but he was not as neat as valets should be, much to Clyde's distress. Sent on one occasion with a note to Miss Elizabeth Marbury, who was just beginning her reputation as a literary and dramatic agent, Antoine was stopped with the peremptory order, "I wish you would wash your hands before you go." But Fitch's suggestion was gaily brushed aside. "Oh, I shall wear gloves," was the reply.

What is the picture of the young dramatist at this period? There are two portraits of him extant, — one a delicately painted oil by Robert Reid, the other a photograph taken by Lorrimer Stoddard, the dramatizer of Hardy's "Tess of the d'Urbervilles", with the first "antique purchase" as a background. A rather delicate tint of skin he had, accentuated still more by a brown moustache — Mr. Fitch always impressed one as being of French extraction — and the artistic touch was seen in the blue velvet coat. This latter decoration reminds me of an incident occurring one afternoon in later years, while Mr. Fitch and I were motoring. We passed a coal wagon, with its driver, begrimed and singing, perched on the high front seat. In the lapel of a greasy coat there was stuck a carnation. "Behind that flower," Fitch said, "is love." On all occasions, as in this, he was turning a decoration into a deeper symbol. Though she does not appear in any of the pictures — as the numberless dogs appeared later, — there enters Rosetta — the first of a series of pets — a yellow, tortoise-shell cat, who, as she sat on the sofa before the fire, at Clyde's parties, always wore a yellow silk ruffle around her neck.

The first play of Fitch's to be produced — not written — was "Beau Brummell" (Madison Square Theatre, New York, May 17, 1890). The little scenario which he outlined is now faded and yellow, but it tells the tale of his quick grasp of the story Mansfield wanted him to handle. For the actor had just rejected a play in which the Beau figured as a minor character, and he knew instinctively that, in his sharp quality of finish as an actor, the (*Continued on page 35*)

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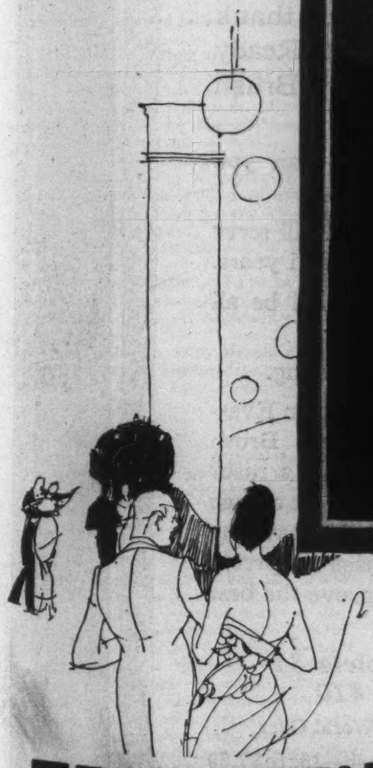

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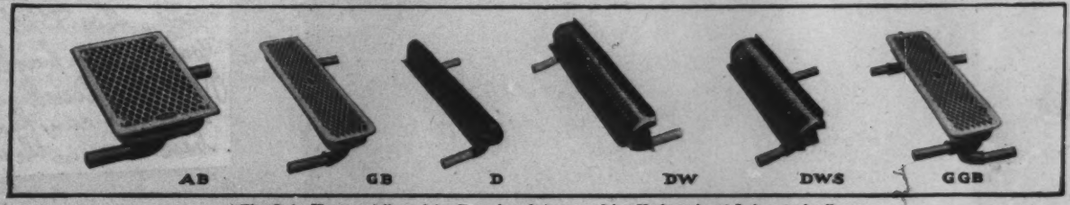

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Beau would be an excellent theme for a play of character. Mr. Dithmar sent Fitch to him, and there began the collaboration. William Winter's contention that Fitch merely did hack work under the guiding hand of Mansfield is wrong. Fitch never denied the great help he received from Mansfield, and in his moments when temper did not becloud him, Mansfield was enthusiastic about Fitch's success, to so great an extent that he begged for another play. There is no doubt that it was a great opportunity for Fitch, — one which raised his excitement to its highest pitch. All else faded before it. Among the Fitch papers, I find these three items.

A telegram, breaking a dinner engagement, begins the story:

"Philadelphia, November 9, 1889.— Cannot come. Kept here by strange success. Forgive, won't you?"

This was followed by an exuberant letter.

"I've been kept from answering your kind letter because . . . of something very wonderful for me which is also a very great secret. . . . Negotiations are on the tapis for a play to be written for *Richard Mansfield* by *Clyde Fitch*, and I am waiting a despatch now to go to Philadelphia to clinch things with Mansfield, who is playing there this week. It all may elude my grasp, as so many things have done, but if it doesn't, isn't it, — isn't it an opportunity!

The subject of the play is to be *Beau Brummell* — !

I am not yet settled, and I've had *2 teeth pulled!* But those that are left and I are

"Faithfully yours."

On November 15, 1889, Mansfield's interest and anxiety are measured in the following words, sent Clyde from Philadelphia, the Continental Hotel:

"My Dear Fitch:

Your letter received — or I should not be answering — but the fools always say 'letter received.' I want Beau Brummell *at once* — at once, do you hear? You must sit up (I don't know *why* you should sit *up* — you can lie down, if you like) day and night and do it. There's a play on Beau Brummell to be bought at French's that will help you. Think you had better come on here and stick by me until it's finished. I once wrote a play ('Monsieur') in 3 days exactly, and it wasn't half a bad go. I want Beau Brummell for my second card at Wallacks — hang it — (poor old Wallack) — I mean Palmer's. We'll put each act, as it's finished, into rehearsal, and send on drawings to New York for the scenery. Hurry, hurry, hurry. Good things are done this way sometimes. The Beau just suits me! Even in the sketchy little play by Blanchard Jerrold, the Beau is a capital character. Foolish of Jerrold not to have made more of it — but lucky for us! I hadn't seen the Lady Anne except on the stage for a couple of days — but I'll tell her when I see her what you say. She told me she thought you were clever. I hope you are.

"Truly, Richard Mansfield."

In a letter to some friends, dated December 10, 1889, Clyde announces with great jubilation that the play has been accepted, and is actually in rehearsal. "I'm writin' fit to kill," he declares, "and am with Mr. Mansfield every day, planning and talking. . . . You people *are* glad, aren't you?" And then follows, in characteristic joyfulness, his appreciation of their sincerity and the importance to him of their friendship.

Now, while "Beau Brummell" was to make Mansfield a fortune, and to place Clyde Fitch on the high road to fame, at the time it was being prepared for the stage, neither actor nor dramatist was possessed of too much money. In fact, the play, because of lack of funds, had to be dressed in whatever scenes and wardrobe could be picked up at the lowest figure. W. J. Ferguson, the veteran actor, who played the rôle of Mortimer, the Beau's valet, has said that it took some ingenuity to fit together a presentable production. Fortunately, there had been a failure of a piece called "The Three Cloaks", whose costumes seemed to be adaptable for Mansfield's needs, and he bid for them at a low figure, and got them. "We dressed our parts," claims Mr. Ferguson, speaking of Mortimer and the Beau, "out of our trunks, and I recall that my pantaloons came from Paris, my coat from London, — and my *tout ensemble* was a veritable League of Nations."

Such stress of preparation must have added to the nervousness of Mansfield and Fitch. As an actor, the former was of the most irascible temperament, easily discouraged, — but Fitch was hopeful and confident, and so were the members of the company. "We can't do this play to-morrow," Mansfield exclaimed at the final rehearsal; "we might just as well announce 'A Parisian Romance.' It's going to be a failure." "I'll bet you the price of my wig, it's your greatest success," declared Ferguson. In such an atmosphere of stress and doubt, "Beau Brummell" was given on the evening of May 17, 1890. The *finesse* of the rôle, as conceived by Fitch, with the aid of Mansfield; the exquisiteness of the actor's workmanship, are matters of theatrical history. No one thus far has been able to revive the part successfully, for Mansfield's technique was of an individual kind entirely fitted to the Beau. Both he and Fitch builded well.

From correspondence extant, it would seem that even with such a success as "Beau Brummell" was, Mansfield still continued to be hard pressed for ready cash; and in consequence Fitch was often put off in the payment of royalties. I have a note, in lead pencil, from Mansfield, asking to be let off one week, inasmuch as he barely had enough in the treasury to take care of "his children", meaning his company. For a while, this must have discouraged both, and irritated Mansfield as only he could be irritated. But in the meantime Fitch was getting ready "Frédéric Lemaître", his second costume play and his second success — a one-act piece, first presented by Felix Morris, but really to be the beginning of Henry Miller's career. The *finesse* in the detail of this next attempt firmly established Clyde's art in the bric-à-brac medium. Twice in succession he was to strike twelve — a sweet sound to every dramatist, and a sound with which he was to be constantly familiar in the immediate years to come.

In the next instalment Mr. Moses will tell of Clyde Fitch's seven lean but prolific years when he was busy writing but could not get to managers because of his failures

The Throw-Back

[*Continued from page 26*]

began to go down rapidly hand over hand. Then Sandro descended cautiously by the ratlines.

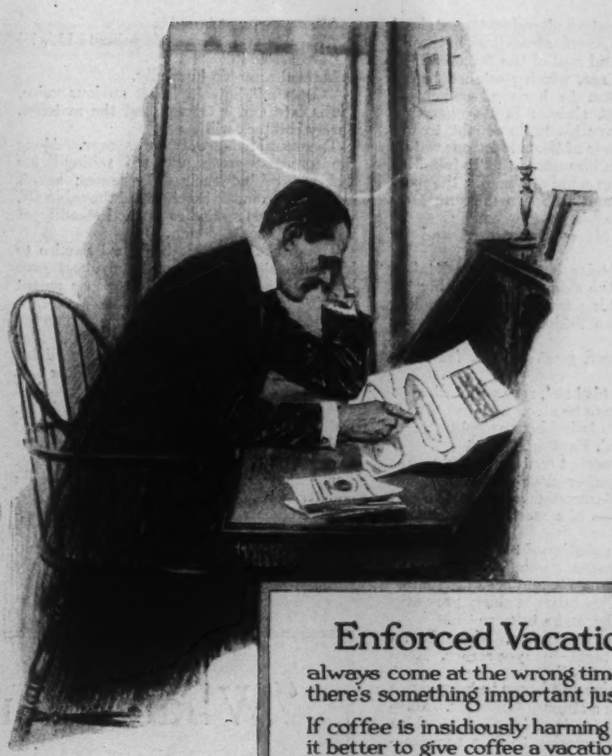
The soul of his ancestor of the Armada may have smiled, remembering the long watches in the crow's nest of the *Sant Esperitu*, peering beneath his morion into the gloom of the channel fog. But if the astral moustaches of the old sea-freighter curled it may not have been wholly in contempt and derision at Sandro's ignorance, for he knew, as Sandro did not, that the shifting sands about the driftwood were beginning to dissolve.

The wind had fallen; on the horizon a single cloud floated lazily: an ominous stillness lay over the sea.

Sandro had gone forward and seated himself on an inverted bucket, his back against the capstan.

A porpoise passed like a torpedo under the bows; a shoal of flying fish broke water to starboard; and behind them flashed an arc of silver, as a barracuda hurled himself clear of the water and fell back amid a shower of spray.

Behind him the sun had gone down into the fire-shot waves, and the slanting spars



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stood stark against an afterglow that stained the dingy sails rose-color from peak to throat.

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All at once his eyes narrowed and he stirred uneasily.

Jim, the Barbados black boy, had taken the wheel and the skipper was walking toward him, picking his way over uncoiled ropes and broken fishing-gear that littered the deck.

"Well, Portygee, great weather for cruising!"

Sandro shook his head, rose and walked to the gunwale, where he stood a moment, nose up-wind, nostrils twitching perceptibly.

"Storm comin', Captain."

The skipper snorted contemptuously. He was his own weather-gauge — had been for twenty years. Barometers are expensive and beyond the means of a master of a Bahama fishing-craft.

The Minorcan continued to sniff. "Storm comin'," he repeated, stubbornly.

The skipper shrugged, and began to fumble in the breast of his tattered shirt; presently he drew out a pipe and a tobacco tin.

"Weather looks good to me. Make Nassau town to-morrow night — maybe earlier. Keep on full sail all the way."

He filled his pipe and began to tamp down the tobacco with a stumpy forefinger. Manuel approached, carrying a long pole to which he had been endeavoring to fit a sponging-hook.

"Snap clean all time I try mak' heem fit," he complained. "You feex."

The skipper took the pole and began to twist its end into the iron shank.

"You think we're in for a blow?" he asked, without looking up.

"Hah! Never see so fine weather so long I leeve. *Dio!* She ees too soon for hurricane."

The pole broke off short, and the captain hurled it angrily into the scuppers.

"Rotten all through, just like everything else on board. How long have we sailed this ship, Manuel?"

"Twenty year, Captain."

"Twenty years, and Davis had her thirty before that. All this time not a thing done to her, except a new coat of paint. Not a rope, not a spar on her that wouldn't go in a minute. That thing this morning taught me my lesson. Times are hard on us sailor-men, with the companies and their power boats in the game. I can't afford to fix her up. Manuel, this is the *Barota's* last cruise."

"What you do, Captain?"

"Thought I'd like to go ashore, maybe. Settle down. Get me a wife somewheres, open a little shop or something."

"You not do that. Time go, bimeby you come back, so soon you hear her call lak she mos' sure will."

"What do you mean?"

Manuel turned and his arm swept the silent waters with a gesture that told more plainly than the words he might have spoken. In the gathering dusk the bowl of the pipe glowed dully, then emitted a shower of sparks as the skipper drew in his breath sharply.

"Well," he said, "I guess you're right."

On the horizon the cloud still floated. It seemed a little larger than before, perhaps a little darker; but then, the world was darker, too, and already the pale phosphorus was beginning to gleam among the weed patches: the fox-fire of the sea.

Presently Manuel inquired the time.

The captain pulled out his watch, holding it close against the glowing pipe-bowl.

"Seven o'clock," he answered.

"*Dio!* So soon! I mus' hurry. Eet would bring bad luck if the candles burn not on time before Our Lady of the Azores."

"Superstitious fool!" observed the captain, when he had gone. "Manuel, he comes first from the Azores. Brings a little shrine with him an' sets it over his bunk. Every night at seven, come wind, storm, anything, he lights two candles in front of it and lets them burn till morning. Used to try to make him stop: light kept me awake. 'Tweren't no use, though. Used to it by now. Superstitious fool!"

Sandro said nothing. He was watching a single star that winked fitfully in the purple sky-vault. The captain noticed it, too, turned so that he could look at it over his left shoulder, and wished for luck.

After a moment he said:

"Why do you think she's going to blow?"

"I can *smell* it."

Manuel came up hurriedly.

"Captain," he said in an anxious voice, "it is late and I cannot find the matches. Surely bad luck will come."

The second dog-watch was over. Along the foremast green and red sailing-lights flickered behind their dirty lenses; a soft glow stole from the hatchway of the cabin aft, where Manuel's candles burned steadily at the feet of the Madonna.

The Barbados black beckoned Sandro to him, indicated the course briefly, and gave him the wheel. Compass directions meant nothing to the Minorcan, and Jim's attempt at explanation only confused him. When the black boy had gone below, Sandro looked for a star, found one over the port sailing-light, and decided to keep it there. He felt a new thrill, a sense of power as the wheel vibrated and the ship swung slowly under his hand. Deliberately he let her wear off two points and brought her back, enjoying his sensation of mastery. In doing so he lost the star, but found another, which he thought would do equally well. A winding trail of phosphorescence astern gave evidence of the uncertainty of his course.

Presently a huge orange moon came up out of the sea and began to mount slowly through patches of broken cloud.

"What Would You Do?"

a short story

By Meredith Nicholson

Tarleton had fled to the wilds to escape everything, but there he found fate confronting him. What would you do if you were placed in Tarleton's shoes?

Sir Oliver Lodge

gives a Prescription for a world-wide affliction

"Superstition"

In the January McClure's

He had not noticed those clouds before. It seemed strange that they had gathered so rapidly. Already the northern horizon was black with them. A solid rampart rose and spread between sea and sky, and along its edge glittered a row of stars that slowly narrowed.

The breeze quickened; frayed reef-points stirred, beating a ghostly tattoo against the sails; a few drops of rain fell.

Suddenly the first catspaw snapped the fluttering canvas taut. The moon slid edgeways into a cloud-rift and was gone; the last leaden star was snuffed out by unseen fingers.

A gull, storm-driven, wheeled screaming out of the darkness, struck the starboard ratlines, and fell at the Minorcan's feet a mass of rumpled feathers.

A streak of lightning split the darkness; mast, spar and sail stood for an instant in clear relief, then a wall of rain blotted out everything.

Down, down the schooner heeled. A mountain of water towered high above the bowsprit, caved and swept the deck. Another followed. Trembling, the vessel righted herself and bucked head on into the waves.

In the after-cabin the candles were still burning. Manuel's voice arose, weak with terror:

"*Sancta Maria, plena gratia, ora pro nobis.*" Then the light went out, and in the darkness the captain cursed stumbling toward the ladder.

Then Sandro took command.

Over a gap of five hundred years the spirit of the galley rower of Lepanto leaped in the Throw-Back. With blazing eyes he glared at the sea which he had never known; and suddenly he knew it!

And the sea, which never had forgotten him, snarled and foamed and yelled its recognition.

"Lower away on the jib! Batten down the main-hatch!"

The skipper sprang to the fore-halyards and the jib came down with a run; half-way it caught, ripped, and fell in tatters along the bowsprit. A top-sail broke away and went booming out into the night.

"Take in all sail aloft!"

The big negro was already swinging along the shrouds. As he reached the cross-trees the stay-rail broke loose and swept against him. Like a flash the flapping corner whipped about his waist. He reeled, lost his balance, and clutched the stays desperately; fold after fold enveloped him, and he clawed at them with his free hand, fighting grimly for life midway between sky and water. He screamed once. Presently he fell, carrying his shroud with him.

The helpless little schooner wallowed deep in the trough of the maddened waves. Comber after comber curled above her bows, tearing savagely at the rotten gunwale.

Came a confused sound: the shriek of the wind, the steady driving of rain that rattled like drum-fire against wood and canvas, groans of started seams and cordage strained to the breaking point, a long, crackling screech of ripping sail-cloth. Then a crash of thunder drowned everything.

Sandro gripped the kicking wheel and held steady. Beside him he could see Manuel working feverishly to disentangle a fouled pulley on the main-sail. A flash of lightning showed his face a chalky white; one earring was gone, and there was blood on the torn lobe.

"She labor bad."

"Bad. Rope creak in block. Sail mos' gone."

"Steady, goin' to luff 'er. Get ready."

"Ready she ees."

"Lower away."

Down came the main-sail with a slam. Crash! from forward, as a top-mast fell, bringing a tangle of ropes and shreds of sail with it. Creak! Crack! And a jagged streak of white split the main-mast from throat to peak.

"*Dio mio!*"

"Gawd!"

But the stays held and the mast remained upright. The schooner listed heavily.

"Clear away that wreckage!" The Minorcan did not recognize the voice as his own.

Axe in hand, the captain clambered across the reeling deck.

"Steady, she go under!"

Quick blows; a cry in the darkness; then a rush of swirling water about his knees.

"Ugh! Clear over!"

At his elbow Manuel spoke in a kind of whine:

"Captain gone!"

The Minorcan drew a dripping sleeve across his face.

"Hope those stays hold."

"You see heem go?"

"Yes."

The next wave brought a bit of rope, swept aft from the flotsam that choked the deck beyond the main hatch. The Minorcan caught it, took half-a-dozen hitches on the wheel, made the end fast about his own waist, and deliberately jammed the knot.

From the hold came the swish and slap of water. The little schooner began to settle by the head.

"Man the bilge-pump!"

Manuel sprang to obey the order. In a moment the harsh creaking of the handle was added to the medley of sound, and between creaks the voice of the Portuguese:

"Our Lady of the Azores. . . . A hundred candles. . . . *Plena gratia.* . . . I am a poor man. . . . A hundred and twenty candles. . . ."

The Minorcan fought the boat onward through the hurricane, alone, because he could not see the figures that stood beside him. One of them, naked to the waist, reached forward and laid a hand upon his shoulder. About the wrist a broad iron band had been riveted, from which swung a double chain, linked to the iron girdle above his hips. The other, steel-clad and sombre, turned and drew the scaled cheek-guard of his morion lower about his face, as if to shelter himself from the rain that, driving against cuirass and back-plate, trickled in a steady stream from the scabbard tip of the long rapier beneath his armpit.

The two shapes looked at each other through the storm.

The schooner yawed heavily; the head paid off and the hull slowly righted. Suddenly she leaped forward under bare poles, and again came the groan of straining timbers.

"If it only holds!" muttered Sandro, thinking of the shivered main-mast.

The bilge-pump still clanked intermittently.

"*In mannas tuas Domine.* . . . Another ten candles. . . ."

The rotten stays parted with a noise like a pistol-shot. There was a long, rending crack. Sandro looked up in time to see the mast sway drunkenly, buckle and topple forward. He hurled himself sidewise, wrenching to free himself from the wheel, and felt a sharp pain as the rope cut through his shirt into the flesh beneath. He heard a gasp from Manuel, cringing beneath the shadow of the deck-house.

"*Jesu Maria!*"

After that — nothing.

Dawn and the Sargasso sea, and a derelict drifting among the masses of stagnant weed.

Sandro groaned and opened his eyes. The shock that struck him down had wrenched him from the wheel, hurling him half-way across the deck against the after-cabin. He tried to rise but his body, dead from the hips down, refused to follow the orders of his brain. His back had been broken.

Near him, something that had been Manuel lay across the gunwale, face upward. An earring glittered against the livid flesh. Presently the schooner rolled and the thing slid overboard. Then a dark, triangular fin cut the water with a rush. There was a flash of white below the surface, a sudden swirl, and the body disappeared.

Beyond, other dorsal fins showed. Sometimes Sandro caught a glimpse of the long shadow-shapes beneath, sometimes a dull gleam as one turned, revealing a strip of livid belly. The little schooner was settling by the head; already her stern slanted forward, sending an iron belaying-pin rattling across the deck to fall with a splash down the flooded hatchway.

Ever the sinister fin cruised closer; Sandro settled back, watching, knowing the end.

So he lay dying, while the water began to trickle through the scuppers. Above, sullen sun-dogs glared in a sky of brass. Yellow sky, yellow sea, and a bit of floating driftwood.

For the sea had claimed her own: the jealous sea that never gives up anything, not even her dead.

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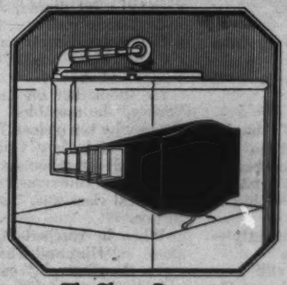

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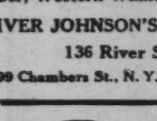

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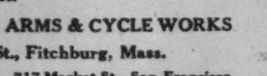

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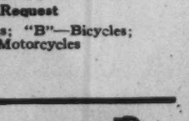

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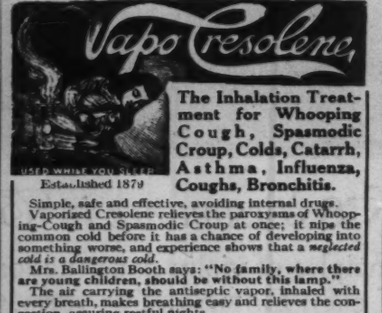

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WITH NAME WOVEN IN SIDE BINDING

Boob's Progress

[Continued from page 8]

and donned his new splendors and tried to forget he had spent six months' savings in two hours. He didn't succeed until Saturday, when he realized what a sorry figure his shiny blue serge would have cut beside Eena's *chic* velvet toque and raccoon coat.

"I'll tell the world you're there with the rags, Blondy!" she complimented him. "Even the Duke's got nothing on you."

"Will I — get by — at Bailey's?"

"Cer-tain-lee! But this party of Hobe's ain't Bailey's. It's Surfside Inn and we're goin' to have a *regular* time."

A week later Jerry was sitting opposite Eena in the famous Inn.

"You order, Miss Myers. I ain't up on the fancy stuff."

Eena took the menu, smiled at the waiter — Jerry wished she wouldn't smile at everybody like that, but, of course, she couldn't help it; and rattled off a jargon that sounded like Nero's feast to him. "Should I make it a porterhouse, Blondy?"

"Sure, Miss Myers, anything you like," he came through bravely.

"Now if you boys'll excuse us a minute, Dode and me'll fix our hair in the dressing-room."

Jerry accepted one of Hobe's cigarettes, leaned back in his spindle-legged chair and drank in the show. He had read with awe of Surfside Inn in Saturday's cabaret announcements and Sunday's motor accidents; but now he saw it in the flesh and it was beyond any dream of magnificence he had pictured.

The dancing floor ran down a long shining room with a balcony and a fountain that tossed a silver ball upward in its prismatic spray. At one end was a stage with a runway down which glittering showgirls glided and spread out among the tables, flaunting tiny balloons, and silk lassos, and mimic guns that shot paper caps at the diners. Over all was the blare and brass of jazz, the sliding of slippered feet, the lure of white shoulders, the soft radiance of satin-shaded candles, the hard, blue sparkle of diamonds. . . . And all the while this Fairyland lay within his grasp he had been sitting at home playing parchesi with Vangy and Mary Simmons. What a boob!

Hobe squinted at him quizzically and blew a funnel of smoke into the pasty face of a passing bus-boy. "Well, Blondy, how's Babylon stack up to you?"

"Great! I'm glad I hired this tuxedo," said Jerry. "Look at the cute little girl lasso that fat boy. Gee, there's a fellah from Laurelwood!"

"Where?" asked Hobe, with sudden interest.

"In the corner, with the blonde."

"D'you know him?"

"Why, yes, to speak to."

"What's his job?"

"Father's a banker."

"Lots o' kale?"

"Yes, they live in a big house with an iron fence around."

"Whaddayuh know! You better go over and remind him it's old-home week."

"Gorry, I wouldn't dare to."

"Why not? He might like to sit in a friendly game."

"Oh," — Jerry laughed uneasily — "I don't know him — that well."

"Well, get acquainted."

"What's the argument, Hobe?" he inquired, pointing excitedly toward an exit where an angry youth's fist was clenched in the face of a super-captain, and a woman's vituperative voice rang shrilly. "Going to be a row?"

"Naw," — Hobe yawned indifferently — "somebody gettin' the bums' rush."

"What's that?" the boob was still wondering, when the ladies came back and the night's business began. With mounting spirits, he ate — and danced, and smoked — and danced, and took a protesting nip from Hobe's private sideboard — and danced; and all the while Eena's eyes grew bluer and her smile softer, and after his fifth fox-trot he was able to breeze right by the banker's son from Laurelwood.

Then all of a sudden Hobe said, "Let's take a little run down the beach, sweeties," and the girls went away to arrange their wraps and the waiter came with the bill.

When Jerry saw his half he went whiter than the table damask. "What'll I do, Hobe?" he stammered. "I only brought five bucks."

"Huh!" grunted Hobe. "The horse laugh's all you could buy in this joint for five bucks. But never mind, I'll stake you to the other V."

Jerry staggered out into the starlight. Eleven dollars and sixty cents for a porterhouse and a box of cigarettes! Over half a week's pay envelope gone again in a couple of hours. But, of course, Miss Myers didn't realize ——

"Some swell feed!" she whispered, as he helped her into the tonneau. "You're a regular spender, Blondy, you cer-tain-lee are!"

Then he glowed with thankfulness that he hadn't been a piker and told himself eleven dollars wasn't much, there was more where that came from, and he'd have to learn to play poker right away.

The boulevard was smooth as glass and the moon hung low over the ocean. He was deciding they were taking a different route home, when Hobe turned the car sharply on to the beach and brought up under the shadow of the sea-wall. Lighting a cigarette, he snuggled down comfortably in his seat and tucked the Titian-headed Dode under his arm.

Selma Street remained awkwardly silent. Miss Myers gazed out at the chill waves with a shiver; then up at her regular spender with her three-dimpled smile. "Blondy," she cooed, "we're goin' to be friends, ain't we?"

"Why — why, yes," he managed manfully.

"Well then, I don't think you treat me very friendly."

And Jerry grew furiously crimson and cold; then gloriously calm and bold; and put his arm around the coon coat, and gathered the bobbed head to his throbbing breast, and for the first time in his boob's life understood why the song writers rhyme moon with spoon in the chorus.

"WHADDAYUH say, Mason,"— came Stewie's shifty voice over the wire — "are you with us to-morrow on a auto ride? Just a little junket out through the tamaracks No Janes. Wear your old duds and bring your roll."

"I'm on!" cried Jerry, who belonged to the Club now.

He'd bring his roll, all right! He was breaking into poker and beginner's luck was with him. He needed it. The last two weeks he had handed over but five dollars at home. His mother had stopped weeping and waiting up and started taking in plain sewing. He'd be caught up by another payday, he assured her confidently. But, of course, if she insisted on making a martyr out of herself — !

He sort of hated to break away. It would be the fourth successive Sunday. But there wasn't any scene. She only pleaded, "Do wait till after dinner, Jerry. I'll bake you some Vienna waffles — the kind you like — with powdered sugar on, —— "

"And Mary and I'll make caramels," Vangy added.

He shook her off and grabbed his hat. "Sorry," he mumbled, "but I got to be in the city by ten o'clock."

What did they think he was? Hang around all afternoon and eat sticky caramels! And Mary Simmons! Now that he knew what real class was, 'cowlike' didn't do her justice.

When he reached Stewie's, Hobe wasn't there. "Him and The Duke's gonna meet us by the reservoir," explained Stewie.

"That's an awful ways! What's the idea?"

"Well, they had to see a party out there."

The traction line ended at the reservoir. They found Hobe at the edge of a wood a mile beyond.

"Why, Hobe, this isn't your car!" cried Jerry, as they sped out toward the hills. "'D you get you a new one?"

"Yeh," he grunted.

"Borrowed it," chuckled Stewie, "off a sap that left it standin' too long in his driveway."

"That garage gink sure is a artist! Palmed the number-plates, headlights, 'n' everything, and give it a coupla dents in the fenders for luck. I bet you could drive it right past the simp's house and he'd never recognize it for his own boat."

"Just the same," cautioned Hobe, "we're gonna keep to the cowpaths awhile."

Jerry turned pale and that sickly green feeling crept around the pit of his stomach. "Say," he asked, "you fellahs don't mean ——"

"What's eatin' you!" growled The Duke. "The guy was a crook anyway."

"Where you takin' it?"

"Over the state line, and we're liable not to be back till to-morrow. Safer 'n a Sunday-school picnic, sweetheart, and easier 'n a apple-pie; so keep your shirt on and enjoy the merry sunshine."

But Jerry's merry sunshine was all messed up. "I guess you better let me out," he suggested, after a mile or two. "I ain't dressed very warm and I daren't stay away again from the Wholesale —— "

"Cut the welchin'," replied Stewie, "and be a regular guy."

The Duke shot him a threatening look. "Whaddayuh think, we're gonna let you trot back and snitch on us?"

"Blondy ain't that kind," Hobe broke in. "They all get the shimmies when they're bein' baptized. Listen here, Blondy, you don't wanna go blaa-blaa, when we're lettin' you in on a swell time."

Jerry cut the welching and chewed a cigarette.

Toward the end of the afternoon they came to a crossroads by a high bridge, drove down a steep embankment, through the bed of a shallow creek, and up an old wood-road to an abandoned farmhouse in a clearing. Its unpainted shutters were sagging, faded green blinds drawn, and the yard a matted morass. To Jerry it looked like one of those desolate retreats in movie serials where the villain lures the hero for the "dirty work."

They barricaded the car in the ramshackle barn, invaded the half-furnished house, and established themselves in a room up-stairs with a smelly stove and a row of disordered cots. Munching a stale sandwich, Stewie emptied a mountain of poker chips from a rickety bureau drawer and laid an automatic on the sofa beside him. "Make yourselves club," he commanded, "cuz Mike won't be along till midnight."

Jerry counted his chips with a shiver. A lamp with a broken globe cast spectral shadows across the table. The windows were battened and the air already heavy with smoke. He tried to buck up and kick in, but every move he made was a startle and every knave he held was a cop.

The Duke was banker. Jerry inched into a fat pot with a couple of pairs and was stacking his winnings, when His Highness threw down a trio of queens.

"How's that?" demanded Jerry. "One o' them ladies is my discard."

"Whaddayuh think," frowned Tuxedo Street imperially, "I'm hocusin' the deck on my own gang! Look 'em over: Essie, Bessie, and Tessie. If I say I got three queens, I got 'em. You're full o' mouth for a young guy. And another thing, now I'm tellin' you," — he reached over and swept in the stakes — "there's a certain little party you wanna keep away from, Clarence, if you value your han'some map — See!"

A MOMENT of tense silence descended upon the room; then Hobe said sneeringly, "I'll say you told him, Duke!" and the game went on.

At one o'clock a syncopated whistle sounded under the window. The Duke and Hobe went below.

Jerry waited with teeth chattering. Presently they returned and Hobe took out a roll of greenbacks. "Mike says it's a good little car," he announced; "but they're watchin' them Runyan-sixes awful close and he don't know when he can turn it over, so he'll only give us three hundred.

"We're easin' you ten bucks, Blondy, cuz we're kind-hearted. Next time you do some of the work and split on percentage. Duke and me are goin' down the line with Mike. We might spend a few days in the Hot Springs. Then again it might be Skowhegan — get me? To-morrow, Stewie, you and Blondy hike over to the Junction and bounce a rattler, and when you get back, if anybody asks you, you ain't seen us."

"Eye-o!" quoth Stewie. "Your mail to the usual address and a night wire if the climate ain't healthy. Now you guys get outa here, cuz we wanna pound our ear, don't we, Blondy?"

"Yeh, we do," chimed in Jerry faintly.

Before the crunch of the car had died away, Stewie was snoring stertorously; but Jerry lay with staring eyes, listening to the rats scampering along the rafters and trying to strike a balance in the ledger of his new life. Eighteen little iron men in I. O. U.'s for to-night's session! Another day lost at the Wholesale. And the Main Gazabe's tip to keep away from a certain little party he didn't want to keep away from. He understood now what Stewie meant by formulas for annexing the jack! His pillow was damp with sweat and he stifled a boob's sob in the bedclothes. If he ever got back to Laurelwood without being pinched!

WHEN Jerry returned to the office, he said he'd been sick and after his boss got through with him he looked it.

"Hullo, high life!" was the greeting of a co-shirker in wholesalery, as he eased out of his superior's sanctum. "Your sweetie's been ringin' you and I told her prob'ly you'll be in to-day."

This information failed to cheer him. He wanted the morning free to figure out a way to meet his debts to the Tuxedo Street crowd and have done with them as quickly as possible. Later he'd try to argue himself into giving up Eena, for, of course, he'd have no money now to go around with her. Although he was sure she'd be shocked to hear about the Club's financial deviousness, after The Duke's threat he hardly dared to talk to her. When she called, however, she discounted his plea of a headache and made him promise to meet her at six.

"I can't take you any place to-night, Cutie," he said falteringly, grinding the parkway dirt under his toe. "I'm broke. And besides ——"

"Don't let that worry you, Blondy," she replied soothingly, "we'll eat on me. I been profiteering!" And, unclasping a silver-mounted hand-bag that revealed a roll of greenbacks, she smiled and thrust a box of cigarettes in his hand.

"Say, where'd you get these?" — he tried to return them indignantly. "What kind of a guy do you think I am?"

"Sensible, o' course!" She slipped her soft hand through his and looked up at him earnestly. "You're my buddy, ain't you? If I was broke, you'd stake me, wouldn't you? Well then, ——"

"But a fellah's different!" he protested.

"No, he ain't. Anyway, not you. Like you told me, you've got a family on your hands and I'm just on my own. If I want to go places you can't afford to, I ought to put up my share. Now quit your gloomin' and we'll run out to Surfside and have a little party and fix up a routine for coppin' the new cup at Bailey's."

"Sorry," — Jerry was firm — "but I got to go along home."

Tears filled the baby blue eyes and wounded virtue the cooing voice. "O' course, if you're criticizin' me, Blondy, and don't think I mean it ladylike, ——"

"Aw, Cutie, don't bawl! I'm blue to-night, that's all." He tucked his arm through hers and they turned toward a luring taxi.

She sure was one great-hearted kid! What harm this once if she paid? A planked steak was a planked steak — especially if you hadn't had any lunch. And it was only fair, after all he'd spent on her the last few weeks.

The Inn had never seemed so grand, and gay, and friendly, with its shaded lights, and raggy music, and merry supper parties. As he glanced about the festive scene, he reflected wretchedly that this was probably his last appearance in the world of jazz, and swanky clothes, and ha' per cent. But a juicy tenderloin and a cup of black coffee restored his nerve and brightened his perspective. He had done no wrong. Must he go back to Laurelwood and parchesi, because he owed a few little debts a single jackpot could wipe out? Because a couple of wise birds had changed the chassis on a crook's car? And if a certain party didn't like his attentions to Miss Myers, why, his fists were as big ——

"Listen, Blondy," Eena was beginning, "I've just thought up a new trotting step ——"

And Jerry, listening, decided he'd stay with the regular life.

Bailey's was a winter ballroom, with festoons of dusty electric lights, creaking radiators, and storm windows that rattled. For four bits you could jazz all evening and go home in a limousine — if you were lucky. Half a dozen times a season the management

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This new way of tooth brushing brings five desired effects. Some are immediate, all are quick. A ten-day test, which costs you nothing, will clearly show you what they mean to you.

Leading dentists everywhere advise this new-day method. Millions now employ it. You see the results in glistening teeth wherever people gather. Now let your own teeth show them.

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Brushing does not save the teeth if you leave the film. That's why well-brushed teeth so often discolor and decay.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not end it, so very few people have escaped its damage.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So dental science has in late years sought ways to fight that film.

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These methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And to let all know its benefits a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

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Pepsodent quickly proves itself. The results are unique and conspicuous. And a book we send tells what each one means.

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Pepsodent twice daily attacks the teeth's chief enemies.

Send the coupon for this 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

The results in ten days will amaze and delight you. Make this test now. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

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Ten-day tube free 509

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Fountain Pens

conducted contests for cash prizes and a championship cup. If you qualified at Bailey's you were good and if you won a championship you were a very regular guy!

Jerry swelled with pride when he saw his name among the elimination entries: "Mr. Jerry Mason of the Tuxedo Social Club, dancing with Miss Eena Myers, ditto."

"Ever copped a cup down here?" he asked her.

"Once," — reluctantly.

"Who with?"

"The Duke."

He fidgeted uneasily. He was taking chances; but it was an even gamble the Main Gazabe would remain away another week or so, and after the contest, ——

"He's been out o' town quite awhile, hasn't he, Blondy?"

"Yeh, I heard he's down at the Hot Springs."

"He cer-tain-lee better stay there!" she flared.

BUT when the fateful evening came and he entered the pavilion, with his patent ties, whipcord vest, and brilliantined hair, the first thing he heard was, "The Duke's back and he's lookin' for you!" and it made his boob's blood run cold.

"Are you the guy that's dancin' with Cutie Myers?" asked a commiserating stranger.

"Yeh, why?" he asked.

"Cuz if you are, you can order your crate."

Jerry drew himself up to his six feet full. "That crook ain't nothing to me or Miss Myers. If he comes up here, —— "

"He won't," grinned the other. "Been bounced too many times. But he'll lay for you. If you got a gang, you better give 'em the hey-Rube."

He dreaded to tell Eena. But she had already found out, and, although her blue eyes were big as saucers, she was quite composed. "Jealous of you, Blondy! They hate him up here, so they'll give us the cup for spite. I hope there won't be no unpleasantness, but if that big stiff starts anything —— "

"I'll knock him for a goal!" boomed Jerry. But in his secret soul, every time he saw the door, he wanted to run.

He never knew quite how he achieved the following hour. Through a sinister haze he saw the other contestants and heard the music begin. In his ears rang the commiserating stranger's lullaby, "He's lookin' for you! He's lookin' for you!" He closed and unclosed his damp fists, wondering if he had in 'them a regular guy's punch or only a boob's love-tap.

"What makes you so chalky, Blondy?" —— Eena looked at him coldly. "Remember, winnin' this cup means a whole lot in your young life. You want to shake them douglases like you never shook 'em before." Then she melted into his arms and they were off.

One by one the couples dwindled, the buzz of the watching jazzers rose and fell, and the band crashed on. Jerry prayed to lose, because then The Duke might not "get" him; but he danced to win, — at whatever cost, he craved the sunshine of the big blue eyes and the dimpled smile.

The last competing entry got the gate and they were alone on the floor. He took the trophy with a sickly smile and mopped his forehead, while congratulators crowded round. Eena telegraphed a hasty exit and went at once for her velvet hat and raccoon coat.

In the train she laced her fingers tightly in his, repeating, "Blondy! my Blondy! Course I don't want any unpleasantness, but if he starts anything —— "

"I'll knock him for a goal!"

When they reached the Avenue station, a sudden flurry of sleet had come up and there were no taxis. "We'll go in the waiting-room and telephone," she suggested.

But Jerry tucked her under his arm and stepped out boldly. "The deuce we will! If he thinks I stole his girl, I'll show him!"

It was after midnight and the streets were silent. They had left the Avenue and were rounding a warehouse a block from the flat, when Jerry stopped short, with the scent of the hunted. "Walk close to the curb," Eena cautioned. But before he could shift, a hurtling form sprang out of the darkness. He was tackled and went down beneath his assailant. Over and over they rolled in the muck. Though Jerry had no science, he fought with the fury of fear. But The Duke packed a gangster's wallop, and, every time he staggered out of an agonizing hold, re-felled him. His strength grew weaker — one arm was pinioned — strangling fingers crept toward his throat.

Looking up desperately, he saw Eena bending over them. She drew the dancing-cup from her coat — raised it above her head. With the cry of a soul betrayed, he shut his eyes. The next instant the cup descended and — Tuxedo Street rolled fist-less from his chest.

He got feebly to his feet and stared down in horror upon The Duke's trampled hat and pasty face and cursing lips, lying mute in the gutter.

"Quick, Blondy, quick!" — she shook his arm. "Do you want to get pinched?"

They fled around the rear of the warehouse and gained her apartment. Eena shot the bolt, pulled down the blinds, and turned on a dim table light. Jerry dropped weakly to a couch beside the wall. "We — we haven't killed him?" he shuddered.

"Killed him!" — she laughed hysterically and threw her arms about his neck. "Why, you couldn't croak that bird! All I give him's a little sleeping potion that's good for what's the matter with him." She fondled his battered hands and rumpled hair and kissed him fervidly. "I ain't worried about him. All I'm worried about is you, Blondy, dear. My God, your eye's bleedin' like a gusher!"

"Don't do that, Cutie," blushed Jerry and pushed her gently away. "Gee, I'm a mess, ain't I?" — glancing down wofully at his torn shirt and spattered suit. "Honest, Eena, I — I tried my best to knock him for a goal but he's an awful husky guy." His lip trembled and he bent his head in shame.

"Don't you feel bad about that, Blondy! You done everything you could. Just lay back on the pillows and I'll bring you some hot towels and make you comfy."

"Thanks," he refused, "but I've got to go home. I couldn't stay here. It wouldn't be fair to you."

"Why not — if I want you to?"

He got up surprisedly. "Because you said your sister's away. And we ain't chaperoned, —— "

"Don't be a boob, Blondy!" — a vexed note crept into her soothing tones. "You could never get out to Laurelwood, the way you are. Now just lay down — "

"I got to go home, I tell you!" — his eyes dilated and he backed against the wall. "Don't you see, Cutie, I couldn't stay here and let you compromise yourself."

"Compromise myself! You're the first of the Tuxedo Street gang ever worried about a girl compromisin' herself. O' course I'm a lady and insist on bein' treated ladylike, but —— "

"Well, ain't I treatin' you like a lady? You're awfully kind, offerin' to fix me up; but I got to go home."

Buttoning his mud-stained coat, he reached for the knob. With blazing eyes the baby starer sprang to the door. "No, you don't, Blondy! Do you think you're goin' to pull the innacent stuff on me and give me the gate, after all these weeks I been turnin' down dates for you, and learnin' you to jazz, educatin' the hayseed outa you, and stakin' you to the jack! What for did you think I saved you from The Duke to-night? What for —— "

"Why, Cutie," — he confronted her miserably — "what's the riot? Ain't I been goin' with you same as any fellah goes with his girl? I never meant you to turn down any dates for me — you made me take that money — and to-night, before anything happened, I was plannin' to come in and ask would you let me buy you a ring, and wait till I saved up a little dough; then maybe we could get married —— "

"MARRIED! To a sap that can't raise the price of a supper check!"

" — and break away from the gang, — it's so risky and expensive."

"Break away from 'em!" she cried scornfully, her blue eyes hard as steel and her pouting lips pressed in a sneering line. "Why do I want to break away from 'em, when they're my friends? And I couldn't if I wanted to. You big boob, don't you know Tuxedo Street's the wisest gang in the city and once they got you, they got you for life! You didn't s'pose they were ridin' you around in autos, and loanin' you coin, for their health, did you?

"You're a six-footer and six-footers is handy in a mix. And maybe some of 'em's sick of The Duke for a headlight. But to-night you didn't come through. And all along you've been like that. Every chance they put in your way for easy money, you're yellow. They only been layin' off you because you're a friend o' mine. But they always got your number. That little Sunday trip — they kept you out there over

night and slipped you the ten bucks, so they'd have something on you if you ever tried to doublecross 'em. Now, you big boob, d'you get me?"

Jerry passed a dazed hand across his brow. "I'm sorry," he said, brokenly. "I — I never meant to accept favors I couldn't pay back, and I never meant to doublecross anybody either ——"

"I know you didn't, Blondy." Her swift anger faded. "You're a dandy boy, you cer-tain-lee are! Only a little slow learnin' the jumps. And I'm just warnin' you, you can't ride all your life on the brass ring. Your nerves have went blooey to-night" — with enticing arms she prisoned him — "and you ain't responsible. And the blood's soakin' all over your collar. You poor kid! —— "

"Lemme go!" — he pushed her feebly away. "I got to get that last Laurelwood train."

"You just lay down, like a good boy, and let me tend to you —— "

"*Please*, Eena —— "

" — and wash the blood away. You're all faint and battered up. There, Blondy — there!"

He sank giddily on the couch. Before his eyes swam twin lakes of blue. The twining arms tightened around him. The honeyed voice melted into baby words of fondness. . . .

Chill March twilight settled down over the gangling, middle-Western city of Oriopolis and shrouded the Hotel Metropole in a mist of gloom. The last jitney from the evening local honked away up Main Street; the dining-room doors closed on a stale odor of fried potatoes; the handful of dejected drummers at the nicked tables in the rear of the lobby snapped weary elastics around their expense accounts, threw their cigarette stubs into the cheerless dottle of the grimy grate, and departed to bed.

Cussingly, the near-dapper night clerk rushed a pitcher of ice water to a top floor suite, flecked a stray crumb from his pearl gray vest, and resumed his place behind the tiny lattice that lent a pretentiously important air to the dingy hotel office. For a long time he sat pricking a blotter with his baroque scarf-pin and staring out into the empty street.

The tinny clock in the City Hall tower struck one. The carbon glimmer on the movie house across the way sputtered and died out. The town's solitary copper jogged by on his leisurely round. A silly dining-room hussy huddled giggling in the helps' entrance with a chauffeur from the Enterprise garage.

Oriopolis was some hick burg. The Metropole was one jay joint. The night clerk was — Jerry Mason.

His cordovan brogues were down at the heel now, his loudly checked suit was a last season's model, and as he sat at his high stool behind the deserted desk, each eventlessly recurring night seemed a hundred hours long. The raucous-toned Waterbury above the water-filter ticked off the slow seconds, while his thoughts spun round in wretched circles that invariably began with a certain blustery March evening when a duo of classy youths had skidded into him at the Laurelwood transfer station, and ran on down through his introduction to the Tuxedo Social Club, the years of his life as a regular guy, and ended ——

WITH a kick at the waste basket under his feet, he finished a pin-pricked portrait of Theda Bara and drew out of his pocket a pair of letters, dirty and dog-eared with handling. Wherever his thoughts wandered during the daytime, they always came back to these mute missives that spoke to him with ravaging voices out of the past.

He lit a cigarette, weighed the epistles with shifty glance, and finally took up a plain square envelope, mailed from the mysterious Hot Springs he had so often speculated about in the days of his boobdom. With an uneasy stare around, he settled himself for the hundredth time to its gall and wormwood:

"Hello, You Has-Been Jazz Hound," — Stewie greeted him — "How is every little thing with you and how do you like the tank towns by this time? Not so worse, if you shine up to 'em right. Get wise to yourself and don't write me no more of them whiney letters. Better get used to the alfalfa, 'cause the way things are breakin', it looks like you'd be out there a long while. Take it from your old pal that's always with you, spite of the welchin' you tried to pull on him, you only made your getaway in time. Everything has went blooey and the works is hiding out. The Duke draws the Island, for which, if any one, Blondy, you ought to be thankful, two owners has turned up for them cars the bulls raided at the Farms, and Hobe's old gent had to mortgage his hut to keep the kid in open country.

"Just now gumshoes is my middle name. And will be till the rickus in the papers blows over. Write me here and send along a piece of jack, as I had to beat it on the *pronto* and ain't been able to connect up with my funds. You got me wrong, Blondy. I never told nobody nothing and never will though it gets me the bump-off.

"With regard to a certain party you inquired about. Whaddayuh know, several weeks ago I seen her! She is dancing intermissions in Leavitt's Palm Garden with a Swede-top guy from 'Frisco. Still has the same baby stare and innacent dimples that came your cropper on the Liverpool. And still fallin' for 'em before the paint's cracked off. I told her what you said and give her the address. And she sent you her love and said she's glad you're doin' well. But with regard to the other proposition, nothing stirring. And I don't blame her. What is marriage to a young vamperess like Eena Myers? Besides which, night clerks ain't usually considered ideal family men. Also she said she bet you couldn't come through with the carfare. Forget her, Blondy, and drop your roll on some o' them Oriopolis baby dolls that'll take you for a million dollars.

"So long, you poor hick. I got a date with a couple Cuban Croesuses that thinks they know how to lay up against black-jack. Next time cut the sob stuff. I telephoned your ma last thing before I left town and she said she's all right. But never them chances again — a person's got themself to protect. Write soon, and make it a real piece o' jack, 'cause *I* know what *you* know about them autos, and a guy can never tell what he might do if he's drove to his last ditch.

Yours in the Old Gang, Stewie."

WITH a snort of disgust Jerry threw aside the scrawly note sheets and took np his mother's neat script. His heart halted and skipped a beat; then, like a spent swimmer in troubled waters, he plunged on:

"Dear Absent Boy," — she called to him — "I've meant to write you sooner, but somehow I've been sort of stunned since you left. Even now I don't quite understand — your going so suddenly and having to work way out there, so far from Vangy and me. And there've been so many peculiar things —

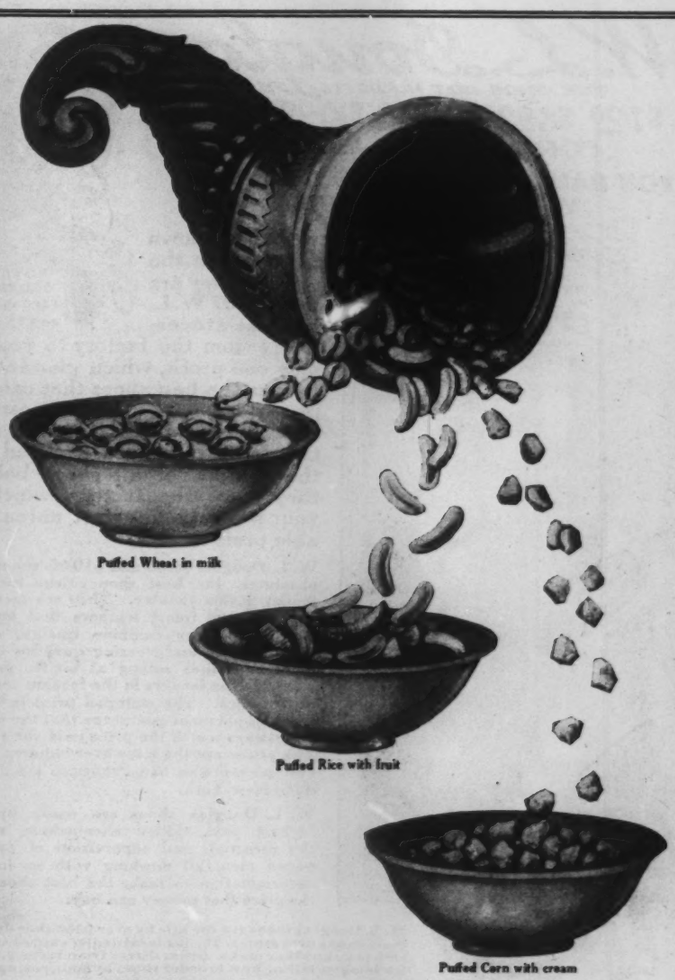
"A man called up from the Wholesale, but I couldn't make out what he wanted. And the other morning an officer left a paper here, — Vangy says a subpoena, or something. She was frightened to death; but I told him just what you left word, that you were out of town indefini tely. I'm afraid Jerry, I haven't had much share in your life these last few years. I hope nothing has happened that you haven't told me. I hope you haven't done anything foolish. I *know* you couldn't do anything *wrong*.

"Don't worry about sending us money. Vangy and I'll get along — till you come home to us again. She is working in a doctor's office and it is a good place, only some days she gets so nervoused up she can't sleep. I am mailing the things you asked for. I'm sorry, but there weren't any bills in the pocketbook; nothing but a couple of green tickets that I don't presume are valuable. Vangy says Mary Simmons is coming in to-night and they are going to make you some caramels. Mary comes in quite often; but they don't play parchesi any more, because they get to talking and Vangy starts crying, and —

"You see we *do* miss you. We've left your things just where you used them last, and even set your place at table, and sometimes — But there, I'm getting gloomy and I know you don't deserve it. Write often and tell us about your work. Be a good boy, and take your digestive pills regular, keep on your winter underwear till May, and find some nice church to go to. With lots of love from sister and

Your Mother."

When Jerry had finished, he crumpled the letter savagely into the waste basket. A moment later he caught it up again and smoothed it out in his palm. Then for a long time he sat staring into the dead embers of the lobby fire.



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These are flimsy dainties, flaky and flavory, puffed to eight times normal size. Yet the supreme food for children is a dish of Puffed Wheat in milk.

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With melted butter—for after-school confections

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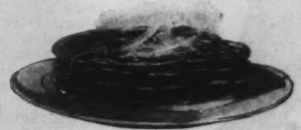

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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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Send $1.00 For Five 25¢ Bottles

The Government's Ethical Trade School

[*Continued from page 27*]

extensively in bakeries and confectioners, showed that they contained traces of zinc, and instructions to port authorities to refuse such eggs admittance to America resulted in improvement of the trade methods in distant China. Here at home it was found that thousands of shell eggs were gathered, packed, shipped and stored only to be found spoiled on opening. Our investigation demonstrated to the trade that many of the eggs spoiled because they were cracked, or wet, or dirty, but otherwise intrinsically good for consumption, when packed. And now there is a very general candling of eggs at concentration points and, in consequence, large economy in handling. Still, it was found, thousands of sound eggs arrived, notably in New York City, broken from rough handling while in transit. To find out for shippers, consignees and the railways, which had to pay damages, just where eggs in transit were handled roughly, an instrument much like the seismograph used in registering earthquake shocks was devised and sent along with egg shipments. The instrument showed when and at what points the rough handling occurred.

WITH other products varying from feed for animals to butter adulterated with water in too high percentage; from cottonseed oil sold as pure olive oil, to dyed sugar water sold as orange juice, and from oysters "fattened" with water, to cure-all patent medicines, the Bureau is continuously at work safeguarding the public's health and pocketbook. And the Bureau is not unmindful of the constructive opportunities afforded it at its laboratories, which are engaged all the time in research work more extensive and fundamental than individuals or corporations can afford. Once or twice or oftener each year, it strikes oil — that is to say, in its routine work it comes upon potentialities that warrant commercial development — by-products, such as corncobs, which long have been considered as worthless.

Chemists in government service cannot exploit their ideas commercially. Accordingly the Bureau has established, under a man with wide industrial experience and with complete sympathy for and understanding of business problems, an Office of Development Work to serve as a connecting link between science and industry, to take up each fresh project as soon as it has passed the experimental stage in the government's laboratories and to attempt to popularize and develop its commercial possibilities.

It offers free a service similar to that which a mining engineer performs for his clients, with this difference — that when it has prepared reports covering everything from source and availability of raw materials to analysis of the kind of machinery and size, capacity and suitable location of plants, and the market demands, it patents the discovery or invention and gives it then, with a full prospectus of its commercial possibilities, to the people of the United States.

Hardly a week goes by but the secretary of some trade association or some manufacturer of food and drug products tells the Bureau of some new trade practise that should be curbed or of the need of technical help here or there. Such coöperation greatly facilitates operations under the Pure Food and Drugs Act. Often no more than a communication to the trade journals, or to the press, is sufficient to stop a growing trade evil. This has also tended to develop coöperation between federal and state authorities Previously, because federal and state officials were not always in harmony, the enforcement of the spirit of the Act was impossible.

A jobber in medicines, in one of the states, or a jobber in some food product or other, would specify the qualitative and quantitative content of some product and obtain of a manufacturer in New York shipments, unlabeled. These products he would then label in his own state where perhaps pure food and drug legislation was lacking or inoperative. If his product was worthless or misbranded or short in measure unfair competition in his state was the result Next, perhaps, his product would be reshipped into another state where it might be seized, with discomfiture to everyone concerned.

But now, at the request of the state authorities, there exists in the Bureau a clearing house for coöperation between the government and the states It works directly with federal chemists. It is supplied, and it supplies, full information vital to the operations of pure food and drug laws; it is an evidence of the growing uniformity of procedure and the standardization of trade customs throughout the United States. Furthermore, the Bureau works hand in hand with the Canadian authorities, and with the commercial attachés of several European governments who report regularly to their home governments, and thereby to the foreign trade, what limitations, if any, our port officials put upon importations. In this way, and in other ways, the Bureau has helped to extend a large coöperative plan that operates in all directions with steadily increasing effectiveness.

Other federal bureaus and departments are allies. The powers of the Public Health Service, which maintains a staff in the Bureau laboratories, are sometimes exercised to correct food and drug abuses which the Pure Food and Drugs Act cannot reach; again and again the Post Office Department has, by exercising its right to deny quack doctors the use of the mails, protected the public health and pocketbook.

Frequently these preparations when labeled precisely, so that the public can see they contain nothing of medical value, cannot under the Act be kept off the market, and the large claims made for them are spread broadcast in publications careless of their advertisements or by mail, in which event the Post Office Department steps in

Throughout the country the need of federal legislation to protect the public from misbranded food and drug products and to protect the food and drug industries from unfair competition is apparent enough and it may be ventured that if pressure on one side and helpfulness on the other were diminished the results would soon manifest themselves. Moreover, the transformation that is now taking place indicates that sooner or later federal and state authorities and the trades themselves will be able to devote less effort to regulatory or police measures and more to the development of the trades

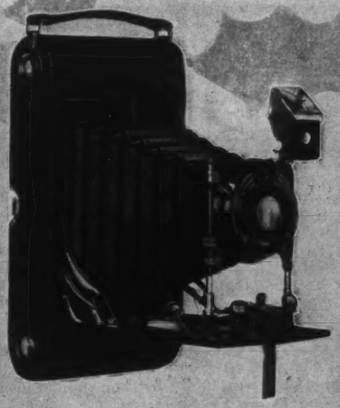
For instance, in the canning industries the Bureau is doing, by special authorization of Congress, what even the Canners' Association, and certainly no corporation could do — standardizing, in all sections of the country, despite climatic variations and variations in expansion or shrinkage of fruits and vegetables after they are canned, the content of cans This work will result in improved sterilization of canned goods, since no space for air, which is a poorer conductor of heat than liquid, will exist in cans when sterilized; it will mean stopping the use of water to fill cans, therefore doing away with an adulterant. It will mean honesty in competition and the end of under-bidding because of undersizing of can contents.

WITH its regulatory work diminishing, the Bureau has, as may be judged, been able to devote more attention to refinements in trade methods; it had also devoted more and more attention to such important work as studies and experiments in nutritive values. It is approaching conclusions which will, it is believed, work changes in the diet of man quite as striking as those that have come from the studies and experiments of other bureaus of the Department of Agriculture in relation to animal feeds

It has been able to achieve results of use to the leather trade, of importance to the dairy trade, and of value to the sea-food trade; it continually receives calls to use its personnel and equipment in helping other trades. Such work as it is able to do in fundamental research is accomplished only because of the coöperation it receives from the trades and from state and other authorities.

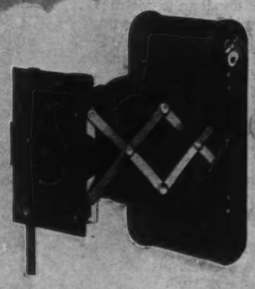
And that is the interesting point. No matter how many lesser functions it performs, if its work is of the constructive kind, if it is able little by little to create better relations between federal and state authorities on one hand and federal authorities and the trades on the other, it inevitably helps to create a circle of promise to the trades, the government, and the people themselves.

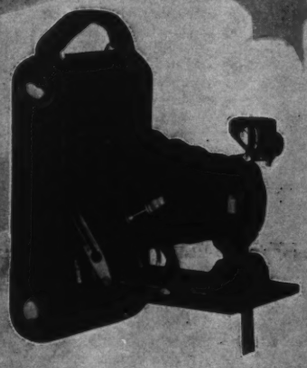
Among the Christmas Gifts



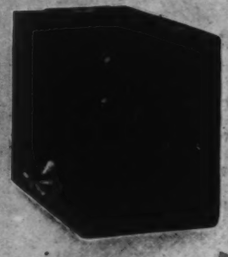
For the grown-ups or the nearly grown-ups, a Kodak for pictures of the post card size, 3¼ x 5½ inches. It is familiarly known to hundreds of thousands of enthusiasts as the "3A". It makes the largest picture available in "pocket photography". The 3A will really go into the side pocket of almost any coat. Frankly, however, it is more conveniently carried in an overcoat pocket—or slung over the shoulder in a case. Excise war tax and all, the Junior model, with a fine Rapid Rectilinear lens, sells at $24.64—and with the Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7 lens, at $30.62. There are other more expensive models—all have the Kodak simplicity—and they all make good pictures.

A gift for the one who already has a larger Kodak—the Vest Pocket. You don't carry a Vest Pocket Kodak—you wear it, like a watch. It is always ready to picture the unexpected and the unusual. The price, including the excise war tax, is $9.49.





For the boy or girl in high school—the No. 1 Kodak Junior. There's always room for it in the pocket, and the Kodak story of the school days is one that not only gives fun in the making but in its album form becomes a permanent delight to the whole family. The price of the No. 1 Autographic Kodak Junior is $16.67, including the excise war tax.



For the little folks—a No. 0 Brownie. These little cameras have good lenses and shutters and finders, and use the same film and make the same size pictures as the Vest Pocket Kodak. You will be astonished by the good work they do; you will be even more astonished at the intelligent way in which a youngster of seven or eight will go about picture-making with a No. 0 Brownie. The price, including war tax, is $2.86.

This page gives only a hint of the Kodak and Brownie line—there are Brownies for pictures of every size that Kodaks make, and there are Kodaks with high speed shutters and rapid lenses—there are folding Brownies as well as box Brownies—but they all have one common characteristic—they make good pictures. And all Kodaks (except Stereo and Panoram) and all *folding* Brownies have something else in common—they are Autographic, and when used with Autographic film provide for the instant titling of every negative at the time it is made. And the Autographic costs no more than other film.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

The Man, The Tiger and the Snake

[*Continued from page 23*]

knew him. Vice-president and treasurer were unknown to him: the secretary was Timothy Kilcairn! He began dimly to understand in what way Lynn had tied up with this organization. Finding Kilcairn he had found a whole miniature corporation ready to be used; on the market probably for a song.

Gradually as he pushed on his study of Lynn's connection with Texcol—seeing him now hiding behind one of the unknown names as vice-president or treasurer; sensing him as the power behind the whole organization, which he had so conveniently come on, just as Comlough's confidences made the use of such machinery opportune — one recurrent question protruded itself more and more insistently. Where had the seemingly inexhaustible fund of money with which the Texcol had bought in the Long Horn and Lone Star R. R., the Maracaibo concessions, the Colombian holdings, Utopian and Texan Improvement, come from? And gradually cold suspicion grew in Comlough to the hardness of fact. It had come from where that other sum had come — the coffers or the time envelopes in the vaults of the Clinton Loan and Trust Company. Vice-president, head of the loan department, Lynn could, in his discretion, issue loans upon preposterous security, if he were so minded — loan a million dollars in a few instalments on a deed of Brooklyn Bridge!

HE had been silent after that night when he first learned of Lynn's manipulation of bank funds. Lynn must have been shrewd enough to have covered *that* transaction completely by now, and how could he prove it? Furthermore, he was implicated himself there, if anything. Vicariously as accessory. Moreover, digging it up would not aid him to get back the options and stocks and railroad he wanted. And then, the effect on Maurice and Hargreaves and others that he had so debonairly chatted away his plans and the secrets of United Americas Petroleum to a man who had come to him, his hands still full of the muck of his slimy handling of a position of wealth and of trust! He must get Lynn some other way. It must be done delicately. At the first hint of trouble Lynn would probably effect the sale of everything he had feloniously acquired — to Maurice, say, at a colossal profit — without connecting himself in the slightest way with it. But there must be a way to get at him, before any such sale was consummated.

There crystallized in him now the implacable purpose to crush Lynn. To strip him and crush him until it hurt unmercifully. His fists closed, and suddenly, as he concentrated on this determination to smash Lynn, he saw before him again — Marcia! Again, under the weight of all that was torturing him he thought of her. Yet, for once, she seemed unconnected with Lynn, although thinking of breaking him he had thought of her. Aloof she seemed, remote from the man who had been his friend, and the picture of her now in no way weakened the vow he made to strip and crush her husband even if that necessitated the revelation to her of that husband just as he was.

But the rottenness of it! Evening came on. He got up and looked out of his window. Sunset on the greatest harbor in the world. Nile green, purple, orange, carmine, prismatic the water shone. The width, the significance of it; the deep throbbing peace and serenity of it. The rottenness of men! Cynicism seared him as with the touch of a white hot knife. Men's words — promises! They were like a bad taste in the mouth. Lynn — that night he had waited for Comlough to come out of Hargreaves' house, and gone with him to his home. How he had pulled him out of disgrace, dishonor, dismay, distress, ruin, prison, damnation!

"'Cooper — you can trust me as you do your own soul! — You will never know all the gratitude that is in me to-night!'" — Syllable by syllable he recalled Lynn's words, mentally repeating them in Lynn's very intonation — "'All I can tell you of it is this — if you're ever in trouble — you will find there is nothing of mine in this world which is not yours! — Call on me, Cooper, if ever you have to! — And there is in God's world nothing I wouldn't do for you!'"

He cried the last words aloud in the silence of his office, and then leaned back in his chair and laughed. Laughed, laughed! The grating guffaw of disillusionment. Maudlin, treacherous drivel! And he laughed and laughed, that genial fund of human kindliness in him shrinking with each mirthless note of that laughter. And then, by a mental cross current, a kind of crossed wiring of thought suggestion, he remembered two other protestations of gratitude made by a man and a woman — a tiger and a snake — to him, and he suddenly fell into deep, brooding silence.

After a while he drew a piece of paper to him and began to make brief notes, pausing frequently and straining his memory for something of frailest substance. He made many corrections. Eventually he had a short table of jottings set down.

1. Clicking — like a ratchet — three or four.
2. Knob whirled forward then backward — no more than three-quarters revol. each way.
3. Triple click — like 1. This brings up outer door.
4. Knob whirled again. This turns outer door.
5. Works levers.
6. Whirls disc.
7. Twists hinging pin. This opens copper door.

Lynn's safe! That was the key to the situation! It was a mania with Lynn. Like a child with a toy. Then, of course, in that study of his he had unmolested freedom to contemplate and work over his schemes, spread out what plans he was sketching, examine unbothered what papers he needed to examine. Lynn had a whole bank to keep papers and stocks in, but Comlough had the feeling — as certain as any he had ever had — that Lynn had tucked his most secret and valuable materials into his own safe. For corroboration he now remembered the way Lynn's hands had involuntarily gone to the door of one of the locked compartments, only to be quickly withdrawn.

It was about quarter of nine when he got up from his chair with a start, stiff with the immobility of the last hours. But he had found something. He went out to the deserted telephone board, and plugged a connection himself.

"Audubon 4-1-4-7-6!" he called.

He asked for Ethel Pearson. Not there, a thin sharp voice informed him. Could they tell him where he might get in touch with her? Yes, at once. No — but she was going to call up round ten-thirty. She was expecting another call to come in at that time. Any message for her then? He wasn't by chance Mr. Slater? No — he wasn't Mr. Slater. He was Cooper Comlough. He had a message for Miss Pearson. He repeated his name — spelled it out while the sharp voice repeated the letters with practised facility and wrote them down. "Please ask Miss Pearson to meet me at the —" he hesitated — "in the lobby of the Bristol Hotel at eleven o'clock this evening. Tell her this is urgent. See that she gets my name exactly. Just tell her — 'last night!' That's all. Thank you."

IT was nine o'clock. He wrote two notes; turned out the lights and hurried to the elevator. His automobile was waiting. He sent Tom with the notes to Updike and Hargreaves, and getting behind the wheel himself, drove to Brooklyn Bridge, over it and out Flatbush Avenue. At exactly nine-thirty he reached number 4271, the address of Sadie Miles, the sister of Joe Glenn, alias "The Tiger", alias "Mystic Fingers."

Comlough had met Herschell Doliver a few days before. "That fellow Glenn's o. k.!" Doliver said.

Glenn was in. He shot a look of astonishment out of his black eyes at Comlough. He was neatly dressed; contented looking.

"I want to talk to you a minute, Glenn. Will you come outside? Take your hat."

Outside on the pavement he regarded Glenn closely. He had lost the lean, feline look of a big cat at bay. His litheness of poise as if about to spring was tempered down to a quiet, less challenging self-assurance. He was like a man newly arrived at safety, and finding it sweet — would never tamper with insecurity again. He met Comlough's gaze with surprise, but also with self-reliance.

"Jump in. I've got to be in town by eleven. Ride in with me."

He got in wonderingly.

"Like your job?" They were speeding toward Manhattan.

"Yes." Still wonderingly. He was trying to grasp what it was all about — Comlough's sudden reappearance; the request to ride into town with him; the other's air of a plan up his sleeve.

"FEELS good to be straight — with nobody watching you — nobody in the world waiting to put something on you?"

Glenn took a deep breath. "I'll say so! Good — God, yeh!"

"You'd never crack another safe, eh?"

"Never again — hell, no!"

"Straight for life!"

"Straighter'n that track ahead of us."

"Nothing will make you, eh?"

"Hell itself couldn't."

Comlough drove on: one block, two blocks, three blocks in silence. "Before I say anything more," he said at last, "in order to maintain your belief that now and then a fellow does lend a lift to another expecting nothing in return for it — I'm going to apologize for doing something I never believed I would do. I'm going to remind you how we met."

"You don't have to," said Glenn. "I got a good memory."

"And how we parted."

"I remember it."

"You remember just how it was then?"

"Why — sure — up there at your club," mystification filled Glenn's speech.

"Right. You remember we shook hands — and you said something."

"I can say it now," said Glenn quickly.

"That if I ever needed help — anything you could do for me — you would do it."

"I meant it."

"Anything you could do — you meant it, eh?"

"Yes."

Two more blocks in silence. "Anything you could do! — Well, there is something! Something only you can do for me, Mystic Fingers!"

Glenn started at Comlough's use of that name. "What is it?" he said slowly.

Comlough kept his eyes on the road ahead. "To crack a safe!" he said quietly.

He felt the man beside him grow rigid.

"To — to crack a safe!" Glenn repeated in a whisper, incomprehensively, after a time. "Crack a safe!" he repeated again. "To crack a safe!"

"You said to me that night," said Comlough, disregarding the rigidity of the man beside him: "that if I should ever need anything a man like you could do, you would do it to pay me back. Those were your words."

"Yes," whispered Glenn.

"And now I must look at the inside of a certain safe."

The man beside him moved uneasily once with a start, then sat immobile and silent while the automobile cut through an empty block. They passed a trolley midway in the next block. As they flashed through its yellow broadside of light, Comlough turned. Glenn was looking straight in front of him, his face white, drawn; with a knob of muscle protruding from his tensed jaw-line, set with the tightness of a hatchet head driven into a hickory block.

"No other way?" he asked softly.

"No other way," said Comlough.

"Is it dangerous?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a safe?"

"The best safe in the world according to its owner. I've seen it. It's a steel ball about three feet in diameter. Made by the man who made the Globe — Brownlow. Double doors, electrically charged base, alarm — everything."

"Where is it?"

"In a residence."

The man whistled — rather shrilled faintly through his teeth. He was still gazing straight ahead.

"In a residence!" he repeated. "I'm out o' training — I'm out o' heart with this sort of stuff, Mr. Comlough," he said wearily. "If I'm caught — it's life for me, Mr. Comlough," he said grimly. "Life!"

"I understand that."

Neither looked at the other. Both stared ahead fixedly. They had swung from Flatbush Avenue long ago and now turned on to Manhattan Bridge. Lights pin-pricked numerously the granite mass across the bridge; pricked at intervals and with softer and vari-colored discs the smooth gleam of the river. A haze of faint illumination hung over the nebulæ of the lamps of the city ahead like smoke or — well, like the breath or perfume of freedom, Comlough thought. *Life* seemed especially big, spacious, precious from that road above the river between the immense halves of the wide world's metropolis. Half-way across the great span Glenn spoke again. His voice had a faint shiver through its whispered syllables; a grate of hoarseness.

"It means life in jail for me," he muttered, as though to himself, ruminatingly —

"You promised," put in Comlough softly, he felt him shift in his seat, and heard him gulp —

"— and you say there ain't no other way," Glenn went on, ruminatingly —

"No other way," put in Comlough, and again he felt Glenn shift, and heard him gulp. They swung into the merging of Canal Street and the Bowery with a swish.

"God — a'right! I'll do it!" said Glenn quietly.

Through Lafayette Street they raced. At Astor Place Comlough stopped the automobile. He gave Glenn the slip of paper with the jottings of the various manipulations Lynn had given to his safe to open it, as he remembered them. Nothing accurate, he explained to Glenn; but still a general chart to work by, perhaps. He told him further what he knew of Brownlow, who had made the safe. He could arrange to have Glenn visit Brownlow's shop to examine the type of safe which Lynn owned, presumably, it might be, to purchase one. Glenn was to call Comlough's house each evening at eight to learn when they were to meet and to receive instructions. Either Comlough himself or Ralston would speak to him. The event would take place within the next two or three weeks.

"UNDERSTAND this one thing clearly, Glenn," he said. "You are under no actual obligation to me. When they jumped you that day my particular sense of justice was tormented, and I satisfied myself when I interfered. Then," said Comlough, his voice pounding along on an even cold key; "don't make the mistake of seeing me repeat on you what Donovan tried in his way. You never were freer in your life to say if you wanted to do a thing or didn't want to do a thing than you are at this minute about this thing. You have a good job. You made good already. You will keep on in your job; keep on making good, if you come in with me now or not — unless we're caught. If you say no to this thing I'm putting up to you, and that may mean your liberty, or even your life, there is time right now to get out. I shall probably never see you again; never mention you again; never interfere in any way in your life. Get all this straight, Glenn," said Comlough.

Glenn looked past Comlough for a moment, then put out his hand. They shook hands without a word. Comlough looked hard at Glenn; Glenn looked hard at Comlough. As Comlough drove through Eighth Street to Fifth Avenue, Glenn stood rigid a minute looking across at the blocked bulkiness of Cooper Union. Then, just as Comlough was swerving round the Brevoort, the Tiger, his face pale, his jaw clamped in that hard knobbed line, his eyes moving with unusual alertness beneath narrowed and half-concealing lids, a heavy weight on his chest and his consciousness — stepped lithely and swiftly into the subway entrance.

Comlough was in the lobby of the Bristol punctually at eleven o'clock. He had waited ten minutes when a bellboy came through crying his name.

"Mr. Comlough — ? Wanted at the telephone, sir!"

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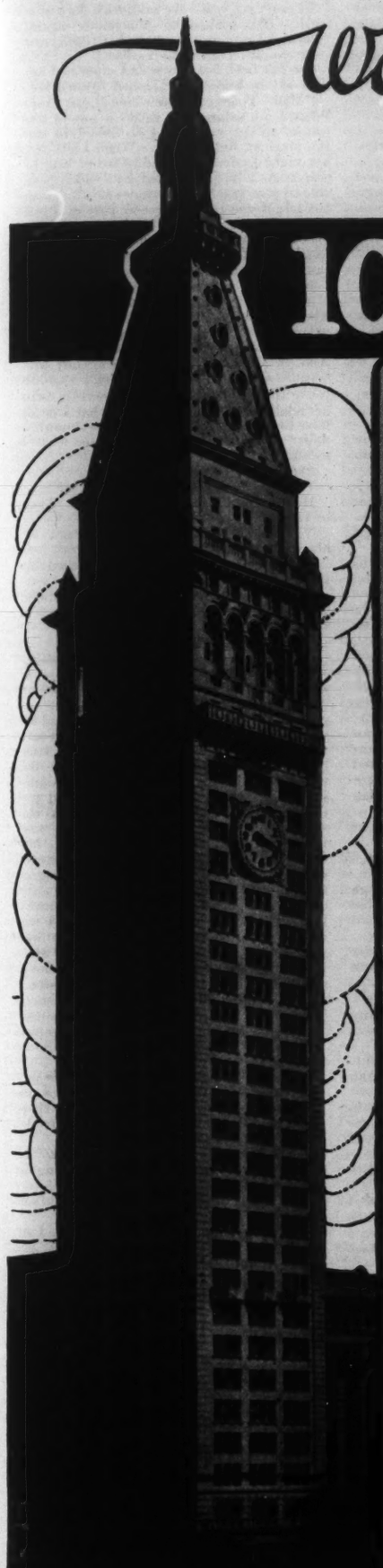

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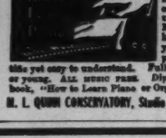

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It was the Courtney woman — or Ethel Pearson. She talked quickly, as though in a hurry.

"I couldn't come down, Mr. Comlough. Sorry — but just couldn't make it. What's up anyhow?"

"I need your help," he said bluntly.

"My — help?" she repeated.

"I am presuming on whatever service I may have rendered you last night, Miss Pearson — I need your help!"

"Sure — glad to do anything I can," she said in a sceptical voice, a little as though she had expected the mere male in him to call her soon.

"Come down here right away."

There was a pause. "That — is impossible," she said hurriedly. "Can't! I tell you, Mr. Comlough — I'm up here at Miller's, on Thirty-eighth. I'm with a party, and for certain reasons I can't break away."

"I must see you."

THERE was another pause. "I tell you —" she spoke more hurriedly and lower "— can you come up here? I don't mean just here. I tell you what: go to François' — across the way — the up-stairs diningroom, in back. I'll make some sort of spiel and run across for a minute."

"I'll be there in five minutes!"

He sat down in the rear parlor floor section of François' table d'hôte. She came in through the double side door and crossed rapidly over to him and sat down.

"Well, what is it?" she asked, a little knowing smile on her lips as though she guessed his errand.

She was even better dressed than on the night before, but there was the same twisting sinuosity about her — a sleaziness of raiment and carriage. There was a little too much rouge on her face; her lips were too red; her eyebrows too well traced, and it was too powerful, that swim of perfume emanating from her. Yet, there was no doubt about it, she was stunning, in the strict Manhattan sense of the word. And she would do wonderfully well for what he needed. She looked at him from under veiling, willing eyelashes like a woman who has come upon just another verification of her theory of life and men.

"Well — what is it?" she repeated, as though she already knew.

"You said last night I did you a service," he said, almost brusquely.

She nodded without enthusiasm, as though she had known then that sooner or later he meant to cash in on it — but she had thought that he would let a few days pass.

"It is not my habit to put people under obligation to me," he said. "I hope you will understand that."

"Go on," she said.

"You said if you could ever help me in any way you would do so. Well — I need your help now, Miss Pearson."

She was a little puzzled by his detachment; his refraining from playing up to the woman in her, he could see that.

"I know I said I'd like to pay you back. I wouldn't forget in twenty-four hours," she said pointedly, without committing herself over again.

He saw that it was necessary to establish his disinterestedness in *her*.

"If you remember, I said last night that I came to the court at great inconvenience to myself," with brutal emphasis. "I missed a train it was important for me to have taken. Later I missed something else, too."

"Yes," she nodded. "What was it?"

"A bag. It was stolen from my man. It contained valuable papers."

She moved uneasily, her raised silken ankle beneath her crossed knees swinging to and fro out of the fringe of her clinging skirt.

"I — am sorry but what can I do?" she asked, studying him closely. She gave a quick glance at the clock above the china-piled sideboard and again moved nervously. It was obvious that some one important in her scheme of things was waiting for her. Obvious, too, that just now she meant that to be obvious.

"This. I want you to go to a man I know — to go to him as though on business — and find out for me how much of a rotter he is."

She looked at him in amazement.

"He has a wife and two children," said Comlough, meeting her hard brilliant eyes. "But I think he would follow you out of the city for several days. He must do that."

"You want me to go to a man who has a wife and two children and show him up for a rotter by getting him to go away with me?" she asked incredulous, her eyes narrowing.

"He'll come after you. I want you to make him come after you."

"I don't get you," she said, with deep mistrust. She looked at the clock again. "Besides I'm going away myself to-morrow — so you'll have to rule me out."

She put both feet down and smoothed her skirt at the knees. He leaned toward her.

"Miss Pearson — you *don't* get me! What I am asking you to do is one of the justest things you could be asked to do. It's unusual, but it's just. When I left you last night I never expected to see or hear of you again. I had passed by — had been able to give you a lift — that was all. I all but forgot you the moment we parted. I had no intention of carrying the memory of my bit of help to you round with me like a personal note on you to pay up on another day. But now you can lay me under infinite obligation to yourself. For a certain length of time I've got to get a man out of town who has betrayed every trust men and women put in him; a man who has struck me pretty hard and all but knocked me under. And, in a sense, I can't move against him because a woman ties me — and I want to prove that, aside from his relations to men, his relations to women are such that I don't have to feel tied by her, because she should be under no delusions either. You see what I mean?"

She looked steadily at him.

"You mean you're in love with her?"

He lowered his head for a moment. Then he raised his eyes to her again.

"That — Miss Pearson, I am not at liberty to discuss," he said quietly.

She leaned over to him and touched his sleeve.

"Mr. Comlough, I'll admit this sounded weird to me at the beginning, but now I'm sorry I can't help you."

"Exactly why not?"

"I'll tell you why," she said. "I'm going away with another man to-morrow. It's the kind of berth I've been looking for for a long time. He's well-fixed and in the theatrical game. I'll have all I can ask for — and all sorts of chances on the stage. Second-rate vaudeville, maybe; but that's a big time better than the kind of stuff I used to do, which was anything from roughhouse dancing to snake charming. Pearls round my neck now instead of snakes. He's across the street now — swearing blue murder and wondering what became of me — but that don't matter. When it comes to minutes I can stall him off. But days — that's out of the ring. I've kept him hopping three days overtime already. I was walking time away last night before meeting him, when I ran into that mess, and believe me there was some blow-up when I did get him. He's leaving for the coast to-morrow on movie stuff, and I have to go with him. If I don't — well, frankly, Mr. Comlough — the chance won't come hunting up little Ethel again."

She rose, and he rose, too. There seemed nothing more to say. Only in his mind some words kept ringing.

"Certainly there's no way I could ever pay you back"— it was Ethel Pearson's voice speaking in his memory — "if ever there could be I'd do about anything to prove to you what a real sport you were!"

"You don't love him either, do you?" he asked, out of no particular reason, hiding his disappointment.

She laughed. "Love! He's crazy about me — that's enough."

She looked up at him sideways in the hall, her finely penciled brows contracted into sharp thin curves.

"I'M sorry —" She shook his hand perfunctorily, hesitated for a moment, shrugged her shoulders and ran down the high steps ahead of him, and across the street.

He walked slowly down to his car. He got in without looking across the street, or he might have seen her stop on the threshold of the entrance to Miller's and turn to watch him. She stood for a moment, biting her lips and twisting her fingers. He noted nothing, fumbling at his gears. The engine was running, he swerved slowly in a sharp curve to avoid the rear of an automobile standing in front of him. A figure sped across the street and he heard something strike his running-board.

"Mr. Comlough!" a woman's voice. "Drive to the corner quick! He's coming! I'll do it for you!"

"Hold fast!" he said, shooting by the car ahead.

Around the corner he stopped.

"No — I guess I can't let you at that," he said. "I have no right to muddle up your life."

"You can't stop me now!" she said, opening the door and getting in beside him.

"It isn't as though I was crazy about him—" she talked rapidly, excitedly, "— but even that couldn't stop me now. If I didn't help you — say, I play hunches — why, I could never let a decent white man do me a favor again — see! I feel that way. There's nothing good or bad you get that you don't have to pay back good or bad for. I ought to know that. I forgot it, that's all. Drive some place and tell me what to do. I'm game!"

At quarter to eleven one morning a woman stepped from a maroon town car and passed through the imposing portals of the Clinton Loan and Trust Company. She sent in her card upon which was engraved in shaded old English, "Mrs. Roger Warren Shevlin." Underneath this was written "Request of Oswald G. Velte." She asked that her card be taken to the vice-president who was in charge of the loan department.

She was the type of woman men turn to gaze after; women, too. She was one of whom it is said that she is gowned or garbed rather than merely dressed. From the tip of the delicate dart in her morsel-like straw turban to the tip of the small needle-pointed black satin pumps — her skirt of Chéruit twill clinging slightly and with the faintest concession to daring in brevity — she was at once physical feminine perfection and allure. Her tight thin black veil gauzing her face, accentuated through its film her beauty, rather than concealed it. Men's eyes, after taking in the suave rhythm of her figure, were apt to linger on the tiny embroidered harlequin — the single decoration on her veil — which she wore a little above the right corner of her bow mouth.

Her lips were rouged with art not emphasis; there was just the necessary quiver in the fine curve of her stenciled eyebrows. Her cheeks, even through the thin black veil, were tinctured with what might have been the healthful flush of out-doors.

A philosopher seeing her and knowing her would have deduced from her the generalization that women are artists, creating and everlastingly recreating the unique masterpieces of themselves. In a week Ethel Pearson had done wonders with herself. There was nothing of Estelle de Courtney left about the desirable woman of refinement who waited for the word to enter Lynn's office. Comlough had told her, in a general way, the kind of impression she was to make on Lynn; took her to several *élite* shops; gave her a few suggestions, but permitted her to outfit herself mainly according to her intuition, appreciating the actress and the manikin in her. He had sent her with a companion, who passed as her sister, and a maid to Lakewood, with instructions to stay out in the air all day, and develop a natural substitute for the undue amount of rouge she seemed to believe she required. The day before he had driven to Lakewood and thence with her and the two other women to an appropriate cottage in Allenhurst on the coast. Installed there as Mrs. Roger Warren Shevlin and her sister, he had left them and arrived home in time to get Glenn's call.

"Get ready!" he had said to Glenn. "Any day now."

The next day — that morning — she had come to New York and as Mrs. Roger Warren Shevlin, of Allenhurst, taken rooms at the Plaza.

SHE waited in the little anteroom to Lynn's office a few minutes before he came out to her. Oswald G. Velte was an old and valued client of the bank's. Comlough knew him; knew, too, that he was in Europe. There was no doubt, however, that Lynn's intense cordiality of greeting, despite his murmured reference to Mr. Velte, was for her rather than for the stumpy old merchant with mutton-chop whiskers and credit in the Clinton Loan and Trust Company reaching to seven figures.

"Mr. Velte is a very old friend of ours," she said. "A very old friend. This is Mr. Lynn, I believe. I am Mrs. Shevlin, Mr. Lynn," she said, repeating what he already knew, as she seated herself easily in the chair drawn up to his desk. She smiled at him through her veil.

A faint gleam of appreciation lighted Lynn's eyes in response to her smile. He regarded her with a kind of eager passiveness. He was not crude — she saw that instantly.

"Yes — Mrs. Shevlin?" he said quietly.

She seemed to have a little difficulty in stating her errand. A most charming hesitancy; and she seemed to appeal to him for assistance in expression. Being a gentleman he naturally desired to help her. She saw at once that was her cue — to let him help her as much as he desired. Very shortly, as she bent closer to him, he seemed to desire greatly. She told him that while she had come on business, she had never meddled with business before. Father always attended to that first, she said with pretty irrelevancy; then her husband. Now her husband was away — and this great opportunity had come. Her husband probably would not return for — ah, ever so long! And now there was this business to attend to. She sighed and looked at him seriously a moment before she smiled again. He leaned slightly nearer; her husband being away and not likely to return for a long time, and there being this business to attend to which she would now explain he probably felt he should lean a little nearer. It was oil. Lynn gave a start, which she did not notice. Her husband was a globe-trotter She almost feared he had gone to Africa, she had not heard from him now for — let's see, it was early in April when she got her last letter from him. Then he was in Curacao. He had mentioned Africa then — in a jesting way; but, she told Lynn this earnestly and with a little bitterness he thought, which heartened him, you know, he being a man with the so-called male's sense of protecting unprotected women — that her husband could always be relied upon — the only time evidently — to do what he jested about doing.

WELL, it seems her husband had first mentioned oil investments in Ecuador, and told her to talk to Mr. Velte and a Mr. Ainslee. Mr. Ainslee was now in South America, but he had written her of the wonderful opportunities of the Duryea and Pearce holdings there. She had property and certain negotiable stock, upon which she wished to borrow money She thought perhaps the bank would give her advice on the value of these oil things in Ecuador and tell her how much to put into them, and whether it was entirely safe. Of course, she had some money — but then everything was so high, and one did want variety now and then — merely to stave off boredom — she looked appealingly at Lynn when she said boredom, as though the bank and he might give her advice in disposing of that, too, in the most gilt edge manner. So, well, it was desirable to turn money into more money. He understood, did he not? Lynn thought he did, very well. She was bored and lonely. It is a normal masculine inclination to do away with both of these states when a pretty woman requests it. That husband! To leave a woman like this alone, and go traipsing off through the world. Africa! Fantastic business! There was something mock heroic about Africa.

He might have told her that it was not the business of a bank to advise its clients upon the nature of their speculations — decidedly not. He might have, but he did nothing of the kind

She was too attractive.

He said it would be a pleasure for him to investigate the character of the Duryea and Pearce holdings. When would she care to come in again? She protested daintily at appropriating his valuable time. He assured her with something like ardor that that was his purpose and reason of being, to devote his time to her — that is, to the bank's customers' interests. Well, then, let her see — would to-morrow morning be convenient for him? It would.

She went out, telling him first she was staying at the Plaza; leaving a faint, seductive scent of perfume in his office.

"Good. Call him up to-morrow and tell him you can't come. Next day perhaps," Comlough said when she gave him the facts of her visit to Lynn.

A few minutes later Comlough went to meet Lynn at luncheon, and they talked of his plans freely, as usual. He made a point of seeing Lynn almost every day. When he had shaken hands in parting from him, he always had the impulse to go and wash his hands.

"Has Brownlow's plant turned out any more samples?" Comlough asked Glenn, when the latter called up that night.

"Three more in this afternoon."

"How are his wares — on the old pattern?"

"Yes."

"Can you?"

"Can try."

They understood each other perfectly.

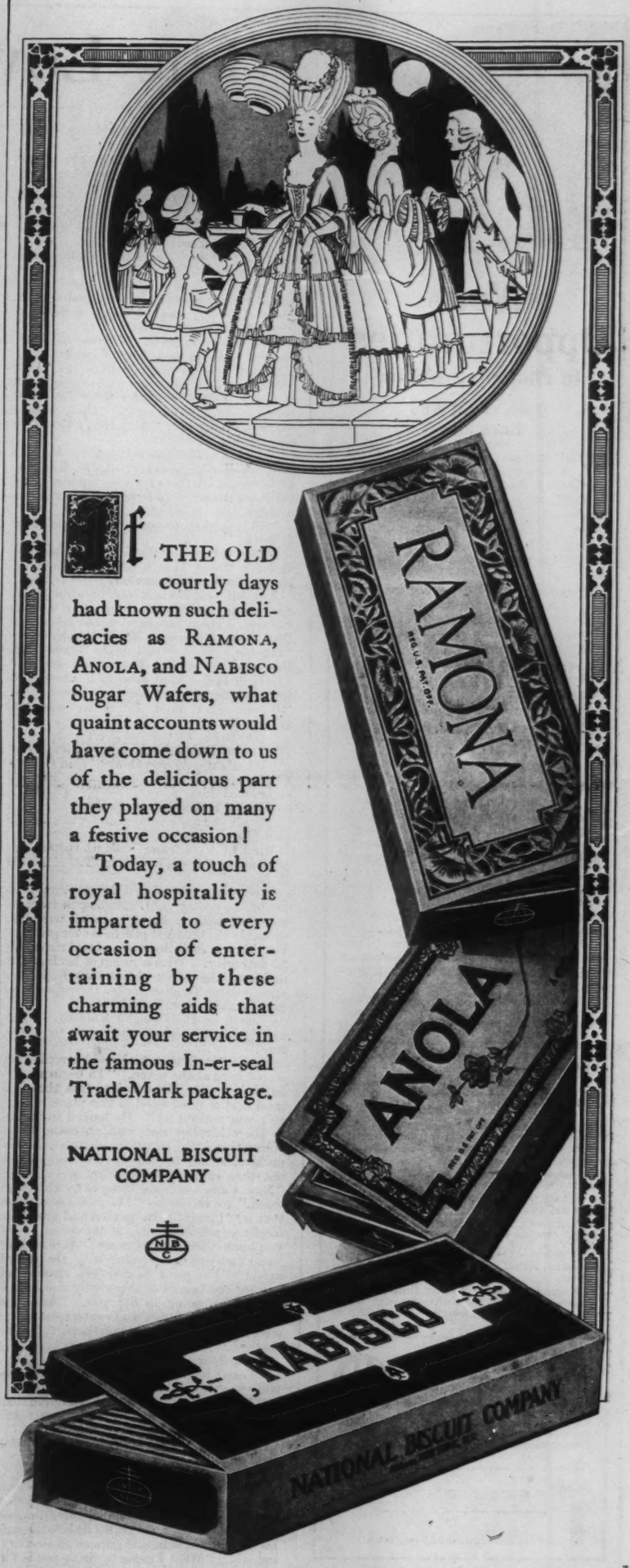
"Go up to our prospect's home to-night again. Was he in last night?"

"There was a light in his study."

"Keep on your toes," said Comlough.

"I'll do that," said Glenn.

[To be Continued]



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The Love Strike

—— *Continued from page 18*

Kimball was silent, expectant, but smiled her acquiescence

"I wish you'd give me the names of the persons who have been here longest — longest in each department."

And Kimball did so.

"Say, Amy," said Ella, that night, "the kid genius has begun He's got his axe out. He asked me for a list to-day."

"No," said Amy, the note of I-told-you-so in her voice, — "No."

"I gave him the list, all right." Ella kicked off her slippers and laughed uproariously. "Every one of 'em's a personal friend of T.O's. Can you beat it?"

Said Amy, perplexed: "Curious that redheaded little jackass doesn't realize that T.O's kept 'em on 'cause he likes 'em. Talk about rope, Ella. Just you wait till the heads of T.O's friends begin to drop into the basket. Wait — that's all." Then, after a moment's reflection. "Ain't that a fool kid's way, though?"

Pursuant to his "absurd" scheme Joe said to Kimball next morning: "Miss Kimball, I wish you'd ask those folks — you know, the list you gave me — to come into my office — at once."

"All together or one at a time, Mr. O'Brien?"

"All together — it'll save time," said Joe shortly. "And, Miss Kimball, I wish you'd remain during the interview."

Kimball went hot and cold, then hot again. She was uncomfortable, desperately uncomfortable. These people were old friends of hers, Mrs. James and Willie Henderson — "humble Willie" — and Mary Adams with the lame daughter. Even "old grouch" Clarkson had a kind spot in his heart for her. She hated to witness their humiliation. "If you don't mind, I'd rather not, Mr. O'Brien."

"Why not? I want you here."

"Very well then," said Kimball quietly.

"What's up, do you think?" said Grouch Clarkson, catching his breath when Kimball summoned him.

Kimball looked her sympathy.

"Can't you say a good word for me, Ella?" said Mary Adams.

Kimball went close and whispered significantly: "I don't believe T.O's behind it, Mary."

When the seven entered the sanctum, they found the young G.M. standing in front of his desk with a broad grin of welcome, probably the broadest grin he'd ever grinned. For this was Joe's first taste of real managerial authority. With a sweep of his hand he indicated the seven chairs that had been arranged by Toodles Jenks, the office boy. And the seven were seated.

"Great Scot!" thought Kimball. "The kid's going to prolong the agony by a lecture!"

Joe hesitated, then with sudden resolution stared hard at the seven. "To begin with," he blurted out, "I've noticed that there's a good deal of dead wood in this place. Haven't you noticed it?" He looked from one to the other but met with no enthusiastic affirmation. He thrust his hands into his pockets, strode to the window and looked out, then swung upon the silent seven again. "Now, there's only one thing to do with dead wood," he shouted. "Do you know what that is? Fire it!" He paused and shook his forefinger admonishingly at the seven. "Do you know what you folks are? You're dead wood and you don't realize it." He paused again. "I'm going to make an example of you for the benefit of everybody else in this store. I'm going to fire you." Again he turned to the window and contemplated the street. Again he swung upon them. "You're shocked, aren't you?"

No answer.

"I can't help it if you are. It's time somebody was shocked around these diggings."

"The horrid little brute," said Kimball to herself, "to treat 'em that way. It's scandalous! Wait till T.O. hears of this."

"Haven't you got anything to say?" Joe went on.

No answer.

"Don't you realize that I'm going to do a big thing for this store?" Joe, feeling that he had jolted the seven sufficiently, dropped into his desk chair, thrust his fingers through his flaming red hair, and grinned an electrifying grin. "What I mean by firing you is I'm going to set you on fire. I'm going to set every man, woman, and child in this store on fire!"

There was a marked intake of suspended breaths by the seven.

Joe leaned forward and became confidential. "Folks, I'm going to put everybody on his mettle. I want you to help me. Will you do it?"

Would they do it? Surreptitiously Grouch looked at Humble Willie and Willie passed the relief he felt along to Mary Adams and Mary Adams thought of "Lame Milly" at home doing housework in a wheeled chair.

Joe tapped the desk with a paper-cutter. Reading eager approval in the eyes of the seven, he went on: "Now, folks, let's get down to cases. I've got a scheme. I'm going to make every one of you a personal adviser in your own department You know what that means? It means you're to advise your customers just what to buy — to make 'em look like somebody. Not urge, mind you, advise. You men must tell the men and you women must tell the women what looks good on 'em. Advise 'em all along the line — anything from collars to washtubs."

"But wash-tubs never looked good on anybody, Mr. O'Brien," Grouch observed. Everybody looked astonished It was the first joke Grouch had ever been known to crack.

"It's the reaction from the fear of losing his job made him do that," thought Kimball.

"Then you'll not recommend wash-tubs for wearing apparel, Mr. Clarkson," said Joe. "I'm glad you got me. And right here," he raised his forefinger for emphasis, "we're not going to give advice in this concern just in order to sell goods. There must be no guess work or fakery about it. What we don't know, we must find out, even if we have to pay for it. There must be no comeback. Do you get me?"

There were signs of affirmation.

JOE, HAVING nothing further to say, said nothing but, "That's all and thank you." When the seven had gone he turned to the first assistant. "Gee, Miss Kimball, it's great to be a G.M. Did you see their faces when they went out?"

"I wonder if he is a kid genius after all," thought Kimball, "I wonder."

Joe had put in the Millbrook Junction *Herald* that, beginning on the fifteenth, personal advice might be had free and confidential at O'Neill & Arnstein's, as to the most fitting wearing apparel, men's and women's, the treatment of children, house furnishings, including kitchen utesnil ,— "young people about to be married take notice" —gardening—vegetable and flower — hardware, etc. The names of the seven new personal advisers were given in large type.

The aforesaid advertisement at first caused much joking and some ribaldry. Said Greene to Hallowell: "Tom, I suppose you'll go to Humble Willie now and ask him personally to advise you how be's goin' to collect that money you owe him." Said Smithers Carewe to Blinks Benson — so-called from an unfortunate, nervous habit of winking — "Fancy Grouch Clarkson givin' encouraging advice to anybody."

"I'm afraid they're making fun of your scheme, Mr. O'Brien," said Kimball. She could hardly disguise the joy that was in her.

"Fine," said Joe. "Fine. That's the best kind of advertising. We'll encourage 'em in it. They'll come to laugh and they'll remain to buy."

And the people did even as Joe had said. They felt, somehow, that they were getting very distinct and special privileges, something more than they were paying for. As a matter of fact, there was practically no change. Persons had got advice before at O'Neill & Arnstein's, merely for the asking. But Joe had given the thing an official stamp that made it more appreciated, if not more valuable. That was the psychology of it. A suggestion from Humble Willie, personal adviser, now had some weight.

"Best thing about it, Mac," said slow Ralph Hicks. "I went up there the other day and that personal adviser, Henderson gave me all the time I wanted — and I only bought a quarter's worth."

And so the word traveled that anybody could get personal and confidential advice at O'Neill & Arnstein's whether he bought ten cents' worth or ten dollars' worth.

One day Joe said to P.A. Henderson of the haberdashery — P.A. meaning "personal adviser" — "Henderson, I wish you'd go out and find the most freakishly-dressed man in town."

Said Humble Willie instantly: "Don't have to. Know who you want. Hank Tingsby, that's who. You can hear him a mile away his clothes is that loud."

"Bring him in. We'll see if we can't make him look like somebody."

"You'll find him a hard nut to crack, Mr. O'Brien, he's that stuck on himself."

"Easiest ever," said Joe. "Bring him along. Introduce him to me in a casual way — not as if you wanted him to meet me, but as if you wanted me to meet him."

"I get you," said Humble Willie.

Hank Tingsby's appearance exceeded anything Joe had ever seen in New York, where freaks and other bizarre and self-infatuated persons plentifully obtain. Tingsby had very large feet, accentuated by white spats. He wore black and white checked trousers, a lividly flowered waistcoat, a yellow and black striped shirt, a flowing red tie, a diagonal cutaway bound with silk braid, and a perky green velour Alpine. If clothes were living things, Tingsby would have been a small-sized Donnybrook Fair.

Joe's first words were: "By jingo, but that's a beautiful waistcoat you've got on, Mr. Tingsby. Even without the rest of your clothes it would be beautiful," — which was the truth. The waistcoat had been corrupted by evil associations. Then after a pause: "By jingo, Mr. Tingsby, but you carry clothes well."

Tingsby grinned lavishly, at which Joe said to himself. "I can handle this peacock any way I like," then: "You're a leader here, I take it, Mr. Tingsby."

Tingsby grinned again. "Willie's told you, I suppose."

Joe paused and pondered a bit, then as if he'd got a capital idea: "Mr. Tingsby, why don't you give the boys a treat — and the girls, too — open their eyes, be a real leader?"

"Just how?" said Tingsby, interested.

"Show 'em you can carry clothes so well that anything'd look good on you. You see, every man of fashion has many suits. What he wants to show is that he can carry one as well as the other." Joe walked up and down. "By jingo, but you've got the figure and the carriage for that sort of thing. Why don't you let Henderson here fix you up in a suit that'll be the very opposite to the one you've got on? That'll be the test — contrast. You'll have the whole town by the ears. They'll say it isn't the clothes that makes the man, it's the man that makes the clothes."

"By gosh, that's a good idea, Mr. O'Brien," said Tingsby. "What do you think, Willie?"

A week later Tingsby appeared in wonderfully fitting blue serge, modest shirt and tie to match, dull black shoes, and black derby. He had insisted upon spats and Humble Willie compromised on tan instead of white. Thus metamorphosed, Tingsby made the sensation of the day in Millbrook Junction. And the news spread far and wide that the famous waistcoat and spats had given way to blue serge and the like, through the personal advice of Humble Willie Henderson down at O'Neill & Arnstein's, and that Hank Tingsby was now the best dressed man in the county.

"Looks well on him," said Humble Willie to Joe, "but he won't keep it up. 'Tain't flashy enough."

"He'll keep it up long enough to make talk."

And so the innovation extended, from haberdashery through child treatment to agriculture. Jane Evans, who was too proud to ask for advice about bringing up her baby, got free counsel from Mary Adams of the infant's wear at O'Neill & Arnstein's, counsel with an official stamp to it. And the baby began to thrive and prosper under the new régime and the news spread from mother to mother. The results were manifested in the sales sheets of the infant's department of O'Neill & Arnstein's. The man who was uncertain as to what fertilizer to use for his garden got personal advice from Grouch Clarkson of the hardware.

Thus encouraged, Joe went on innovating. He innovated in big things and he innovated in little things. And by much innovating he

"fired" everybody in the branch — kept them stirred up, put them on their mettle. And the results of said innovations were manifested in the sales sheets and otherwise, the otherwise being as follows:

One afternoon as Joe was passing out through the packing department, he surprised Toodles Jenks, standing on a box and thus expressing the general sentiment of the employees to a bunch of grinning packers.

"He innovated here
And he innovated there,
He inno-inno-vated-vated everywhere.
He went and he did,
And he innovated so
That they went and they called him
'Innovation Joe.'"

Joe halted, grinned broadly, gave the flabbergasted Toodles a hand, and went out. "Never mind, Joe O'Brien," he chuckled. "Your innovating is covering a multitude of ignorance. And, by jingo, every change you've made is an improvement, and they all know it."

Said Ella to Amy: "Aren't these kid geniuses lucky? Who'd have thought his schemes would have carried that way — everybody talking about 'em."

"How does the kid take it?"

"Swelled head. Tries to hide it, but I know. Plays the over-modest. Camouflage. Over-modest always means over-egotistical."

"That's all right, Ella, but just the same the kid's riding for a fall and don't you forget it. And now that he's started, and his head's beginning to swell, don't give him a chance to stop. Flatter him, flatter him to the nines. Pass the word that he's to be encouraged, you know, encouraged for the sake of T.O. Then there can't be any come-back on you, Ella."

Soon everybody in O'Neill & Arnstein's began to tell Joe O'Brien how wonderful he was. It got to be a masculine, "Goodness, but you're clever, Mr. O'Brien", or a feminine, "How perfectly wonderful you are, Mr. O'Brien", no matter how trivial a suggestion Joe might make. At first, he was amused that a mere hint as to a perfectly obvious improvement in a department should meet with so enthusiastic a reception. But, presently, such praise, often repeated and with such unanimity, began to impress the youthful G.M. Did he really possess so keen a mercantile acumen that things hidden to others were quite obvious to him, he asked himself again and again. And he presently came to concede that he did. And so conceding, Joe fell.

In Joe's next letter to Minnie was a suggestion of self-appreciation. In the next he bragged a little. Then he bragged frankly, even enthusiastically. The habit was on him. In his letters the personal pronoun was now in evidence to a marked degree. Where it had formerly been the "you" it was now the "I." Joe wrote thus to Minnie from youthful enthusiasm. He was tickled to death with his first taste of success, and, he reasoned, so long as Minnie would rejoice with him, be impressed anyway, he couldn't lay it on too thick.

The first note of egotism that crept into Joe's letters was distasteful to Minnie. It was foreign to him. Joe's modesty had always been his greatest charm. The maternal side of Minnie was a bit worried. What had come over her boy, talking this way? Joe's next letter also contained the bragging note. And in a few later epistles it was clearly the dominant note. And Minnie began to wonder if she'd been mistaken in Joe. The edge of her passion was beginning to get a bit dulled by these repeated crescendo boastings. And when Joe presently declared that one of these days he'd show the old fogey business men of the land that they were in the right woods but on the wrong trail, Minnie's eyes went wide with wonder.

Minnie didn't read any of Joe's letters to her father. She simply told him in brief what they contained. But the shrewd Squires noted that the enthusiasm she showed was now more or less affected. "By the way, Minnie, how old is this Miss Ella Kimball Joe's written so much about that's been so nice to him, done so much to help him?"

Minnie hesitated. "Why, Pop, I hadn't thought of it. Joe never said how old she was." And Joe hadn't. There were certain qualities in Miss Ella Kimball Joe had not alluded to in his letters to Minnie. He simply made Miss Kimball experienced and verging on middle age.

"Oh, nothing," said Squires in a way that showed he meant a great deal.

No one was more surprised at the results of Joe's first innovation than the young G.M. But he discreetly kept that fact to himself. Instead of enthusiastically blurting out his astonishment to Kimball, he put on a rather modest but "I-told-you-so" air. "Naturally," he would say, "naturally. It's what I thought." And he finally came to say: "It's about as I had calculated."

Joe's next discreet step was to get information without betraying ignorance. Every afternoon he would call in the head of one or another department for a conference and the young G.M. was careful on such occasions to let his subordinates do the talking. Thus Joe O'Brien, from day to day, became less of a bluff and more of a real G.M.

After a fortnight's constant observation of sales sheets of different departments, Joe said to Kimball: "The women don't seem to be keeping up with the men. How is it?"

This was Kimball's opportunity, one she'd been expecting, waiting for, one she had discussed with Amy in anticipation. She was prepared. "Women are human," she observed.

"What's the connection, Miss Kimball?"

"You've been hobnobbing with the men, you know, Mr. O'Brien. Each one thinks you're interested in him individually. He tries to sell just to please you." Kimball smiled sweetly. "Perhaps the women think you've been showing partiality, as school children say. You're the G.M., you know."

Joe pondered a bit, then, "I get you, Miss Kimball. You think I ought to be — er — er — a little personal — you know — as I am with the men?"

Here was personality bobbing up again. Joe hated the very thought of it. He had resolved never again to use his personality to lure dollars from any woman's pocketbook. But Kimball's words suggested a possible remedy for the present situation. He could compromise with his ethical sense. He couldn't use his personality to get women to buy goods, but he could use it to influence his saleswomen to use every legitimate means to sell goods.

AFTER much pondering, Joe finally hit upon a scheme whereby, he calculated, he could be impersonally personal — non-committal — with no danger of a general entanglement of heart-strings. Pursuant to his carefully worked out plan, Joe formulated a set speech. He patted himself on the back when he finished. "By jingo, that's a clever idea, Joe O'Brien."

And now for Joe O'Brien's first attempt to be non-committally personal with young women. He casually strolled over to the lingerie counter and said very quietly, that no one else might hear: "I've been observing you, Miss Burke. I'm very pleased with your work." Then, after a pause: "I wonder if you and I can't get together a little more closely on the selling end of it. I believe you're capable of big things, Miss Burke." Joe paused. The little set speech sounded hollow, flat, perfunctory to him. "It sounds too much like a prig G.M. that goes about patronizing his subordinates," he thought. He even felt that the look and the grin which accompanied his words were forced, artificial, and he noted that Miss Burke had received them without visible interest. So he bent a trifle closer and said: "Do you ever go to picnics and the like, Miss Burke, eh?"

There was suggestion to the words. Mamie's heart went a stroke quicker and she got red under the chin. Mamie had been aware from the start that Joe had fine eyes and a wonderful grin. She had been noticing the young G.M. for long. But this was the first time he'd ever noticed her, personally.

Having fired his first shot, Joe proceeded to his next quarry, Miss Jennie Minter of the hosiery. He repeated his set formula and added grinningly, with his Irish blue eyes holding those of the girl: "Are you fond of the movies, Miss Minter?" He noticed that the girl caught her breath expectantly. "Wait," he said as a stout matron stepped to the counter.

When Joe reached Sally Bevans of the silks, he was letter perfect in his part, owing to much repetition. He galvanized his trite managerial speech to Sally with: "Do your folks sing at home in the evening, Miss Bevans?"

"Why, yes," said Sally quickly, "why?" and waited.

Joe hadn't intended to be flirtatious, but he was Irish. For the life of him he couldn't help it. He looked at the girl with meaning in his eyes. "I sing once in a while myself." Then the young G.M. went back to his office,

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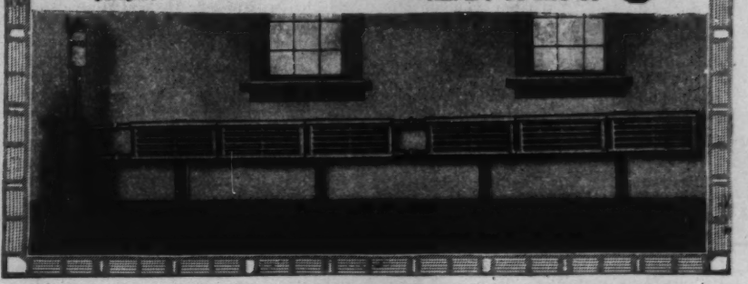

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threw his leg over the corner of his desk, and lighted a cigar. "By jingo," he chuckled, "every shot took effect, and yet it was impersonal enough. Sure, they can't take that to mean that I'm in love with 'em."

Said Mamie Burke, of the lingerie, days later, to Sally Bevans of the silks: "I never did like red-headed men. Can't trust 'em."

"The cat's mashed on him," said Sally to herself, then to hide her own infatuation — "Did you notice what wonderful eyes the young G.M's got?" — pause — "And he hasn't got a gold tooth in his head." Sally, too, had been thinking, not of the, "I've been observing you", part of Joe's speech, but the suggestive words: "Do your folks sing at home evenings?" and the look that went with them.

Thus it came to pass that every girl in O'Neill & Arnstein's, with the blithe little song that the young G.M's words had set going, singing in her heart, did her best to please. That's why business in the women's departments began to boil. That's why sales caught up with, outstripped the sales of the men's departments. Noting it all, Joe O'Brien threw his feet on his desk and chuckled: "You're a smart fellow, Joe O'Brien. You may not have thought of that scheme yourself, but it takes just as smart a fellow to recognize somebody else's good idea and adopt it as if he'd thought it out himself." Then with some feeling: "Sure, Miss Kimball, I've got you to thank for this scheme and may the good Lord bless you for it." And so Joe went on patting himself on the back.

SAID Ella to Amy, kicking off her shoes the minute she got in the house and flinging herself into her customary big chair, "It's all over but the shouting."

"No-o?" said Amy, "that quick?"

"Absolutely, Amy. They're all mashed on him — mashed on him individually now. They were already mashed on him *en masse*. But it was the personal touch I suggested that started the flame in each individual little breast."

"So?" said Amy. "What are you going to do now, Ella?"

"Call the love strike, of course," — at which Amy threw her head back and guffawed without restraint.

"But you're the funny girl, Ella. Who but you would ever think of such a thing — a love strike?"

"That's what it is, isn't it?"

"Right-O, sister."

Ella beamed. "They can put it over on me some of the time, Amy, but they can't put it over on me all the time."

When Joe O'Brien got to the store on the morning of the tenth he had no idea in the world that a strike was on. Such a thing had not even been hinted at. There had been no demand for more pay or better hours — customary in strikes. Nor did any one else — but the Kimball sisters — know a strike was on. The strikers themselves didn't know it. Nevertheless, it was there — psychological — dangerous, because wholly elusive — effective. The sales sheets of the women's departments that night showed a decided, an unaccountable falling off. Joe paid no attention to the fact. Next day sales were still less. "Coincidence," thought the young G.M. and dismissed the circumstance. "Curious, deuced curious," said Joe the night of the third day of the love strike when the sales sheets were laid before him. The next day he began to observe things. Apparently the same number of persons were present in the women's goods; they were waited upon politely and adequately so far as he could see.

Said Joe to Kimball the evening of the fourth day of the love strike: "Look at these sales sheets. How do you account for it? The men's sales are normal."

And Kimball reassured: "Don't worry. It'll correct itself in a few days." But the matter didn't correct itself in a few days as Kimball had promised, and Joe's faith in the lady's judgment waned. And because sales in the women's departments continued to fall off quite noticeably, he began to worry again. He suffered a touch of apprehension whenever the direct telephone to Big Falls rang.

At the end of a week of much perplexity, quiet observation and worry, Joe called in Humble Willie Henderson, who, since his promotion, had developed hitherto unsuspected sagacity. "Remember, Henderson," said he, "I'm speaking to you in the strictest confidence", and then went on to tell the new P.A. how the matter of the declining sales in the women's departments for the week had perplexed him. "You've been here a long time, Henderson. Tell me — is such a circumstance common?"

"No," said Humble Willie. "I never knew or heard of such a thing. Curious, ain't it?"

When Humble Willie had gone Joe lighted his customary black comforter and pondered. He could hear the employees leaving by the back entrance. Mechanically he switched on his desk light, still pondering. He approached the puzzle from one angle, then from another. No use. Humble Willie's words had given no comfort. Clearly Kimball was as much in the dark as he, Joe — no use asking her again. To consult O'Neill would be a confession of inability to cope with what T.O. might consider a trivial situation. The young G.M's relations with O'Neill were peculiar. He had bluffed the big merchant into giving him the job and so it was doubly hard to eat humble pie — usually denominated by politicians "crow" — by appealing to him for help.

Suddenly Joe sat up straight and brushed all objections aside. "What's the matter with you, Joe O'Brien? Bother your pride. What if you have got to eat a bit of crow? O'Neill's the man you're working for — it's his money that's at stake. Here's a situation you can't cope with. You've no right to keep it from him even if you lose your job. It ain't honest." That settled it with Joe.

At this point Toodles Jenks entered and handed Joe a letter, and Joe thanked the boy and dismissed him for the night. The letter was from Minnie. Joe's face brightened. Her letters had always given him comfort when he was in the dumps, had always set him straight when he was perplexed. This letter was the same as the others — at the start — sweetheartish, flubdubbish, and all the rest of it, but the tail end had a snap to it, a snap like the crack of a whip, that made Joe sit up with a jerk. "In your most recent letters, dear Joe, you say everybody tells you how wonderful you are. Now I want to ask — with all love, mind you — is it Joe O'Brien they're speaking to or is it the G.M.? Think it over, dear Joe."

For a moment Joe was hot with resentment. A deep and chastening mortification followed, and his cheeks burned redder than they had with anger. He held Minnie's letter up and read and re-read it. And, presently, as he read Joe saw the light. What a wonderful girl she was. And he had been bragging to her. Think of it! Bragging to a girl like her. And she'd seen through his bragging and had been indulgent with him. And he'd gone on bragging and the climax had been that he was going to give the old fogy merchants a bump, show 'em where they got off. By jingo, no flatterer, Minnie — no palaverer. And how sweetly she'd put it — "with all love, dear Joe — is it you or the G.M.?"

"By jingo, Minnie Squires, but you're the wise girl. And, Joe O'Brien, it's the blooming ass you are."

PRESENTLY he sat up straight. Slowly he pulled a pad toward him and reluctantly, but resolutely, picked up a pen. "I've bragged to you, dear Minnie, bragged like a braying jackass. But I haven't lied to you. I've told you the truth about everything I did, but I oughtn't to have told it in that way. I wanted to impress you because I loved you. I wanted to stand well in your sight. That's why I wrote you the way I did. Mind you, I'm not trying to excuse myself. I only want you to know the truth, get it off my chest. When you read this letter you may not think me as big a man as I wanted you to think me. But here it is." And Joe told Minnie everything, frankly told her everything. "Minnie, darling," he wound up, "I'm puzzled and perplexed. Evidently this is a woman's matter. I'm not equal to it. I want you to help me. I want your advice. Think over all I've told you and tell me what to do. And don't be afraid to hit me right between the eyes, Minnie. I realize that whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

If Joe O'Brien had seen Minnie when she got his letter he'd have been filled with wonder. He had fancied that he had pretty well builded himself up with her by his former letters. He had deducted, from his recently acquired but wonderful knowledge of women, that Minnie would be disappointed by this abject but honest confession of error. True, Minnie Squires had a good business head on her shoulders; true, she had rejoiced at Joe's success, but the woman in her was a great deal older than the business head. And just now she didn't care a hang about Joe's business success or failure, for the boy — her boy — who had been unconsciously drifting away from her on the tide of his own egotism had come back to her — with a rush — come back for help. He had got a bump, that was clear. But he had come back to her. That was the big thing.

A fortnight later a stunningly up-to-date girl entered Tom O Neill's office in Big Falls. O'Neill rose, regarding her with keen interest.

"I don't suppose you remember me, Mr. O'Neill."

"I do indeed. You're Miss Squires, daughter of Squires that runs the big hat store on Broadway."

Minnie laughed, extending her hand. "You saw me only once."

"That was enough, Miss Squires."

"I've just come from Millbrook Junction."

"Indeed?" O'Neill was surprised.

"I came to you because Joe wouldn't come himself." She laughed. "It's not a raise he's after. He has no idea at all that I've come to see you. It's about the falling off in the women's sales down there."

O'NEILL lighted a cigar. "You don't mind if I smoke, Miss Squires?"

"Some time ago," Minnie went on, "Joe wrote me about this unaccountable falling off in sales and said that, as it was a woman's matter, he wanted me to advise him. He said he didn't like to consult you because it might hurt your opinion of him, his not being able to grapple with the situation. Then he concluded that it wasn't right to keep you in the dark, that it wasn't honest to risk your money that way, that he was going to tell you even if you cut his head off."

O'Neill puffed his cigar quietly. "He didn't keep me in the dark, Miss Squires. I was only waiting to see what he'd do."

Minnie went on. "When I got Joe's letter I wired back that I was on my way to Millbrook Junction. When I got in I immediately sent Joe a letter — by messenger — outlining my plans. We were to appear as strangers. I was to apply at the store for a job, and he was to see that I got it. He replied that I was to see Miss Kimball, that one or two of the girls were away on vacations and I might substitute. Very good, I was engaged. I had no sooner taken my place behind the counter than I observed that the salesgirls were lackadaisical, utterly indifferent, while the men were doing their best to sell goods."

"Interesting. Very interesting."

"You'll find it even more so as I go on, Mr. O'Neill."

"Just what do you mean by indifferent, Miss Squires? Didn't they wait on customers?"

"In a machine-like way, yes, and rather grudgingly, I thought. For instance, Mr. O'Neill, if a customer asked for two yards of a certain pattern of calico she got it. If they didn't have it, the salesgirl told her so and quietly turned away and the woman left without buying anything. But with the men it was: 'I haven't got that thing, exactly, Mr. Jones. But here's something at the same figure that seems to me to be even more suitable!' And Jones, agreeing, bought it."

"I get you," said O'Neill.

"I waited a bit," said Minnie, "and watched until I was convinced that my theory was correct."

"And what was your theory?" said O'Neill.

Minnie hesitated. "Frankly, that the girls had something personal against Joe."

O'Neill put his great hand over his mouth and looked for some moments into Minnie's eyes, not trusting himself to speak. Then he said: "You'll pardon me, Miss Squires, for smiling, but this is a funny situation. You're engaged to Joe O'Brien and yet you come here and talk to me in a quiet, matter-of-fact way about his personal relations with the young women under him in the store."

Retorted Minnie: "I wouldn't if I weren't sure he was absolutely innocent — a victim."

O'Neill tapped the back of the girl's hand with his great forefinger. "Of course, he's innocent, but what do you mean by victim?"

"I had my suspicions, Mr. O'Neill, but I knew it wouldn't do to ask questions. I believed I could force the card in another way. So I just sold goods to beat the band all that day. The second day I noticed that the girls were watching me with some perplexity. And that night one of the girls — you don't mind if I don't mention her name?" — O'Neill nodded — "invited me to her room for a cup of tea. The first thing she did was to warn me against Joe O'Brien."

For the first time O'Neill's great hand was not able to repress his mirth and Minnie joined him in the big laugh.

"And what had Joe done?"

"It wasn't so much what he had done as what he was capable of doing. He was a New Yorker, she told me, and all New Yorkers were tricksters, deceivers. They all liked to say nice things to a girl, flatter her, make her believe they took a personal interest in her, turn her head to get something out of her, and then throw her down and go and say the same thing to some other girl."

"Oh, you New Yorkers," commented O'Neill, "but you're the wicked bunch. What made her say that, do you suppose?"

"I got the first part of it from Joe," Minnie explained. "It was this way. He noticed that the women weren't selling as well as the men. He spoke to Miss Kimball about it. And Miss Kimball advised Joe to be personal with the girls just as he had been with the men, if he wanted them to sell goods." Briefly, Minnie told O'Neill how carefully Joe had worked out his scheme to encourage selling by being impersonally personal, and how the girls then strove to sell goods in order to please the young G.M.

"Yes," commented O'Neill, "I remember that sudden bulge in sales."

"I asked the girl why she said that about Joe." Minnie paused, then with deliberation and with her earnest eyes holding O'Neill's own: "She told me that Miss Kimball had warned the girls not against Joe, mind you, but against all New York men. She said that it was her business to protect them — the girls — and, mind you, after Kimball had urged Joe to be personal with the girls and he had fallen for it. Very well. Acting under the suggestion of Kimball's words, the girls got together. They compared notes and found that Joe — a New York man — had appeared to take a personal interest in each girl to make her sell goods, that he had said the very same thing to the other girls. But he had not made good. He hadn't taken one to a picnic or another to the movies, as he had made them think he was going to do, or anything else. It was clear to them now that he was going to pay them in hot air — he was nothing but a pleasure grafter — and they made up their minds they weren't going to work like the devil to sell goods just to push his interests. That's why sales fell off so."

"And what did Joe say when you told him this?"

Minnie laughed. "He was quite disgusted. He said: 'Hang it all, I don't understand women. Try to be nice to 'em and get in this kind of a mess.' Then I said to him: 'You must tell the boss about it.' He said: 'What? Go and tattle on a bunch of women? I guess not. I'm not built that way.'"

At this O'Neill threw his head back and laughed uproariously and Minnie caught the spirit of the thing and grinned sympathetically. "'But,' I said, and he said: 'But, nothing. O'Neill can think what he likes — he can fire me. I've a good mind to chuck the job anyway. I guess T.O's disgusted.' And I said: 'Well, Joe, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll go back to New York.' He didn't know I was going to stop here. I didn't even let him see me off." She lifted a warning finger. "And don't you tell him."

"So that's the way he feels, is it?" O'Neill puffed his cigar and pondered and Minnie waited. Presently the big boss picked up the telephone. "Give me Millbrook." He waited a minute. "Hello, Millbrook. Give me Mr. O'Brien." A few seconds and then: "Hello, Joe. How are you this morning? Say, Joe, I just called up to let you know what Arnstein and I think of that personal adviser scheme of yours. I've been waiting till I saw how it worked out. It's great, positively great. Push it along. Say, Joe, we're going to put it in here Monday. That shows what we think of it." A pause, then: "What? Of course I've noticed it. Know all about it. Course not. That's one of those things nobody can explain." Here O'Neill winked at Minnie. "Don't worry, Joe. That'll correct itself. They'll all be selling goods like hot cakes before you know it. So long, Joe." O'Neill hung up and turned to Minnie. "You're worrying, Miss Squires, that if I keep Kimball down there there'll still be the devil to pay, aren't you?"

"YES," said Minnie, "frankly I am."

"Just you wait till you see what I'm going to do to that scheming young divvil." O'Neill picked up the telephone again. "Give me Millbrook." Now that she felt Kimball's vanquishment was accomplished, Minnie was forgiving. She put a restraining hand on O'Neill's arm.

"Don't plead for that young lady, Miss Squires. It won't do any good." In a few moments O'Neill turned to the telephone. "Miss Kimball." Pause, then: "Oh, is that you, Miss Kimball? I've been noticing what you've been doing down there for a long time and I've concluded that Millbrook Junction's too small a field for your activities, so I've just appointed you assistant general manager up here in Big Falls with more money." He

chuckled. "Don't thank me. If you want to thank anybody, thank Joe O'Brien for the kind things he's been saying about you."

Minnie gasped and O'Neill hung up. "That'll be a couple of hot coals for her head. But it's a fact. Joe has been saying nice things about her." O'Neill turned to Minnie with an indulgent smile. "You're a young woman, Miss Squires, and I'm going to give you a bit of business philosophy that'll open your eyes. I believe what you said about Kimball, that's why I'm takin' her away from Millbrook. And, believin' what you say about her, you'll wonder why I don't sack her right off the bat. Wait a bit and you'll know why. Kimball's all right. Some old wise one once said: 'Dirt is only matter in the wrong place.' We won't call Kimball dirt, we'll call her matter in the wrong place."

Minnie's eyes sparkled appreciatively

"Kimball is very valuable to us," O'Neill went on. "We've made her so. Naturally, she's ambitious, which is a darned good thing, and being an ambitious woman, naturally she's a schemin' woman, which is also a good thing 'cause it shows she has brains. She's in the wrong environment, that's all. She's got to the top of her usefulness down there. Up here, under proper guidance and restraint, she'll be still more valuable. Now you see how foolish I'd be to dismiss her. Do you get me?"

"Mr. O'Neill, I get you and I think you're the smartest man I ever met."

"And now to prove that I'm smart, Miss Squires, I'm offerin' you the place that Miss Kimball has just been promoted out of. Will you take it?"

"Oh, dear, no, Mr. O'Neill. I'm going back to New York."

"No?" said O'Neill, surprised. "Think of how you could help Joe down there."

Minnie clapped her hands. "I'm going to do better, Mr. O'Neill. I'm going to New York and make arrangements with Pop for a long vacation and then I'm coming back here and send Joe O'Brien to Congress!"

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

[*Continued from page 30*]

How easily could Adam strike the chords of her emotion and rouse her to impassioned speech! His power to do this haunted him, and sometimes he could not resist it until wistfulness or trouble in her eyes made him ashamed.

"Some day I'll tell you how *I* was driven once — ruined — " he said.

"Ruined! You? Why, Wansfell, you are a man! Sometimes I think you're a god of the desert. . . . But tell me — what ruined you, as you mean it?"

"No, not now. I'm interested in your — what is it? — your lack of power to love?"

"Lack! How little you know me! I am all power to love — I am a quivering mass of exquisitely delicate sensitive nerves — I am a seething torrent of hot blood — I am an empty heart, deep and terrible as this valley, hungry for love as it is hungry for precious rain or dew — I am an illimitable emotion, heaving like the tides of the sea — I am all love."

"And I — only a stupid blunderer," said Adam.

"You use a knife relentlessly, sometimes . . . Wansfell, listen . . . I have a child — a lovely girl. She is fourteen years old — the sweetest. . . . Ah! — Before she was born I did not love her — I did not *want* her. But afterward! . . . Wansfell, a mother's love is divine. But I had more than that. All — all my heart went out to Ruth. . . . *Love!* — Oh, my God, does any man know the torture of love? . . . Oh, *I* know. I had to leave her — I had to give her up. . . and I'll never — never see — her — again!"

The woman bowed with hands to her face, and her body shook.

"Forgive me!" whispered Adam, huskily, in distress. It was all he could say for a moment. She had stunned him. Never had he imagined her as a mother. "Yet — yet I'm glad I know now. You should have told me. I am your friend. I've tried to be a — a brother. Tell me, Magdalene. You'll be the — the less troubled. I will help you. I think I understand — just a little. You seemed to me only a very young woman — and you're a mother! — Always I say I'll never be surprised again. Why, the future is all surprise. . . . And your little girl's name is Ruth? Ruth Virey. What a pretty name!"

Adam had rambled on, full of contrition, trying somehow to convey sympathy. Slowly her eyes were veiling an emotion, a glimpse of which uplifted him.

"Wansfell, I'm thirty-eight years old," she said.

"No! I can't believe that," he ejaculated.

"It's true."

"Well, well, I guess I'll go back to figuring the desert — But speaking of age — guess mine. I'll bet you can't come any nearer to mine."

Gravely she studied him, and in the look and action once more grew composed.

"You're a masculine Sphinx. Those terrible lines from cheek to jaw — they speak of agony, but not of age. But you're gray at the temples. Wansfell, you are thirty-seven — perhaps forty."

"Magdalene Virey!" cried Adam, aghast. "Do I look so old? Alas, for vanished youth! . . . I am only twenty-six."

It was her turn to be amazed.

"We had better confine ourselves to other riddles than love and age. They are treacherous. . . . Come, let us be going."

The hour came when Magdalene Virey stirred Adam to his depths.

"Wansfell," she said, with a rare and wonderful tremor in her voice, "I love the silence, the loneliness, the serenity — even the tragedy of this valley of shadows. Ah! It is one place that will never be popular with men — where few women will ever come. Nature has set it apart for wanderers of the wastelands, men like you, unquenchable souls who endure, as you said, to fight, to strive, to seek, to find. . . . And surely for lost souls like me! Most men and all women must find death here, if they stay. But there is death in life. I've faced my soul here, in the black lonely watches of the desert nights. And I would endure any agony to change that soul, to make it as high and clear and noble as the white cone on the mountain yonder."

Mysterious and inscrutable, the desert influence had worked upon Magdalene Virey. On the other hand forces destructive to her physical being had attacked her. It was as if an invisible withering wind had blown upon a flower in the night. Adam saw this with distress. But she laughed at the truth of it — laughed without mockery. Something triumphant rang in her laugh.

"Suppose I pack the burros, and tuck you under my arm — and take you anyway?" he queried, stubbornly.

"I fancy I'd like you to tuck me under your arm," she replied, with the low laugh that came readily now, "but if you did — it would be as far as you'd get."

"How so?" he demanded, curiously.

"Why, I'd exercise the prerogative of the eternal feminine and command that time should stand still right there."

"Time — stand still?" echoed Adam. "Magdalene, you are beyond me."

"SO it seems. I'm a little beyond myself sometimes. You will never see in me the woman who has been courted, loved, spoiled by men."

"Well, I grasp that, I guess. But I don't care to see you as such a woman. I might not — "

"Ah! you might not respect me," she interrupted. "But, Wansfell, if I had met *you* when I was eighteen I would never have been courted and loved and ruined by men . . . You don't grasp that either."

Adam had long ceased to curse his density. The simplicity of him antagonized her complexity. His had been the gladness of seeing her grow brown and strong and well, until these early June days had begun to weaken her. That fact had augmented his earnestness to get her to leave the Valley. But she was adamant.

The time came when only early in the mornings or late in the afternoons could they walk to their accustomed seat near the gateway of the valley.

One morning before sunrise they climbed, much against Adam's advice, to a high point where Mrs. Virey loved to face the east at that hour. It was a hard climb, too hard

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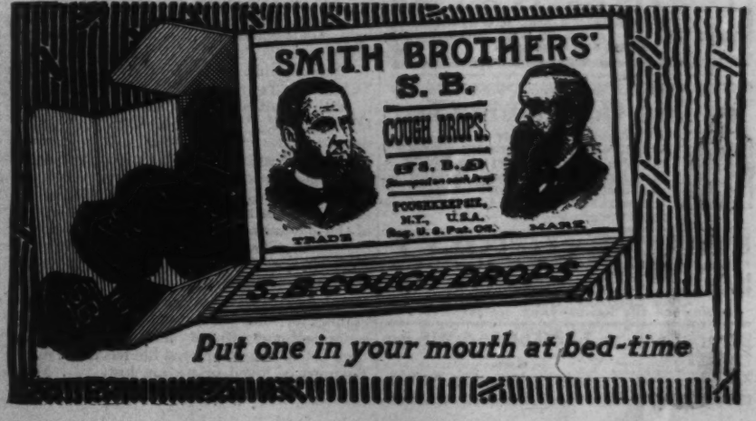

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for her to attempt in the heat and oppression that had come of late.

They saw the east luminous and rosy, momentarily brightening with a rayed effulgence that spread from a golden center behind the dark bold domes of the Funeral Mountains. One moment — and the beauty, the glory, the promise were as it they had never been. The light over Death Valley was too fierce for the gaze of man.

On the way down, at a narrow ledge, where loose stones made precarious footing, she slipped off the more solid trail to a little declivity of loose rocks that began to slide with her toward a slope, where, if she went over it, she must meet serious injury. She did not scream. Adam plunged after her, and reaching her with a long arm, just as she was about to fall, he swung her up as if she had only the weight of a child. Then, holding her in his arms, he essayed to wade out of the little stream of sliding rocks. Presently he reached the solid ledge and was about to set her upon her feet.

"Time — stand still here!" she exclaimed, her voice full of the old mockery, with an added regret for what might have been.

Adam halted his action as if suddenly chained, and he gazed down upon her, where she rested with her head on the bend of his left elbow. There was a smile on the brown face that had once been so pale.

"Put me down," she said.

"Why did you say, 'time — stand still here'?" he asked, as he placed her upon her feet.

"Do you remember the time when I told you how words and lines and verses of the poets I used to love came to mind so vividly out here? Sometimes I speak them — that is all."

"I understand."

"Wansfell, you are the only man I've ever known who could have held me in his arms and have been blind and dead to the nature of a woman. . . . Listen. You've done me the honor to say I have splendid thoughts and noble emotions. I hope I have. I know you have inspired many. I know this Valley of Death has changed my soul. . . . But, Wansfell, I am a woman, and a woman is more than her high and lofty thoughts — her wandering inspirations. A woman is a creature of feeling, somehow doomed. . . . When I said, 'time — stand still here!' — I was false to the woman in me that you idealize. A thousand thoughts, emotions, memories, desires, sorrows, vanities, prompted the words of which you have made me ashamed. But to spare myself a little, let me say that it would indeed be beautiful for you to take me up into your arms — and then for time to stand still forever."

"Do you mean that — so — you'd feel safe, protected, at rest?" he asked.

"Yes, and infinitely more. Wansfell, it is a woman's fate that the only safe and happy and desired place for her this side of the grave is in the arms of the man she loves. A real man — with strength and gentleness — for her and her alone! . . . It is a terrible thing in woman, the need to be loved. It is an instinct. She can no more change it than she can change the shape of her hand. Poor fated woman! It is a man, the right man, that means life to a woman. That instinct in me — for which I confess shame — has been unsatisfied despite all the men who have loved me. When you saved me — perhaps from injury — and took me into your arms, the instinct over which I have no control flashed up. While it lasted, until you looked at me, I wanted that moment to last forever. I wanted to be held that way — until the last trumpet sounded."

AS she paused, her slender brown hands at her heaving breast, her eyes strained as if peering through obscurity at a distant light, Adam could only stare at her in helpless fascination.

"Now, the instinct is gone," she continued. "Chilled by your aloofness! I am looking at it with intelligence. And Wansfell, I'm filled with pity for women. I pity myself, despite the fact that my mind is free. I can control my acts, if not my instincts and emotions. I am bound. I am a woman. I am a she-creature. I am little different from the fierce she-cats, the she-lions — any of the she-animals that you've told me fight to survive down on your wild Colorado Desert. . . . That seems to me the sex, the fate, the doom of women. Too much knowledge is bad for my sex. But *I* am the happier for what you have taught me. I can see myself now with pity instead of loathing. I am not to blame for what life has made me. We must be loved or we are lost. . . . My friend, the divinity in human life is seen best in some lost woman like me, or like Mojave Jo."

"Magdalene Virey," protested Adam, "I can't follow you. . . . But to say *you* are a lost woman — or there was divinity in the one-eyed hag, Mojave Jo — that I won't listen to. Don't speak of yourself in that — that ——"

"We are both women," interrupted Mrs. Virey, her voice rising out of the strong sweet melody. "I *was* a lost woman. I had my pride, and I defied the husband whose heart I broke and whose life I ruined. I scorned the punishment, the exile he meted out to me. That was because I was thoroughbred. But all the same I was lost — lost to happiness, to hope, to effort, to repentance, to spiritual uplift. Death Valley will be my tomb, but there will be resurrection for me. . . . It is you, Wansfell, who have been my salvation. *You* have the power. It has come from your strife and agony on the desert. It is the divine in you that seeks and finds the divine in unfortunates who cross your wandering trail."

Adam, rendered mute, could only offer his hand; and in silence he led her down the slope.

THAT afternoon, near the close of the hot hours, Adam lay in the shade of the brush shelter he had erected near the Virey shack. He was absorbed in watching a tribe of red ants, and his posture was so unusual that it gave pause to Virey, who had come down from the slope. The man approached and gazed curiously at Adam.

"Looking for grains of gold?" inquired Virey, with sarcasm.

"I'm watching these red ants," replied Adam, without looking up.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard!" he ejaculated, and this time without sarcasm.

"Virey, I'm no sluggard," returned Adam. "It's you who are that. I'm a worker."

"I was not meaning you," said Virey. "There are things I hate you for, but laziness is certainly not included in them. . . . I never worked in my life. I had money left me. It was a curse. I thought I could buy everything. I bought a wife — the big-eyed woman to whom you devote your services — and your attentions. . . . And I bought myself the sweetness of the deadly nightshade flower — a statue of marble, chiseled in the beautiful curves of mocking love — a woman of chain-lightning and hate. . . . If I had lived by industry, as live those red ants you're watching, I might not now have one foot in my grave in Death Valley."

Thus there were rare instances when Virey appeared a man with the human virtues of regret, of comprehension, of tolerance, but never a word issued from his lips that was not tinged with bitterness.

Late that night, Adam was awakened by a gale that swooped up through the gateway from the valley. It blew away the cool mountain air which had settled down from the heights. It was a warmer wind than any Adam had ever before experienced at night. It worried him. Forerunner, it must be, of the midnight furnace winds that had added to the fame of Death Valley!

Adam lay sleepless, listening to the lonely fall of sliding rocks, the rattle and clash, and then the hollow settling. Then he listened to the silence.

It was broken by a different note, louder, harsher the rattle and bang of a stone displaced and falling from a momentum other than its own. It did not settle. Heavy and large, it cracked down to thud into the sand and bump out through the brush. Scarcely had it quieted when another was set in motion, and it brought a low sliding crash of many small rocks. Adam sat up, turning his ear toward the slope. Another large stone banged down to the sands. Adam heard the whiz of it, evidently hurtling through the air between his camp and the Virey's. If it had struck their shack!

Adam got up, and pulling on his boots, walked out a little way from his camp. More crackling and rolling of little rocks, and then the dislodgement of a heavy one, convinced Adam that a burro was climbing the slope, or a panther.

Hurrying across to the Virey shack he approached the side farther from the slope, and called: "Mrs. Virey."

"Yes. What do you want, Wansfell?" she replied, instantly.

"Have you heard the sliding rocks?"

"Indeed I have. All through that strange roar of wind — and later."

"You and Virey better get up, and take your blankets out a ways, where you will not be in danger. I think there's a burro or a

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panther up on the slope. You know how loose the stones are — how at the slightest touch they come sliding and rolling. I'll go up and scare the beast away."

"Wansfell, you're wrong," came the reply, with that old mockery which always hurt Adam. "You should not insult a burro — not to speak of a panther. It is another kind of animal. Wansfell, it's a sneaking coyote," she called, piercingly.

Adam was absolutely dumfounded.

"Coyote!" he ejaculated.

"Yes It's my husband. It s Virey. He found out the rolling rocks frightened me at night. So he climbs up there and rolls them. . . . Sees how close he can come to hitting the shack!"

An instant Adam leaned there with his head bent to the brush wall, as if turned to stone. Then, like a man stung, he leaped up and bounded toward the slope.

In the orange radiance on that strange moon-blanched slope he dimly saw a moving object. It stood upright. Indeed — no burro — or panther! Adam drew a deep and mighty breath for the yell that must jar the very stones from their sockets.

"*HYAR!*" he yelled in stentorian roar. Like thunder the great sound pealed up the slope. "*Come down or I'll wring your neck!*"

Only the clapping, rolling, immeasurable echoes answered him.

ADAM spent the remainder of that night pacing to and fro in the orange-hued shadows, fighting the fierce grim violence that at last had burst its barrier.

This passion had taken possession of him before. Adam could have wrung the life out of this Virey with less compunction than he would have in stamping on the head of a venomous reptile.

Adam went down to the gateway between the huge walls. A light was kindling over the far-away Funeral Range and soon a glorious star swept up, as if by magic, above the dark rim of the world. No dream — no illusion — no desert mirage! What could be the meaning of such a wonderful light? Magdalene Virey kept vigil with him on that lonely beat. It was her agony which swayed and wore down his elemental passion. Would not he fail her if he killed this man? Virey's brutality seemed not the great question at issue for him.

"I'll not kill him — yet!"

When he returned to camp the sun had risen red and hot with a thin leaden haze dulling its brightness. Magdalene Virey sat on the stone bench under the brush shelter waiting for him.

"Is Virey back yet?" he asked.

"Yes. He's inside — going to sleep."

"I want to see him — to get something off my mind," said Adam.

"Wait — Adam!" she cried.

One glance at her brought Adam to a standstill, and then to a slow settling down upon the stone seat, where he bowed his head. Life had held few more poignant moments than this, in his pity for others. Yet he thrilled with admiration for this woman. She came close to him.

"My friend — brother," she whispered, "if you kill him — it will undo — all the good you've done — for me."

"You told me once that the grandest act of a man was to fight for the happiness — the life of a woman," he replied.

"True! And haven't you fought for my happiness and my life, too? I would have died long ago. As for happiness — it has come out of my fight, my work, my effort to meet you on your heights — more happiness than I deserve — than I ever hoped to attain. . . . But if you kill Virey — all will have been in vain."

"Why?" he asked, huskily.

"Because it is I who ruined him," she replied, in a low deep voice, significant of the force behind it. "As men go in the world he was a gentleman, a man of affairs, happy and carefree. When he met me his life changed. He worshiped me. It was not his fault that I could not love him. I hated him because they forced me to marry him. For years he idolized me. . . . Then — then came the shock — his despair, his agony. It made him mad. There is a very thin line between great love and great hate."

"What — ruined him?" demanded Adam.

"Adam, it will be harder to confess than any other ordeal of my whole life. Because — because *you* are the one man I should have met years ago. . . . Do you understand? And I — who yearn for your respect — for your — Oh! spare me! . . . I who need your faith — I must confess my shame to save my husband's worthless life."

"No. I'll not have you humiliating yourself to save him anything. I give my word. I'll never kill Virey unless he harms you."

"Ah! But he has harmed me. He has struck me. . . . Wansfell! don't leap like that. Listen. Virey will harm me, sooner or later. He is obsessed with his one idea — to see me suffer. That is why he has let you and me wander around together so much. He hoped in his narrow soul to see you come to love me, and me to love you — so through that I should fall *again* — to suffer more anguish — . . . But lo! I am uplifted — forever beyond his reach. . . . Unless you kill him — which would stain my hands with his blood — bring back the doom of soul from which you rescued me!"

"Magdalene, I swear I'll never kill Virey unless he kills you," declared Adam, as if forced beyond endurance.

"Ah, I ask no more!" she whispered, in passionate gratitude. "My God, how I feared you — yet somehow gloried in your look. . . . And now listen, friend, brother — man who should have been my lover — I sacrifice a possible paradise, for I am still young, and life is sweet."

She circled his head with her arm and drew it against the heaving breast.

"My daughter Ruth was not Virey's child," she went on, her voice low, yet clear as a bell. "I was only nineteen — a fool — mad — driven. I thought I was in love, but it was only one of those insane spells that so often ruin women. . . . For years I kept the secret. Then I could not keep it any longer. At the height of Virey's goodness to me and his adoration, and his wonderful love for Ruth, I told him the truth. I *had* to tell it. . . . That killed his soul. He lived only to make me suffer. The sword he held over my head was the threat to tell my secret to Ruth. I could not bear that. A thousand deaths would have been preferable to that. . . So, in the frenzy of our trouble, we started west for the desert. I sent Ruth away with my father, somewhere to southern California. She did not know it was parting forever. But oh, God in heaven — how I knew it! . . . Then, in my desperation, I dared Virey to his worst. I had ruined him and I would pay to the last drop of blood in my bitter heart. We came to Death Valley, as I told you, because the terror and desolation seemed to Virey to be as close to a hell on earth as he could find to hide me. Here he began indeed to make me suffer — dirt and vermin and thirst and hunger and pain. . . . But even Death Valley cheated him. You came, Wansfell, and now — at last — I believe in God!"

Adam wrapped a long arm around her trembling body and held her close. At last she had confessed her secret. It called to the unplumbed depths of him. And the cry in his heart was for the endless agony of woman. A fierce and terrible rage flamed in him for the ruin of her. Yet through his helpless fury whispered a still voice into his consciousness — she had been miserable and now she was at peace — she had been lost and now she was saved.

MEMORY surged up in Adam, moving him to speak aloud his own hidden secret.

"I will tell you my story," he said, and the words were as cruel blades at the closed portals of his heart. Huskily he began, halting often, breathing hard, while the clammy sweat beaded his brow.

"And Adam — *she*, this Margarita was the only woman you ever loved — ever knew that way?" asked Magdalene, when he had finished.

"Yes."

"And she was the cause of your ruin?"

"Indeed she was, poor child!"

"The hussy!" cried Magdalene, passionately. "And you — only eighteen years old? How I hate her! . . . And what of the man who won her fickle heart?"

"He — he was my brother Guerd."

"Oh, *no!*" she burst out. "The boy you loved — the *brother* — Oh, it can't be true!"

"It was true. . . . And, Magdalene — I killed him."

Then with a gasp she enveloped him in a fierce protective frenzy of tenderness.

"Oh, my God! — Oh, my God! — how horrible! . . . Your *brother!* . . . And I thought my secret, my sin, my burden so terrible! — Oh, my heart bleeds for you. . . . Wansfell, poor unhappy wanderer!"

At last the endlessly-long, increasingly-hot June days brought the leaden-hazed month of July, when no sane man ever attemped to cross Death Valley while the sun was high.

In all hours, even in the darkness, the bold rugged slopes of (*Continued on page 57*)

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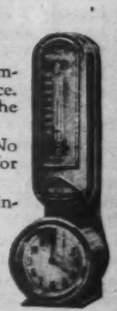

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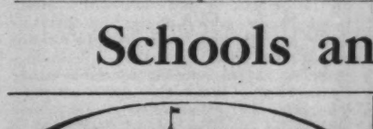

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Safety and Seven Per Cent

by

Paul Tomlinson

EVERY one is trying to increase his income. Labor demands higher wages, the clerk asks for a larger salary, the manufacturer strives for greater efficiency and lower costs so that the earnings of his company will be large and his personal profit increased. No matter what the methods employed the same idea is in the minds of all these people; they want more money. Similarly the man with money to invest is constantly striving to find an investment which will pay him more than he has been getting. He is not satisfied with the average yield any more than an ambitious man is satisfied to be merely an average mechanic, clerk, lawyer, doctor or whatever his work in life happens to be; he wants to be above the average and consequently in a position to command a larger income. Many people judge their fellowmen by what they earn, look up to the man with the big income, and down on the man with a small one. Many people judge securities in the same way; they are attracted to the one with the high yield and scorn the one which only pays a modest return. Unless it yields more than the average it does not interest them, and further, they seem to think sometimes that it is a reflection on their intelligence if they get only four-and-a-half per cent. on an investment when their neighbors are receiving almost twice as much.

No one has any quarrel with ambition properly directed. Little progress would be made without it. It is true, however, that ambition centered solely on money is not of the highest type, and the man who is judged only by the size of his earnings may be grossly misjudged. The best citizen is not necessarily the man with the largest bank account. Similarly, the final test of an investment is not its yield. Many people cannot get rid of the idea that this is the supreme test, however, and for this reason they often go astray. A savings bank may not pay sufficient interest to satisfy them; Liberty Bonds they know are safe, but their yield seems small in comparison with other securities offered them, and in order to get a larger income they sacrifice safety—the first requirement of an investment—and by so doing run the risk of losing all.

When Barnum said there was a new sucker born every minute he must have been referring to investors. And has there ever been a more striking example of human gullibility and greed than was furnished by the Ponzi case in Boston? Here was a man who promised "investors" fifty per cent. on their money in forty-five days. He had scores of agents working for him, to whom he paid ten per cent. on the money they got for his supposed International Postal Coupon scheme. These commissions ran into hundreds of thousands of dollars, so that the money Ponzi himself handled amounted to millions. And he actually paid fifty per cent. to some "investors." He paid it because the money poured in so fast he could afford to turn some of it over to the earlier "investors" who would tell their friends about it and get them in and come back for more themselves. He took money in with one hand and paid it out with the other. So far as I have ever heard he never made one cent out of postal coupons.

Since August 13th, Ponzi has been in jail, and on October 1st, true bills were reported to the Federal Court embodying two indictments against him, each indictment containing forty-three counts. The maximum penalty on each count is reported as five years' imprisonment, so that if convicted he is subject to four hundred and thirty years in jail. To read this may cause a smile, but there is little but tragedy in the whole wicked business. Think of the hundreds and thousands of people who lost their every cent through the false promises of this man; think of the sorrow and wretchedness which followed in the wake of his exposure as a fraud. It is heartrending and yet it makes one angry to think people are so simple-minded as to trust their money to some one they know nothing about. And not the least sad thing about it is that there are thousands of frauds still at large busily plying their trade of separating people from their money, and doing it by no other means than a glowing tale of how they can increase incomes through the purchase of some stock. They do not all get the notoriety that Ponzi has had, because they do not operate on such a large scale, but the sum total of the money lost during a year through their schemes must easily exceed the enormous amount the papers reported lost in this one particular case.

And it is still going on. This very morning I saw a circular a man had received from a motor company "inviting" him to become one of the owners of the concern. As if every stockholder were not an owner. Further, the circular said that he was one of fifty-six men in the whole state to whom this invitation had been extended, and urged him to grant the agents permission to send him fuller details of their offer. How ridiculous! This man is not a prominent citizen, has little money, and why should he be one of fifty-six to "benefit" from this wonderful offer? The fact of the matter is, that he isn't. It would be a reasonably safe bet to say that if five thousand six hundred people from that same state offered to buy stock they would all be accommodated. Perhaps some people believe twaddle of this kind, and think they really are part of an exclusive fifty-six, and therefore are more liable to buy. It must be so or the old game would not be tried, and worked, so often.

Further, this same circular called attention to the enormous profits any man would have had to-day who invested five hundred dollars in the stock of two of our most successful automobile companies twelve years ago. All of which is true, but what does it prove so far as this particular stock is concerned? Absolutely nothing. One might just as well say that because Mr. Rockefeller made a fortune in oil every oil stock is valuable. The reasoning in the two instances is the same, and equally fallacious.

Now all of this is meant to show that it is folly to try to get too much for your money. There is a limit to all good things, and it is neither wise nor safe to go beyond it. What is this limit in the case of investments and how is it to be defined? By the test of safety in every case. The first requirement of every investment is safety, and if it is not safe there is no point in looking further, for nothing else matters. On the other hand if it is safe, then it is worth while to investigate the yield, and so long as it is consistent with safety there is no reason for not getting as high a yield as possible. It may be elemental to state here, what every investor knows who stops to think, that as a general rule the lower the yield the safer the investment. For instance, a stock selling to yield five per cent. is practically certain to be safer than one yielding eight. Take this example: two stocks pay five dollars a year in dividends; the first one sells at par and therefore yields exactly five per cent.; the second one sells at 60¼ and yields eight per cent. There is a difference of almost 40 points in the selling prices of the two stocks and this difference is based upon their comparative safety. The first stock is worth par because earnings and prospects seem to assure the continuance of the present dividend; in other words it is considered a safe investment. The second stock sells much lower because it is looked upon as speculative and if the dividend should be omitted its value as an investment would disappear. The fact that it is selling so low proves that there seems a possibility of this happening. You pay more for the first stock because you are paying for safety as well as yield, and in the long run safety is the only thing that counts. In other words the yield of a stock is a pretty good indication of its value. The stocks selling for the fewest dollars a share are not necessarily the cheapest.

The question now comes up, how high a yield is consistent with safety. A few years ago six per cent. was considered a high yield. More recently seven per cent. has been looked upon as not unobtainable. Letters come to this department constantly, reading about as follows: "I have some money to invest and would like a list of securities which are absolutely safe, and which yield seven per cent." Can it be done? In the first place the only investments we know of that can be considered "absolutely safe" are Liberty Bonds. Their yield is not seven per cent., though it is a handsome one. It is then for us to consider if there are other investments which are regarded as reasonably safe and which do yield seven per cent. Preferred stocks naturally come

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of 25 cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. This book will enable you to avoid many of the pitfalls that a new investor is apt to encounter.

McClure's Financial Booklet

Ninth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
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Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial Payment Plan
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Booklet will be sent for 25 cents in stamps. See announcement at left. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

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to mind in this connection. The highest grade of preferred stocks are more liable to yield in the neighborhood of six-and-one-half per cent. than seven, though a number of them yield almost this much, and some of slightly lower grade yield a little more. It probably is possible to make a selection of preferred stocks, therefore, to return an average yield of very close to the required amount.

Plenty of common stocks can be had to yield over seven per cent. Common stocks, however, are sensitive to earnings; that is, the rate of dividends is dependent upon earnings, which are constantly varying, and for this reason, practically all of them are speculative.

Bonds, of course, are the safest investments of all, and because they are safer than stocks their yield is not as high. It seems safe to say that practically no high-grade bonds of the class known as "long term" can be had at prices to yield seven per cent. And long terms bonds are in demand these days. The best chance to get a seven per cent. return on bonds at the present time is through the purchase of some of the foreign government issues sold here during the past year or so, or by purchasing the short term notes of industrial and railroad corporations floated to provide working capital for these companies' temporary financial requirements. Many of the foreign government bonds are not secured except by the credit of the governments themselves, but are still considered good. England, France and Belgium, for instance, have more than once proved their ability to solve troubles growing out of war, and they seem well on the way toward doing so again. Most short term notes, five, ten, or fifteen year issues, are secured by collateral or equipment, and the demand for them shows that many people at least regard them as good investments.

The conclusion is, therefore, that while it is usually possible to get reasonably good investments yielding seven per cent. the selection is more limited than it is in the case of securities of higher grade. More caution is necessary, and investments of this kind need watching after they are purchased. Also, while it may be possible to combine reasonable safety with a yield of seven per cent. it is scarcely wise to try for much more. Any one who promises it to you is liable to be promising more than he can give. Ponzi's fifty per cent. was ridiculous on the face of it, and there are plenty of others whose promises are almost equally absurd. Consider safety first, then yield, and in the long run you will have more money and fewer worries.

BOOKS ABOUT STOCKS AND BONDS

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1 — S. W. Straus & Company, 150 Broadway, New York City, and Straus Building, Chicago, Ill., have published a new booklet, "Investment Guide," which lists current offerings of this Company and explains the principles of the Straus Plan of investing which are responsible for the record of this house of 38 years without loss to any investor.

2 — Greenshields & Company, 17 St. John Street, Montreal, Canada, will send on application a circular on the leading industrial stocks in Canada which are giving unusually high yields today, and they will also be glad to send free a copy of their monthly Magazine, "The Greenshields Review."

3 — The National City Company of New York City have issued two booklets of great interest to investors, "Men and Bonds" and "What You Should Know About Investment." Will be sent free.

4 — Saving and at the same time investing is most conveniently accomplished by the Monthly Instalment Plan such as Dunham and Company, 43 Exchange Place, New York City, offer to investors. By this method an initial payment is followed by regular instalments until the security is paid for. All dividends and interest to go to the buyer of the securities and he has the privilege of selling at any time. Ask for 89-CC.

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13 — Francis & Co., 1 Wall Street, New York City, will send free upon request some interesting circulars describing a variety of new investments.

14 — Realty Associates Investment Corporation, 31 Nassau Street, New York City, are issuing a new booklet called, "The Man That Never Took a Chance." This is a very interesting booklet on investments and it will be gladly sent free on request.

Upon request from readers, McClure's Financial Department will arrange with any of the above-named firms to furnish promptly the booklets mentioned in this column. In sending requests to McClure's for booklets, please order by number.

These Authors will contribute to January McCLURE'S

Owen Johnson
Meredith Nicholson
Julian Street
Stephen French Whitman
Sir Oliver Lodge
Royal Brown
Ferdinand Reyher
Herbert Kaufman
Montrose J. Moses
Zane Grey

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, INC., PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1920.

State of New York
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared B. G. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the McClure's Magazine, Inc., and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, McClure's Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 44th St., New York City, N. Y.
Editor, Herbert Kaufman, Tarrytown, N. Y.
Managing Editor, Edgar G. Sisson, 25 W. 44th St., New York City, N. Y.
Business Manager, B. G. Smith, 25 W. 44th St., New York City, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)
McClure's Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 44th St., New York City, N. Y.
Herbert Kaufman, Tarrytown, N. Y.
Edgar G. Sisson, 25 W. 44th St., New York City.
J. F. Bresnahan, 25 W. 44th St., New York City.
John O'Hara Cosgrave, 128 W. 59th St., New York City.
Leon Schinasi, 17 S. William St., New York City.
George L. Storm, Greenwich, Conn.
Joseph Kaufman, 38 W. 59th St., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

B. G. SMITH, *Business Manager.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this Twenty-first day of September, 1920.
(Seal) Edwin Brown, Notary Public Bronx County, No. 50. Bronx Register's No. 2128. Certificate filed in New York County No. 291. New York Register's No. 1383. My commission expires March 30, 1921.

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The Wanderer of the Wasteland

[*Continued from page 53*]

the mountains reflected sinister shades of red. And the valley was one of gray swirling shadows and waving veils of heat like transparent smoke.

Adam was compelled to curtail his activities. He did not suffer greatly from the heat, but he felt its weakening power. Ever his blood seemed at fever heat.

When the full blast of this summer heat came, Virey changed physically and mentally. He grew thin. He walked with bowed shoulders. His tongue protruded slightly and he always panted.

Often when Adam absented himself from camp Virey had a trick of climbing the weathered slope to roll down rocks. He seemed mad to do this. Yet when Adam returned he would come clambering down, wet and spent, a haggard sweating wretch not yet quite beyond fear. In vain had Adam argued, pleaded, talked with him; in vain had been the strident scorn of a man and the curses of rage. Virey, however, had a dread of Adam's huge hands. Something about them fascinated him. When one of these, clenched in an enormous fist, was shoved under his nose with a last threat, then Virey would retire sullenly to the shack.

But through Virey's thick and heat-hazed brain there must have pierced some divination of his failing powers to torture his wife. The time came when he ceased to confront her like a scarecrow, he ceased accusing her, he ceased to hold before her the past and its contrast to the present, he gave up his refinement of cruelty. This marked in Virey a further change, a greater abasement. He reverted to instinct. He retrograded to a savage in his hate, and that hate found its outlet altogether in primitive ways.

Adam's keen eyes saw all this, and the slow boil in his blood was not all owing to the torrid heat of Death Valley. His great hands, so efficient and ruthless, seemed fettered. A thousand times he had muttered to the silence of the night. "How long must I stand this — how long — how long!"

One afternoon as he awoke late from the sweltering *siesta* he heard Mrs. Virey scream.

Adam found her lying at the foot of the stone bench in a dead faint. The brown had left her skin. How white the wasted face! What dark shadows under the hollow eyes!

As he knelt and was about to lift her head, he espied a huge black hairy spider crawling out of the folds of her gray gown. It was a tarantula, one of the ugliest of the species. Adam flipped it off with his hand and killed it under his boot.

Then with basin of water and wetted scarf he essayed to bring Mrs. Virey back to consciousness. She did not come to quickly, but at last she stirred, and opened her eyes with a flutter. She seemed to be awakening from a nightmare of fear, loathing and horror.

"Magdalene, I killed the tarantula," said he. "It can't harm you now . . . Wake up. Why, you're stiff and you look like — like I don't know what. You fainted and I've had a time bringing you to."

"Oh!" she cried. "It's you." And then she clung to him while he lifted her, steadying her upon her feet, and placed her on the stone bench. "So I fainted? . . . Ugh! That loathsome spider! — Where is it?"

"I covered it with sand," he replied.

SLOWLY she recovered, and letting go of him, leaned back in the seat. Crystal beads of sweat stood out upon her white brow. Her hair was wet. Her sensitive lips quivered.

"I've a perfect horror of mice, bugs, snakes, spiders — anything that crawls," she said. "I can't restrain it — Virey has finally found that out."

"Virey! . . . What do you mean?" rejoined Adam.

"I was leaning back here on the bench when suddenly I heard Virey slipping up behind me. I knew he was up to something. But I wouldn't turn to see what. Then with two sticks he held the tarantula out over me — almost in my face. I screamed. I seemed to freeze inside. He dropped the tarantula in my lap. . . . Then all went black."

"Where — is he now?" asked Adam, finding it difficult to speak.

"He's in the shack."

Adam strode toward the shack.

"Virey, come out!" he called loudly. There was no reply. Waiting a moment longer Adam finally spoke again, with deliberate cold voice. "Virey, I don't want to mess up that room with all your wife's belongings in there. So come outside."

At that Adam heard a quick panting breath. Then Virey appeared. Adam could not have told what the man's distorted face resembled. He carried a gun and his heart was ferocious if his will was weak.

"Don't you — lay one of your — bloody hands on me!" he panted.

Adam took two long strides and halted before Virey, not six feet distant.

"So you've got your little gun, eh?" he queried, without any particular force. Adam had been compelled to smother all that mighty passion within him, or he could not have answered for his actions. "What are you going to do with it?"

"IF you make a — move at me — I'll kill you," came the husky panting response.

"Virey, are you crazy?" queried Adam. The use of his voice had changed that deadlock of his feelings. He must not trust himself to handy speech with Virey. The beating must be administered quickly or there would be something worse.

"No, I'm not crazy," yelled Virey.

"If you're not crazy, then that trick of throwing a tarantula on your wife was damnable — mean — hellish — monstrous. . . . My God — man! — Can't you see what a coward you are? To torture her — as if you were a heathen! That delicate woman — all quivering nerves! Virey, if you're not crazy you're the worst brute I've ever met. You've sunk lower than men whom the desert has made beasts. You ——"

"Beast I am — thanks to my delicate wife," cried Virey, with exceedingly bitter passion. "Delicate? Ha! ha! . . . the last lover of Magdalene Virey can't see she's strong as steel — alive as red fire! How she clings to memory! How she has nine lives of a cat — and hangs on to them! . . . And you — meddler! You desert rat of a preacher! Get out — or I'll kill you!"

"Shoot, and be damned!" flashed Adam.

Virey's face turned ashen. He raised the gun. Adam knocked it up just as it exploded. The powder burned his forehead, but the bullet sped high. Another blow sent the gun flying to the sand. Then Adam, fastening a powerful grip on Virey, clutching shirt and collar and throat at once, dragged him before the stone bench where Mrs. Virey sat, wide-eyed and pale. Here Adam stripped the man then threw him heavily upon the sand. Before he could rise Adam straddled him, bearing him down. Then Adam's big right hand swept and dug in the sand to uncover the dead tarantula.

"Ah! here's your spider," he shouted. And he rubbed the hairy half-crushed tarantula in Virey's face. The man screamed and wrestled. "Good, you open your mouth. Now we'll see! . . . Eat it — eat it, damn your cowardly soul!" Then Adam essayed to thrust the spider between Virey's open lips. He succeeded only partly. Virey let out a strangling spitting yell, then closed his teeth as a vise. Adam smeared what was left of the crushed tarantula all over Virey's face.

"Now get up," he ordered, and rising himself, he kicked Virey. Adam, in the liberation of his emotions by action, was now safe from himself. He would not kill Virey. He could even hold in his enormous strength.

Virey, hissing and panting in a frenzy, scrambled to his feet. Fight was in him now. He leaped at Adam only to meet a blow that laid him on the sand. Up he sprang, bloody, livid, and was at Adam again. His frenzy lent him strength and in that moment he had no fear of man or devil. The desert rage was on him. He swung his fists, beat wildly at Adam. Adam slapped him with great broad hands that clapped like boards, and then, when Virey lunged close, he closed his fist and smashed it in Virey's face. The man of the cities went plowing in the sand. Then on his hands and knees he crawled like a dog, and finding a stone he jumped up to fling it. Adam dodged the missile. Grasping a large rock he held it as a mace and rushed upon Adam to brain him. He had no fear. But he was mad. No dawning came to him that he was being toyed with. Then the time came when Adam knocked the rock out of his hand and began to beat him, blow after blow on face and body, with violence, but with checked strength, so that Virey staggered here and there, upheld by fists. At last whipped out of rage and power to retaliate, Virey fell to the sands. Adam dragged him into the shack and left him prostrate and moaning, an abject beaten wretch.

Most difficult of all for Adam then was to face Mrs. Virey. Yet the instant he did, he realized that his ignorance of women was infinite.

"Did the bullet — when he fired — did it hit you?" she queried, her large eyes, intense and glowing.

"No — it missed — me," panted Adam.

"I picked up the gun. I was afraid he'd find it. You'd better keep it now," she said.

"What a — dis — gusting — sight for you — to have — to watch!" exclaimed Adam, trying to speak and breathe at once.

"It was frightful — terrible at first," she returned. "But after the gun went flying — and you had stopped trying to make him eat the — the spider — Ugh! how sickening! . . . After that it got to be — Wansfell, it was the first time in the years I've known my husband that I respected him. He meant to kill you. It amazed me. I admired him. . . . And as for you — to see you tower over him — and parry his blows — and hit him when you liked — Oh! that roused a terrible something in me."

"If only it's a lesson to him!" sighed Adam.

"Then it were well done," she replied, "but I doubt — I doubt. Virey is hopeless. Let us forget. . . . And now will you please help me search in the sand here for something I dropped. It fell from my lap when I fainted, I suppose. It's a small case with a miniature. Last and best of my treasures!"

Adam raked in the sand along the base of the bench, and presently found the lost treasure. How passionately, with what eloquent cry of rapture, did she clutch it!

"Look!" she exclaimed with a wonderful thrill in her voice, and held the little case open before Adam's eyes.

He saw a miniature painting of a girl's face, oval, pure as a flower, with beautiful curls of dark bronze, and magnificent eyes. In these last Adam recognized the mother of this girl.

"A sweet and lovely face," said Adam.

"Ruth!" she whispered. "My daughter! — My only child — my baby that I abandoned to save her happiness! . . . "

THE first of August was a hazy blistering day in which the valley smoked. Veils of transparent black heat — shrouds of moving white transparent heat! Nothing moved except the strange veils and the terrible heaven-wide sun that seemed to have burst. It was a day when if a man touched unshaded stone with his naked hand he would be burned as by a hot iron.

As the hours wore away the air grew hotter, denser. Like a blanket it seemed to lie heavily on Adam. Sleep was impossible. Inaction was impossible. Every breath seemed impossible of fulfillment. A pressure constricted Adam's lungs.

"If the winds blow to-night!" Adam muttered, in irresistible dread.

There came a movement of air fanning his cheek, emphasizing the warmth. The hour was near midnight and the death-like silence brooded no more. A low moan, as of a lost soul, moved somewhere on the still air.

Adam listened. How strange, low, sad the moan! Like no sound he had ever heard before, it had strange affinity with the abyss of shadows. Suddenly the air around Adam began a steady movement northward. Down in the valley the roar swelled like the movement of a mighty storm through a forest.

The last of the warm still air was pressed beyond Adam, apparently leaving a vacuum, for there did not appear to be air enough to breathe. Then the hot blast struck Adam — a burning withering wind. It was as if he had suddenly faced an open furnace from which flames and sparks leaped out upon him.

"She will not live through the night," muttered Adam. "But if she does — I think I'll take her away."

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dimly red, Adam slowly plodded across to the Virey camp, that idea grew in his mind.

Adam's keen eyes, peering through the red-tinged obscurity, made out the dark shape of Virey staggering along back and forth like an old man driven and bewildered, hounded by the death he feared. The sight gave Adam a moment of fierce satisfaction.

HE found the woman on the bench, lying prone, a white limp fragile shape, motionless as stone. Sitting down he bent over to look into her face. Her unfathomable eyes, wide and dark and strained, stirred his heart as never before.

Adam took her wasted hand and held it while waiting for the wind to lull so that she could hear him speak. At length the hot blast moved on, like the receding of a fire.

"I can't stand this any longer," he said.

"You mean — these winds — of hell?" she panted, in a whisper.

"No. I mean your suffering. I might have stood your spiritual ordeal. But I can't stand your physical torment. You're wasting away. This hand is hot as fire — and dry as a leaf. You must drink more water. . . . Magdalene, lift your head."

"I — cannot," she whispered, with a wan smile. "No — strength left."

Adam lifted her head and gave her water to drink. Then as he laid her back another blast of wind came roaring through the strange opaque night.

"Wansfell — listen," whispered the woman; "do you hear — it passing on?"

"Yes," replied Adam, bending lower.

"The stormy blast of hell — with restless fury — drives the spirits onward!" she said, her voice rising.

"I know — I understand. But you mustn't speak such thoughts. You must fight," implored Adam.

"My friend — the fight is over — the victory is mine. . . . I shall escape Virey. He possessed my body — poor weak thing of flesh! . . . but he wanted my love — my soul. . . . My soul to kill! — He'll never have either. . . . Wansfell, I'll not live — through the night. . . . I am dying now."

"No — no!" cried Adam, huskily. "You only imagine that. If only you fight you'll live. . . . And to-morrow — Magdalene, so help me God — I'll take you away!"

"But — if I should die — I want you to have this picture of Ruth," she said. "I've had to hide it from Virey. Take it, my friend, and keep it, and look at it until it draws you to her. . . . Wansfell, I'll not bewilder you by mystic prophecies. But I tell you solemnly — with the clairvoyant truth given to a woman who feels the presence of death — that my daughter Ruth will cross your wanderer's trail — come into your life — and love you. . . . Remember what I tell you. I see! . . . You are a young man still. She is a budding girl. You two will meet, perhaps in your own wastelands. Ruth is all of me — magnified a thousand times. She is as lovely as an unfolding rose at dawn. She will be a white living flame. . . . It will be as if I had met you long ago — when I was a girl — and gave you what by the nature of life was yours. . . . Ah! hear the roar! Another wind of death! . . . But I've said all . . . Wansfell, go find Ruth — find me in her — and — remember!"

Adam looked from her to the ivory case in his hand.

"Her daughter Ruth — for me!" he said to himself, wonderingly. "How strange if we met! If — if — but that's impossible. She was wandering in mind."

He carried the little case to his camp, searched in his pack for an old silk scarf, and tearing this, he carefully wrapped the gift and deposited it inside the money-belt he wore hidden round his waist

"Now to get ready to leave Death Valley!" he exclaimed, in grim exultation.

Adam's burros seldom strayed far from camp. This morning, however, he did not find them near the spring nor down in the notches of the mountain wall So he bent his steps in the other direction. The morning had broken without the leaden haze which often obscured the peaks, presaging one of the extremely torrid days. Adam saw this with something of hope. So he strode on, looking everywhere for his burros. The burden of his mind seemed strangely lightened since this decision to go, yet his consciousness had received a vague shock. Adam continually drove away this somber omen and it continually returned. At last, round a corner of slope, out of sight of camp, he espied the burros, and soon had them trotting ahead of him.

He had traversed probably half the distance he had come, when the burro Jennie halted to shoot up her long ears. Adam could now see the shack, and as he peered sharply, there seemed to cross his vision a bounding gray object. Then between him and the shack flashed a rough object, gray-white in color, and it had the bounding motion of a jack-rabbit. But it could not have been a rabbit, because it was too large, and besides there were none in the valley. A wild-cat, perhaps? Adam urged Jennie on, and it struck him that she was acting queerly. When she squealed and sheered off to one side Adam knew something was amiss. That vague shock returned to his consciousness. Halting so as to hear better, he listened. Crack and roll of rock — slow sliding rattle — crack! The mystery of the bounding gray objects was solved. Virey was rolling rocks down the slope.

Adam broke into a run. He was quite a distance from the shack, though he could see it plainly. No person was in sight. More than once, as he looked, he saw rocks bound high above the brush, and fall to puff up dust The wind, created by his run, filled his ears. And his sight, too, seemed not to be trusted. Did it not magnify a bounding rock and puff of dust into many rocks and puffs? Streaks were running low down in the brush, raising little dusty streams. He saw clumps of brush shake and bend.

Suddenly Adam's ears were deafened by a splitting shock. He plunged in his giant stride, slowed and halted. He heard the last of a sliding roar. The avalanche had slipped. But it had stopped. Bounding rocks hurtled in front of Adam, behind him, and puffs and streaks of dust were everywhere. He heard the whiz and thud of a rolling rock passing close behind him. As he gazed a large stone bounded from the ground and seemed to pass right through the shack. The shack collapsed. Adam's heart leaped to his throat. Then a white form glided out from the sun shelter. It was the woman, still unharmed. The sight unclamped Adam's voice and muscle.

"Magdalene — go across — hurry!" yelled Adam, with all the power of his lungs. He measured the distance between him and her. Two hundred yards! Rocks were hurtling and pounding across that space.

The woman heard him. She waved her white hand and it seemed she was waving him back out of peril. Then she pointed up the slope. Adam wheeled. Rocks were streaking down, hurtling into the air. Far up the long gray slope, with its million facets of stones shining in the sunlight, appeared Virey working frantically. No longer did he seek to frighten his wife. He meant to kill her.

THEN a piercing split, as of rocks rent asunder, a rattling crash — and the lower half of the great gray slope was in motion. The avalanche! — Adam leaped at the startling sound, and bounding a few yards to a huge boulder, high as his head and higher, he mounted it. There unmindful of himself he wheeled to look for Magdalene Virey. Too late to reach her! She faced that avalanche, arms spread aloft, every line of her body instinct with the magnificent spirit which had been her doom.

"*Run! Run! Run!*" shrieked Adam, wildly.

Lost was his piercing shriek in the swallowing, gathering might of the crashing roar of the avalanche. A pall of dust, a gray tumbling mass, moved down ponderously, majestically, to hide from Adam's sight the white form of Magdalene Virey. It spread to where Adam stood, enveloped him, and then in boom and thunder and crash as of falling worlds the boulder was lifted and carried along with the avalanche.

[*To be continued*]

Sundered Hearts — *Continued from page 12*

you recoiling from me. Oh, I was mad . . . mad! I knew that I could not keep up the deception forever, that you must find me out in time. But I had a wild hope that by then we should be so close to one another that you might find it in your heart to forgive. But there are some things that no man can forgive."

She turned away. Mortimer awoke from his trance.

"Stop!" he cried. "Don't go!"

"I must go."

"I want to talk this over. . . ."

She shook her head sadly and started to walk slowly away. Mortimer watched her, his brain in a whirl of chaotic thoughts. She disappeared through the trees.

Mortimer sat down on the tee-box, and buried his face in his hands. For a time he could think of nothing but the cruel blow he had received. A croquet-player! He was married to a woman who hit colored balls through hoops. Mortimer Sturgis writhed in torment. A strong man's agony.

The mood passed. How long it had lasted, he did not know. But suddenly, as he sat there, he became once more aware of the glow of the sunshine and the singing of the birds. It was as if a shadow had lifted.

He loved her. He loved her still. She had deceived him, yes. But why had she deceived him? Because she loved him so much that she could not bear to lose him. Dash it all it was a bit of a compliment.

And, after all, poor girl, was it her fault? Was it not rather the fault of her upbringing? Probably she had been taught to play croquet when a mere child, hardly able to distinguish right from wrong. Could she be blamed? Was she not more to be pitied than censured?

Mortimer rose to his feet, his heart swelling with generous forgiveness. The future seemed once more bright. It was not too late. She was still young, and surely, if she put herself into the hands of a good specialist and practised every day, she might still hope to become a fair player. He reached the house, and ran in, calling her name.

No answer came. He sped from room to room, but all were empty.

She had gone. The house was there. The furniture was there. The canary sang in its cage, the cook in the kitchen. The pictures still hung on the walls. But she had gone. Everything was at home except his wife.

Finally, propped up against the cup he had once won in a handicap competition, he saw a letter. With a sinking heart he tore open the envelope.

It was a pathetic, a tragic letter, the letter of a woman endeavoring to express all the anguish of a torn heart with one of those fountain-pens which suspend the flow of ink about twice in every three words. The gist of it was that she felt she had wronged him; that, though he might forgive, he could never forget; and that she was going away, away out into the world, alone.

Mortimer stared blankly before him. She had scratched the match.

I am not a married man myself, so have had no experience of how it feels to have one's wife whiz off silently into the unknown: but I should imagine that it must be something like taking a full swing with a brassy and missing the globe. And one can readily understand how terribly the incident must have shaken Mortimer Sturgis. I was away at the time, but I am told by those who saw him that his game went all to pieces.

He had never shown much indication of becoming anything in the nature of a first-class golfer, but he had managed to acquire one or two decent shots. But now, under the shadow of this tragedy, he dropped right back to the form of his earliest period. It was a pitiful sight to see this gaunt, haggard man with the look of dumb anguish behind his spectacles taking as many as three shots sometimes to get past the ladies' tee. His slice, of which he had almost cured himself, returned with such virulence that in the list of ordinary hazards he had now to include the tee-box. And, when he was not slicing, he was pulling. I have heard that he was known to get bunkered in his own caddie, who had taken up his position directly behind him.

A man of comfortable independent means, he lived during these days on next to nothing. Golf-balls cost him a certain amount, but the bulk of his income he spent in efforts to dis-

cover his wife's whereabouts. He advertised in all the papers. He employed private detectives. He even, much as it revolted his finer instincts, took to traveling about the country, watching croquet matches. But she was never among the players. I am not sure that he did not find a melancholy comfort in this, for it seemed to show that she had not gone right under.

Summer passed. Autumn came and went. Winter arrived. The days grew bleak and chill and an early fall of snow put an end to golf. Mortimer spent his days indoors, staring gloomily through the window at the white mantle that covered the earth.

It was Christmas Eve. . . .

(The young man at the club shifted uneasily on his seat.

"All this is very depressing," he said.

"These soul tragedies," agreed the Oldest Member, "are never very cheery."

"Look here," said the young man firmly, "tell me one thing frankly. Did Mortimer find her dead in the snow, covered except for her face, on which still lingered that faint, sweet smile which he remembered so well? Because, if he did, I'm going home."

"No, no," protested the Oldest Member. "Nothing of that kind."

The young man breathed a relieved sigh.

"It was your saying that about the white mantle that made me suspicious."

"I assure you," said the Oldest Member, "that there is a really happy ending."

"There is?" said the young man. "Then shoot it along!"

The Sage resumed.)

It was Christmas Eve. All day the snow had been falling, and now it lay thick and deep over the countryside. Mortimer Sturgis, his frugal dinner concluded, — what with losing his wife and not being able to get any golf, he had little appetite these days — was moodily polishing the blade of his jigger. Soon wearying of this once congenial task, he laid down the club, and went to the front door, to see if there was any chance of a thaw. But no. It was freezing. The snow, as he tested it with his shoe, crackled crisply. It seemed to Mortimer that the sooner he packed up and went to Florida, the better. He was just about to close the door, when suddenly he thought he heard his own name called.

"Mortimer!"

Had he been mistaken? The voice had sounded faint and far away.

"Mortimer!"

He thrilled from head to foot. It was the voice he knew so well, his wife's voice, and it had come from somewhere down near the garden-gate. It is difficult to judge distance where sounds are concerned, but Mortimer estimated that the voice had spoken about a short mashie-niblick and an easy putt from where he stood.

The next moment he was racing down the snow-covered path. What was that dark something on the ground just inside the gate? He leaped toward it. He passed his hands over it. It was a human body. Quivering, he struck a match. It went out. He struck another. That went out, too. He struck a third, and it burnt with a steady flame: and, stooping, he saw that it was his wife who lay there, cold and stiff. Her eyes were closed, and on her face still lingered that faint, sweet smile which he remembered so well.

(The young man rose with a set face. He reached for his golf-bag.

"I call that a dirty trick," he said, "after you promised. . ."

"Have no fear! She had only fainted."

"You said she was cold."

"Wouldn't you be cold if you were lying in the snow?"

"And stiff."

"Mrs. Sturgis was stiff because the train-service was bad, and she had had to walk all the way from the Junction, a distance of eight miles. Sit down and allow me to proceed.")

Tenderly, Mortimer Sturgis picked her up and began to bear her into the house. Halfway there, his foot slipped on a piece of ice and he fell heavily, barking his shin and shooting his lovely burden out on the snow.

The fall brought her to. Her eyes opened.

"Mortimer, darling!" she said.

Mortimer had just been going to say something else, but he checked himself.

"Are you alive?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Thank God!" said Mortimer.

Together they went into the house, and into the drawing-room. Wife gazed at husband, husband at wife.

"ROTTEN weather!" said Mortimer.

"Yes, isn't it!"

The spell was broken. They fell into each other's arms. And presently they were sitting on the sofa, holding hands, just as if that awful parting had been but a dream.

It was Mortimer who made the first reference to it.

"I say, you know," he said, "you oughtn't to have nipped away like that!"

"I thought you hated me!"

"Hated *you!* I love you better than life itself! I would sooner have smashed my pet driver than have had you leave me!"

She thrilled at the words.

"Darling!"

Mortimer fondled her hand.

"I was just coming back to tell you that I loved you still. And I found you gone!"

"I wasn't worthy of you, Mortimer!"

"My Angel! All this has taught me a lesson, dearest. I knew all along, and I know it more than ever now that it is you—you that I want. Just you! I don't care if you don't play golf. I don't care . . ." He hesitated, then went on manfully. "I don't care even if you play croquet, so long as you are with me!"

For a moment her face showed an ecstasy that made it almost angelic. She kissed him. Then she rose.

"Mortimer, look!"

"What at?"

"Me. Just look!"

The jigger which he had been polishing lay on a chair close by. She took it up. From the bowl of golf-balls on the mantel-piece she selected a Sure-Shot Fifty. She placed it on the carpet. She addressed it. Then she drove hard and straight through the glass of the china-cupboard.

"Good God!" cried Mortimer, astounded. It had been a bird of a shot.

She turned to him, her whole face alight with that beautiful smile.

"When I left you, Mortie," she said, "I had but one aim in life, somehow to make myself worthy of you. All this long, weary while I have been in the village of Auchtermuchtie in Scotland, studying under Tammas McMickle."

"Not the Tammas McMickle who finished fourth in the British Open Championship of 1911 and had the best ball in the foursome in 1912 with Jock McHaggis, Andy McHeather, and Sandy McHoots!"

"Yes, Mortimer, the very same. Oh, it was difficult at first. I missed my mallet, and longed to steady the ball with my foot and use the toe of the club. But I conquered my weakness. I practised steadily. And now Mr. McMickle says my handicap would be a good twenty-five on any links. Of course that doesn't sound much to you! You were a twelve when I left you, and now you are down to eight or something."

Mortimer shook his head.

"Alas no!" he replied gravely. "My game went right off, for some reason or other, and I'm twenty-five, too."

"For some reason or other!" She uttered a cry. "Oh, I know what the reason was! How can I ever forgive myself! I have ruined your game!"

Mortimer embraced her fondly.

"Do not reproach yourself, dearest. It is the best thing that could have happened. From now on, we start level, two hearts that beat as one, two drivers that drive as one. I could not wish it otherwise. By George! It's just like that thing of Tennyson's."

He recited the lines softly.

"My bride,
My wife, my life. Oh, we will walk the links,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so thro' those dark bunkers off the course
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee: come,
Yield thyself up: our handicaps are one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thy self;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

She laid her hands in his.

"And now, Mortie darling," she said, "I want to tell you how I did the long twelfth at Auchtermuchtie in one under bogey."

The Isle of Complexities

[*Continued from page 15*]

In writing about American towns and cities I have more than once been so deceived. An old inhabitant of Colorado told me that the altitude of Cripple Creek was so great that cats could not live there. Later, however, I learned that cats can perfectly well live in Cripple Creek despite the altitude. Indeed some cats having but little regard for the character of their surroundings do live there. It is only the more critical cats who cannot stand the place.

Every American knows that he could be asked questions about his own country and its ways which he could not answer accurately offhand, but in a foreign land he expects every resident of that land to be able to explain anything and everything. I wonder if the Japanese expect as much of us when they question us.

"Why do you say 'Dear me'?" I once heard a Japanese gentleman inquire of an American lady. And though the lady explained why she said "Dear me!" I doubt that the Japanese gentleman was able to understand. I know that I was not.

Another Japanese who had been in New York wished to know why we called a building in which there were no flowers "Madison Square *Garden*", and why ladies called a certain garment, once generally worn by them, a "petti*coat*", although it is distinctly not a coat, but a skirt.

My answers to these questions were, to put it mildly, vague, and I suppose my questioner said to himself as he listened to me:

"Ah, the American Mind! How curiously it works!"

I will tell you why a Japanese so often fails to give a simple and direct answer to a simple and direct question about things Japanese. It is because, in many instances, no such answer is possible. Nor is this impossibility due to any mental kink in the Japanese of whom the question is asked. It is due to the fact that the thing asked about is not a simple, self-contained unit, but is a minute part of some great mass of thought or custom which must be in a general way understood before any single detail of it can be understood. It is as though you were to ask a question about a colored pebble only to find yourself thereby involved with cosmos.

Japan is a land of customs. Her customs are based on principles which are rooted in traditions, which in turn frequently rest upon foundations of history, religion, superstition, or perhaps a mythology involving all three. Thus it often seems that every little word and act of a Japanese can be accounted for in some curious, complex yet essentially logical manner — that every thought in the Japanese mind has, so to speak, a genealogy, which, like the genealogy of the Japanese Imperial Family, reaches back into the mists of antiquity. Symbolism, moreover, plays an immense part in the daily life of Japan, and this fact enormously complicates matters for the foreigner who aspires to understand the country and the people. These are some of the reasons why I have called Japan "The Isle of Complexities."

Yet when I mentioned the title of this chapter to a friend who has lived for many years in Japan, he wrote me that he considered it a misnomer.

"I should call Japan 'The Isle of Simplicities,'" he declared, "just because life there is so different from life in our own artificial civilization. I am speaking particularly of our false modesty as compared with the more natural ideas of the Japanese concerning natural functions and unnatural emotions — or emotions unnaturally excited. If you

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dimly red, Adam slowly plodded across to the Virey camp, that idea grew in his mind.

Adam's keen eyes, peering through the red-tinged obscurity, made out the dark shape of Virey staggering along back and forth like an old man driven and bewildered, hounded by the death he feared. The sight gave Adam a moment of fierce satisfaction.

HE found the woman on the bench, lying prone, a white limp fragile shape, motionless as stone. Sitting down he bent over to look into her face. Her unfathomable eyes, wide and dark and strained, stirred his heart as never before.

Adam took her wasted hand and held it while waiting for the wind to lull so that she could hear him speak. At length the hot blast moved on, like the receding of a fire.

"I can't stand this any longer," he said.

"You mean — these winds — of hell?" she panted, in a whisper.

"No. I mean your suffering. I might have stood your spiritual ordeal. But I can't stand your physical torment. You're wasting away. This hand is hot as fire — and dry as a leaf. You must drink more water. . . . Magdalene, lift your head."

"I — cannot," she whispered, with a wan smile. "No — strength left."

Adam lifted her head and gave her water to drink. Then as he laid her back another blast of wind came roa ing through the strange opaque night.

"Wansfell — listen," whispered the woman; "do you hear — it passing on?"

"Yes," replied Adam, bending lower.

"The stormy blast of hell — with restless fury — drives the spirits onward!" she said, her voice rising.

"I know — I understand. But you mustn't speak such thoughts. You must fight," implored Adam.

"My friend — the fight is over — the victory is mine. . . . I shall escape Virey. He possessed my body — poor weak thing of flesh! . . . but he wanted my love — my soul. . . . My soul to kill! — He'll never have either. . . . Wansfell, I'll not live — through the night. . . . I am dying now."

"No — no!" cried Adam, huskily. "You only imagine that. If only you fight you'll live. . . . And to-morrow — Magdalene, so help me God — I'll take you away!"

"But — if I should die — I want you to have this picture of Ruth," she said. "I've had to hide it from Virey. Take it, my friend, and keep it, and look at it until it draws you to her. . . . Wansfell, I'll not bewilder you by mystic prophecies. But I tell you solemnly — with the clairvoyant truth given to a woman who feels the presence o death — that my daughter Ruth will cross your wanderer's trail — come into your life — and love you. . . . Remember what I tell you. I see! . . . You are a young man still. She is a budding girl. You two will meet, perhaps in your own wastelands. Ruth is all of me — magnified a thousand times. She is as lovely as an unfolding rose at dawn. She will be a white living flame. . . . It will be as if I had met you long ago — when I was a girl — and gave you what by the nature of life was yours. . . . Ah! hear the roar! Another wind of death! . . . But I've said all . . . Wansfell, go find Ruth — find me in her — and — remember!"

Adam looked from her to the ivory case in his hand.

"Her daughter Ruth — for me!" he said to himself, wonderingly. "How strange if we met! If — if — but that's impossible. She was wandering in mind."

He carried the little case to his camp, searched in his pack for an old silk scarf, and tearing this, he carefully wrapped the gift and deposited it inside the money-belt he wore hidden round his waist

"Now to get ready to leave Death Valley!" he exclaimed, in grim exultation.

Adam's burros seldom strayed far from camp. This morning, however, he did not find them near the spring nor down in the notches of the mountain wall So he bent his steps in the other direction. The morning had broken without the leaden haze wnich often obscured the peaks, presaging one of the extremely torrid days. Adam saw this with something of hope. So he strode on, looking everywhere for his burros. The burden of his mind seemed strangely lightened since this decision to go, yet his consciousness had received a vague shock. Adam continually drove away this somber omen and it continually returned. At last, round a corner of slope, out of sight of camp, he espied the burros, and soon had them trotting ahead of him.

He had traversed probably half the distance he had come, when the burro Jennie halted to shoot up her long ears. Adam could now see the shack, and as he peered sharply, there seemed to cross his vision a bounding gray object. Then between him and the shack flashed a rough object, gray-white in color, and it had the bounding motion of a jack-rabbit. But it could not have been a rabbit, because it was too large, and besides there were none in the valley. A wild-cat, perhaps? Adam urged Jennie on, and it struck him that she was acting queerly. When she squealed and sheered off to one side Adam knew something was amiss. That vague shock returned to his consciousness. Halting so as to hear better, he listened. Crack and roll of rock — slow sliding rattle — crack! The mystery of the bounding gray objects was solved. Virey was rolling rocks down the slope.

Adam broke into a run. He was quite a distance from the shack, though he could see it plainly. No person was in sight. More than once, as he looked, he saw rocks bound high above the brush, and fall to puff up dust The wind, created by his run, filled his ears. And his sight, too, seemed not to be trusted. Did it not magnify a bounding rock and puff of dust into many rocks and puffs? Streaks were running low down in the brush, raising little dusty streams. He saw clumps of brush shake and bend.

Suddenly Adam's ears were deafened by a splitting shock. He plunged in his giant stride, slowed and halted. He heard the last of a sliding roar. The avalanche had slipped. But it had stopped. Bounding rocks hurtled in front of Adam, behind him, and puffs and streaks of dust were everywhere. He heard the whiz and thud of a rolling rock passing close behind him. As he gazed a large stone bounded from the ground and seemed to pass right through the shack. The shack collapsed. Adam's heart leaped to his throat. Then a white form glided out from the sun shelter. It was the woman, still unharmed. The sight unclamped Adam's voice and muscle.

"Magdalene — go across — hurry!" yelled Adam, with all the power of his lungs. He measured the distance between him and her. Two hundred yards! Rocks were hurtling and pounding across that space.

The woman heard him. She waved her white hand and it seemed she was waving him back out of peril. Then she pointed up the slope. Adam wheeled. Rocks were streaking down, hurtling into the air. Far up the long gray slope, with its million facets of stones shining in the sunlight, appeared Virey working frantically. No longer did he seek to frighten his wife. He meant to kill her.

THEN a piercing split, as of rocks rent asunder, a rattling crash — and the lower half of the great gray slope was in motion. The avalanche! — Adam leaped at the startling sound, and bounding a few yards to a huge bounder, high as his head and higher, he mounted it. There unmindful of himself he wheeled to look for Magdalene Virey. Too late to reach her! She faced that avalanche, arms spread aloft, every line of her body instinct with the magnificent spirit which had been her doom.

"*Run! Run! Run!*" shrieked Adam, wildly.

Lost was his piercing shriek in the swallowing, gathering might of the crashing roar of the avalanche. A pall of dust, a gray tumbling mass, moved down ponderously, majestically, to hide from Adam's sight the white form of Magdalene Virey. It spread to where Adam stood, enveloped him, and then in boom and thunder and crash as of falling worlds the boulder was lifted and carried along with the avalanche.

[*To be continued*]

Sundered Hearts — *Continued from page 12*

you recoiling from me. Oh, I was mad . . . mad! I knew that I could not keep up the deception forever, that you must find me out in time. But I had a wild hope that by then we should be so close to one another that you might find it in your heart to forgive. But there are some things that no man can forgive."

She turned away. Mortimer awoke from his trance.

"Stop!" he cried. "Don't go!"

"I must go."

"I want to talk this over. . . ."

She shook her head sadly and started to walk slowly away. Mortimer watched her, his brain in a whirl of chaotic thoughts. She disappeared through the trees.

Mortimer sat down on the tee-box, and buried his face in his hands. For a time he could think of nothing but the cruel blow he had received. A croquet-player! He was married to a woman who hit colored balls through hoops. Mortimer Sturgis writhed in torment. A strong man's agony.

The mood passed. How long it had lasted, he did not know. But suddenly, as he sat there, he became once more aware of the glow of the sunshine and the singing of the birds. It was as if a shadow had lifted.

He loved her. He loved her still. She had deceived him, yes. But why had she deceived him? Because she loved him so much that she could not bear to lose him. Dash it all it was a bit of a compliment.

And, after all, poor girl, was it her fault? Was it not rather the fault of her upbringing? Probably she had been taught to play croquet when a mere child, hardly able to distinguish right from wrong. Could she be blamed? Was she not more to be pitied than censured?

Mortimer rose to his feet, his heart swelling with generous forgiveness. The future seemed once more bright. It was not too late. She was still young, and surely, if she put herself into the hands of a good specialist and practised every day, she might still hope to become a fair player. He reached the house, and ran in, calling her name.

No answer came. He sped from room to room, but all were empty.

She had gone. The house was there. The furniture was there. The canary sang in its cage, the cook in the kitchen. The pictures still hung on the walls. But she had gone. Everything was at home except his wife.

Finally, propped up against the cup he had once won in a handicap competition, he saw a letter. With a sinking heart he tore open the envelope.

It was a pa hetic, a tragic letter, the letter of a woman endeavoring to express all the anguish of a torn heart with one of those fountain-pens which suspend the flow of ink about twice in every three words. The gist of it was that she felt she had wronged him; that, though he might forgive, he could never forget; and that she was going away, away out into the world, alone.

Mortimer stared blankly before him. She had scratched the match.

I am not a married man myself, so have had no experience of how it feels to have one's wife whiz off silently into the unknown: but I should imagine that it must be something like taking a full swing with a brassy and missing the globe. And one can readily understand how terribly the incident must have shaken Mortimer Sturgis. I was away at the time, but I am told by those who saw him that his game went all to pieces.

He had never shown much indication of becoming anything in the nature of a first-class golfer, but he had managed to acquire one or two decent shots. But now, under the shadow of this tragedy, he dropped right back to the fo m of his earliest period. It was a pitiful sight to see this gaunt, haggard man with the look of dumb anguish behind his spectacles taking as many as three shots sometimes to get past the ladies' tee. His s'ice, of which he had almost cured himself, returned with such virulence that in the list of ordinary hazards he had now to include the tee-box. And, when he was not slicing, he was pulling. I have heard that he was known to get bunkered in his own caddie, who had taken up his position directly behind him.

A man of comfortable independent means, he lived during these days on next to nothing. Golf-balls cost him a certain amount, but the bulk of his income he spent in efforts to dis-

cover his wife's whereabouts. He advertised in all the papers. He employed private detectives. He even, much as it revolted his finer instincts, took to traveling about the country, watching croquet matches. But she was never among the players. I am not sure that he did not find a melancholy comfort in this, for it seemed to show that she had not gone right under.

Summer passed. Autumn came and went. Winter arrived. The days grew bleak and chill and an early fall of snow put an end to golf. Mortimer spent his days indoors, staring gloomily through the window at the white mantle that covered the earth.

It was Christmas Eve. . . .

(The young man at the club shifted uneasily on his seat.

"All this is very depressing," he said.

"These soul tragedies," agreed the Oldest Member, "are never very cheery."

"Look here," said the young man firmly, "tell me one thing frankly. Did Mortimer find her dead in the snow, covered except for her face, on which still lingered that faint, sweet smile which he remembered so well? Because, if he did, I'm going home."

"No, no," protested the Oldest Member. "Nothing of that kind."

The young man breathed a relieved sigh.

"It was your saying that about the white mantle that made me suspicious."

"I assure you," said the Oldest Member, "that there is a really happy ending."

"There is?" said the young man. "Then shoot it along!"

The Sage resumed.)

It was Christmas Eve. All day the snow had been falling, and now it lay thick and deep over the countryside. Mortimer Sturgis, his frugal dinner concluded, — what with losing his wife and not being able to get any golf, he had little appetite these days — was moodily polishing the blade of his jigger. Soon wearying of this once congenial task, he laid down the club, and went to the front door, to see if there was any chance of a thaw. But no. It was freezing. The snow, as he tested it with his shoe, crackled crisply. It seemed to Mortimer that the sooner he packed up and went to Florida, the better. He was just about to close the door, when suddenly he thought he heard his own name called.

"Mortimer!"

Had he been mistaken? The voice had sounded faint and far away.

"Mortimer!"

He thrilled from head to foot. It was the voice he knew so well, his wife's voice, and it had come from somewhere down near the garden-gate. It is difficult to judge distance where sounds are concerned, but Mortimer estimated that the voice had spoken about a short mashie-niblick and an easy putt from where he stood.

The next moment he was racing down the snow-covered path. What was that dark something on the ground just inside the gate? He leaped toward it. He passed his hands over it. It was a human body. Quivering, he struck a match. It went out. He struck another. That went out, too. He struck a third, and it burnt with a steady flame: and, stooping, he saw that it was his wife who lay there, cold and stiff. Her eyes were closed, and on her face still lingered that faint, sweet smile which he remembered so well.

(The young man rose with a set face. He reached for his golf-bag.

"I call that a dirty trick," he said, "after you promised. . ."

"Have no fear! She had only fainted."

"You said she was cold."

"Wouldn't you be cold if you were lying in the snow?"

"And stiff."

"Mrs. Sturgis was stiff because the train-service was bad, and she had had to walk all the way from the Junction, a distance of eight miles. Sit down and allow me to proceed.")

Tenderly, Mortimer Sturgis picked her up and began to bear her into the house. Halfway there, his foot slipped on a piece of ice and he fell heavily, barking his shin and shooting his lovely burden out on the snow. The fall brought her to. Her eyes opened.

"Mortimer, darling!" she said.

Mortimer had just been going to say something else, but he checked himself.

"Are you alive?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Thank God!" said Mortimer.

Together they went into the house, and into the drawing-room. Wife gazed at husband, husband at wife.

"ROTTEN weather!" said Mortimer.

"Yes, isn't it!"

The spell was broken. They fell into each other's arms. And presently they were sitting on the sofa, holding hands, just as if that awful parting had been but a dream.

It was Mortimer who made the first reference to it.

"I say, you know," he said, "you oughtn't to have nipped away like that!"

"I thought you hated me!"

"Hated *you!* I love you better than life itself! I would sooner have smashed my pet driver than have had you leave me!"

She thrilled at the words.

"Darling!"

Mortimer fondled her hand.

"I was just coming back to tell you that I loved you still. And I found you gone!"

"I wasn't worthy of you, Mortimer!"

"My Angel! All this has taught me a lesson, dearest. I knew all along, and I know it more than ever now that it is you—you that I want. Just you! I don't care if you don't play golf. I don't care . . ." He hesitated, then went on manfully. "I don't care even if you play croquet, so long as you are with me!"

For a moment her face showed an ecstasy that made it almost angelic. She kissed him. Then she rose.

"Mortimer, look!"

"What at?"

"Me. Just look!"

The jigger which he had been polishing lay on a chair close by. She took it up. From the bowl of golf-balls on the mantel-piece she selected a Sure-Shot Fifty. She placed it on the carpet. She addressed it. Then she drove hard and straight through the glass of the china-cupboard.

"Good God!" cried Mortimer, astounded. It had been a bird of a shot.

She turned to him, her whole face alight with that beautiful smile.

"When I left you, Mortie," she said, "I had but one aim in life, somehow to make myself worthy of you. All this long, weary while I have been in the village of Auchtermuchtie in Scotland, studying under Tammas McMickle."

"Not the Tammas McMickle who finished fourth in the British Open Championship of 1911 and had the best ball in the foursome in 1912 with Jock McHaggis, Andy McHeather, and Sandy McHoots!"

"Yes, Mortimer, the very same. Oh, it was difficult at first. I missed my mallet, and longed to steady the ball with my foot and use the toe of the club. But I conquered my weakness. I practised steadily. And now Mr. McMickle says my handicap would be a good twenty-five or any links. Of course that doesn't sound much to you! You were a twelve when I left you, and now you are down to eight or something."

Mortimer shook his head.

"Alas no!" he replied gravely. "My game went right off, for some reason or other, and I'm twenty-five, too."

"For some reason or other!" She uttered a cry. "Oh, I know what the reason was! How can I ever forgive myself! I have ruined your game!"

Mortimer embraced her fondly.

"Do not reproach yourself, dearest. It is the best thing that could have happened. From now on, we start level, two hearts that beat as one, two drivers that drive as one. I could not wish it otherwise. By George! It's just like that thing of Tennyson's."

He recited the lines softly.

"My bride,
My wife, my life. Oh, we will walk the links,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so thro' those dark bunkers off the course
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee: come,
Yield thyself up: our handicaps are one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thy self;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

She laid her hands in his.

"And now, Mortie darling," she said, "I want to tell you how I did the long twelfth at Auchtermuchtie in one under bogey."

The Isle of Complexities

[*Continued from page 15*]

In writing about American towns and cities I have more than once been so deceived. An old inhabitant of Colorado told me that the altitude of Cripple Creek was so great that cats could not live there. Later, however, I learned that cats can perfectly well live in Cripple Creek despite the altitude. Indeed some cats having but little regard for the character of their surroundings do live there. It is only the more critical cats who cannot stand the place.

Every American knows that he could be asked questions about his own country and its ways which he could not answer accurately offhand, but in a foreign land he expects every resident of that land to be able to explain anything and everything. I wonder if the Japanese expect as much of us when they question us.

"Why do you say 'Dear me'?" I once heard a Japanese gentleman inquire of an American lady. And though the lady explained why she said "Dear me!" I doubt that the Japanese gentleman was able to understand. I know that I was not.

Another Japanese who had been in New York wished to know why we called a building in which there were no flowers "Madison Square *Garden*", and why ladies called a certain garment, once generally worn by them, a "petti*coat*", although it is distinctly not a coat, but a skirt.

My answers to these questions were, to put it mildly, vague, and I suppose my questioner said to himself as he listened to me:

"Ah, the American Mind! How curiously it works!"

I will tell you why a Japanese so often fails to give a simple and direct answer to a simple and direct question about things Japanese. It is because, in many instances, no such answer is possible. Nor is this impossibility due to any mental kink in the Japanese of whom the question is asked. It is due to the fact that the thing asked about is not a simple, self-contained unit, but is a minute part of some great mass of thought or custom which must be in a general way understood before any single detail of it can be understood. It is as though you were to ask a question about a colored pebble only to find yourself thereby involved with cosmos.

Japan is a land of customs. Her customs are based on principles which are rooted in traditions, which in turn frequently rest upon foundations of history, religion, superstition, or perhaps a mythology involving all three. Thus it often seems that every little word and act of a Japanese can be accounted for in some curious, complex yet essentially logical manner — that every thought in the Japanese mind has, so to speak, a genealogy, which, like the genealogy of the Japanese Imperial Family, reaches back into the mists of antiquity. Symbolism, moreover, plays an immense part in the daily life of Japan, and this fact enormously complicates matters for the foreigner who aspires to understand the country and the people. These are some of the reasons why I have called Japan "The Isle of Complexities."

Yet when I mentioned the title of this chapter to a friend who has lived for many years in Japan, he wrote me that he considered it a misnomer.

"I should call Japan 'The Isle of Simplicities,'" he declared, "just because life there is so different from life in our own artificial civilization. I am speaking particularly of our false modesty as compared with the more natural ideas of the Japanese concerning natural functions and unnatural emotions — or emotions unnaturally excited. If you

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will get down to fundamentals I think you will find that we are the complex people and they the simple people. Can you, for instance, project yourself into the mind of a Martian visiting this earth for the first time, taking a trip through the dance-halls, cabarets and midnight frolics of New York and Chicago, then going to Japan and seeing the class of entertainment there provided for natives and foreigners alike? Let such an unprejudiced outsider watch the street scenes of Japan, note the frank customs of the people including those revealed in the community baths, and I think he would say the Japanese are essentially simple as compared with us, that they are purer in thought and action and (though I know I am inviting contradiction) that they have on the average a higher sense of real morality."

My friend makes out a good case and I agree with much that he says, but he is thinking along one line while I am thinking along another. He is thinking of the outward simplicities of Japanese life, while I am thinking of its inward complexities, especially with regard to the relation of one fact to another — I might almost say of every fact to every other fact.

Let me illustrate:

That grouping of flowers in a bamboo vase, which you find so charming, is not the result of any fancy of the moment, but is the product of an elaborate art, dating back at least five centuries. Flower Arrangement is a part of the curriculum of girls' schools and is one of the accomplishments of every lady. Hundreds of books have been written on the art and there are thousands of professional teachers of it. It has, you are informed, a philosophy of its own. Confucianism is invoked. The Universe is represented by three sprays of different height — an effect often found also in plantings in Japanese gardens. The tallest spray, standing in the middle, symbolizes Heaven; the shortest, Earth; the intermediate, Man. There may be five, seven or nine sprays, but the principle of Heaven, Earth and Man must be preserved. There must never be an even number of sprays, and four is a number to be avoided above all others, since *shi*, the Japanese word for "four", also means "death."

Significance likewise attaches to the species of blooms and branches used. The plum blossom, which is sent to brides, symbolizes purity, and also, because it flowers when snow is on the ground, stands for courage in adversity.

But just when you begin to flatter yourself that you have acquired some understanding of Flower Arrangement you meet some one who does not follow the tenets of the particular school of Flower Arrangement you have heard about — which, let us say, is the popular Ikenobo school — but believes in the teachings of the Enshiu school, the Koriu school, or the Nagerie — "thrown in" — School. Or perhaps he favors the Morimono — "things piled up" — school, which deals with compositions of fruit and vegetables; or the Morihana school, which applies the "things piled up" principle to flowers, or the kindred art of making "tray landscapes" — pictures drawn on the flat surface of a tray in pebbles and various kinds of sand.

THE essential point in all Flower Arrangement is that there shall be form and balance, yet that the composition shall not be perfectly symmetrical, as perfect symmetry is not found in nature. In order to attain the desired effects the flower stalks and branches used are carefully bent and twisted, and this work is done with such delicacy and dexterity as to conceal the fact that their forms have been altered by artificial means. I have seen a Flower Master make waterlilies stand upright on their stalks by forcing water up through the stalks with a syringe. He then set them on one of those flat metal flower-holders we have lately been learning to use in this country, so arranging them in a shallow bowl that there was an open space between the stems, which he said was "for the fish to swim through" — though the fish was in this case purely a creature of his imagination.

Many methods of making flowers draw water are also taught. The ends of some stalks are burned. Especially in the case of chrysanthemums this causes water to be drawn up and circulated. The end of a hardwood branch is often crushed so that it admits water more freely; certain flowers are put in hot water; others are dipped in a solution of strong tea and pepper.

The origin of Flower Arrangement is traced by Okakura to a time when ancient Buddhist saints "gathered the flowers strewn by the storm and, in the infinite solicitude for all living things, placed them in vessels of water." We are told that Soami, a painter of the Ashikaga period, was an adept, and that Juko the Tea Master was his pupil. Flower Arrangement thus became a recognized art in the fifteenth century, albeit not an independent art, since it was at first a branch of Teaism.

Teaism? They tell you you cannot understand Flower Arrangement unless you also understand Teaism. What is Teaism?

Here is unfolded to you a further range for study. You knew, of course, that the first thing which happens when you pay a call in Japan, be it a business or social call, is the arrival of a cup of clear Japan tea, and that the second and third things which happen are the arrival of the second and third cups. You knew that the tea of Japan is green tea, and that it is taken without cream or sugar from cups having no handles. You knew, perhaps, that such tea is made with hot — *not* boiling — water. But were you aware that tea is in its highest sense not a beverage, but a creed, a ritual, a philosophy?

The discovery of the brew is said to have been made by the Chinese Emperor Chinnung, in the year 2737 B.C., but the mythology of Buddhism traces the creation of the tea-bush itself to the diverting god Daruma — that amusing egg-shaped fellow often represented in a children's toy which, when pushed over, persists in rolling back to an upright position, thereby symbolizing unflagging aspiration. "Down seven times — up eight times," the Japanese say of Daruma.

Having meditated day and night for weeks, Daruma fell asleep. On awakening he was so vexed with his drowsy eyelids that he cut them off and flung them to the ground, where they sprouted into plants from the leaves of which a sleep-destroying beverage might be made.

THE seeds of the tea-plant were brought to Japan from China in the year 805 A. D., but the initiation of the habit of tea-drinking is generally dated from the time, about four centuries later, when the priest Eisai, of the Zen sect of Buddhists — a favorite sect among artists and tea-drinkers to this day — wrote a treatise on "The Salutary Influence of Tea-Drinking", which he presented, along with a cup of tea, to one of the early *shoguns*, who was ill. Thus tea was first taken as a medicine "to regulate the five viscera and expel evil spirits."

Not long after this we find the drinking of tea becoming a pastime of the nobility, and by degrees we see the development of æsthetic practises in connection with it. Art objects were displayed when people met for tea; sumptuous tea-parties were given by *daimyos*, and one writer tells us that there came a period of decadence in the feudal era when warriors would lay down the sword in favor of the teapot, and die cup in hand when their castles were taken by their enemies.

Let me digress here to speak briefly of the feudal era, the most interesting era of Japanese history. It lasted from the twelfth to the middle of the nineteenth century — that is, throughout the period during which Japan was ruled not by its Emperors, but by several successive families of *shoguns*, or as they were sometimes incorrectly called by foreigners, *tycoons*. Though the *shoguns* usurped Imperial power it is a noteworthy fact that they did not usurp the throne itself nor attempt to destroy the Imperial family, but were content to keep the successive Emperors in a state of impotence. Under the *shoguns* were the *daimyos*, powerful feudal lords acting in effect as provincial governors; and each *daimyo* had his *samurai*, or fighting men, holding rank in several grades. There was also a class of *samurai* known as *ronin* who acknowledged no lord as their master, but were independent fighters and trouble-makers. I give this outline because these various terms confused me at first. There was but one *shogun* at a time; the *daimyos* numbered between two and three hundred, and it has been estimated that there were some two million *samurai*. With a very few exceptions — among them rich farmers and sword-makers — no one below the rank of *samurai* could wear a sword. The sword-wearing class was the ruling class, and ordinary workers were regarded as of little consequence. A *samurai* could strike down with his sword any plebeian who jostled him by accident, or who as much as looked at him in a manner which he found distasteful. Similarly a *daimyo* had the power of life and death over a *samurai;* though after a time it became customary to allow a *samurai* condemned to death the privilege of taking his own life by that system of self-disembowelment which, though known to the world as *hara-kiri*, is seldom so called in Japan, the synonym *seppuku* being regarded as preferable.

The rank of *samurai* corresponded with that of knights in feudal Europe, and Japanese families who are descended from *samurai* are proud of the fact, precisely as some British families, and indeed some American families of British extraction, are proud of having sprung from knightly forbears.

But to return to our tea. A Zen priest named Shuko is said to have originated the idea of associating with the habit of tea-drinking the cultivation of "the four virtues" — urbanity, purity, courtesy and imperturbability — and this conception, originating about the middle of the fifteenth century, is to this day a tradition of the Tea Ceremony, or *cha-no-yu*.

THE great soldiers Nobunaga and Hideyoshi, chief figures of the latter half of the sixteenth century, were addicts of the Tea Ceremony. It was Hideyoshi who caused the Tea Master, Sen-no-Rikyu, to consider the various schools of Ceremonial Tea which had developed, and codify them.

The key-note of the ceremony prescribed by Sen-no-Rikyu was "simplicity" of a most elaborate kind. There must be a special teahouse in the garden — though in recent times a special tea-room in the house is considered adequate. The teahouse was required to be small. Its exact dimensions were given, down even to the height of the doorway, which was so low as to compel guests to enter with bowed heads. The house must be simple in the extreme, yet built of the choicest woods. The character of the tea equipment was specified, as was the nature of the decorations.

This is where Flower Arrangement originally came in. A *kakemono* — one of those Oriental paintings mounted on a vertical panel of silk arranged to roll up on a cylindrical piece of wood or ivory attached to its lower margin — must hang in the shallow alcove which is the place of honor in every Japanese room; and beneath the *kakemono* must be displayed an object of art or an arrangement of flowers having a certain relationship to the painting.

For example, if the painting be that of a lion the suitable flower to be displayed beneath it is the peony, because the lion is the king of beasts and the peony the king of flowers. This is merely one simple instance of an artistic association of ideas, infinite in number and sometimes complicated in character. Yet these decorative affinities are understood not only by the highly educated Japanese, but by a large proportion of the people — for the feeling for art is, I believe, distributed more widely amongst the people of Japan than amongst those of any other nation. The Japanese do not jam their homes with furniture and decorations as we so often do, but exhibit their art treasures a few at a time, keeping most of them put away. It is said that Japanese rooms look bare to the average foreigner, and that our houses seem to them overcrowded. To me, however, their rooms do not look bare, but have an air of exquisite refinement seldom found in an American or English room. Some Americans who have learned to appreciate the Japanese idea of decoration, and who imitate it superficially, nevertheless achieve assemblages of art objects which, because of the lack of relationship between them, offend the trained Japanese eye precisely as a discord offends a trained musical ear. As Chamberlain points out, the Japanese have few mere "patterns." They don't make "fancy figures" merely for the sake of covering up a surface. Their decoration means something — as indeed decoration has in its highest periods in all countries.

There have been many Tea Masters since Sen-no-Rikyu, and the names of not a few of them are remembered to this day with veneration. The chief treasure of a friend of mine in Tokyo is a little teahouse, standing in his garden, which belonged some three hundred years ago to Kobori-Enshiu, Tea Master to the third Tokugawa *shogun*. If you would know how such associations are valued in Japan, go to an auction when some piece of Ceremonial Tea equipment, once the property of a famous Tea Master, is coming up for sale.

Ceremonial Tea has practically nothing to do with ordinary tea-drinking. The very tea used for the purpose is not like other tea. It comes in the form of fine green powder which is placed in a special sort of bowl in a special sort of way, whereafter water of exactly the right temperature and quantity is added, and the mixture is whipped to a creamy froth with a tiny bamboo brush, manipulated in a special manner. Great

stress is laid upon the frame of mind brought into the tea-room, as well as on the etiquette and technique governing every detail connected with the making and drinking of the tea. The bowl is passed and received according to exact rules, and there is profound bowing back and forth. First it circulates as a loving-cup amongst the guests; later a special bowl is served to each in turn. On accepting the bowl the guest revolves it gently in his two hands; then with as much of the calm dignity of a Zen Buddhist as he is able to exhibit, he raises it and takes a large sip. Removing the bowl from his lips he pauses meditatively; then repeats the process. Etiquette demands that when three large sips have been taken there shall remain in the bowl enough tea to make a small sip. In disposing of this final draught great gusto must be shown. The head is thrown back in indication of eagerness to drain the last drop, and the tea is drawn into the mouth with a sucking sound which advertises the delight of the drinker.

The second night afterward he may be able to sleep. Ceremonial Tea is potent. Nor is its potency diminished by the fact that the hand which makes and serves it is a characteristically exquisite little Japanese hand, set off by the long soft sleeve of a flowered silk kimono.

Lafcadio Hearn tells us that training in the Tea Ceremony "is held to be a training in politeness, in self-control, in delicacy — a discipline in deportment"; but Jukichi Inouye, a gifted and honest Japanese author, goes even further, declaring that "the calm, sedate gracefulness of the Japanese lady of culture is the result of the study of the Tea Ceremony. . . ."

My one quarrel with Mr. Inouye is over that statement. To say that the study of the Tea Ceremony assists young ladies to attain poise is safe enough; but to say that the fine bearing of the Japanese lady is *the result* of studying the Tea Ceremony seems to me to be going altogether too far.

The bearing of the Japanese lady is a thing too exquisite to have been produced by the practise of any artificial social ritual. Such a bearing is not, in my opinion, to be classed as a mere accomplishment, though it may have been so a thousand or two thousand years ago. Rather it is the reflection of an incomparably lovely spirit, the flower of countless generations of such spirits, reaching back through ages of tradition, centuries of self-abnegation. It is the crowning product and proof, not of any Tea Ceremony, but of the disciplined civilization of Old Japan.

Whenever I find my thoughts reverting to the Japanese woman, I feel stirring within me a tendency to lyricism. Let Lafcadio Hearn, whose wife was a Japanese lady, speak for me. "Before this ethical creation," he writes, "criticism should hold its breath; for there is here no single fault save the fault of a moral charm unsuited to any world of selfishness and struggle. . . . Perhaps no such type of woman will appear again in this world for a hundred thousand years: the conditions of industrial civilization will not admit of her existence."

THE fact that the Japanese woman is in no small degree a man-made product does not fill me with admiration for Japanese men, as would some insentient product of their art. For whereas the artist has a right to carve what he will in wood or ivory or lacquer, to mould what he will in wax or clay or bronze, I doubt his moral right to use the human soul as a medium for his craftsmanship in making an ornament for his own home, however exquisite.

I am well aware that in this case the end may be said to more than justify the means, but I am enough of an individualist to believe in our American system, even though I must admit that it has not yet produced so exquisite an average of womanhood as has the Japanese system. Women as we produce them exhibit a much wider range of types than may be found in Japan, and though a vulgar American woman, be she rich or poor, attains a degree of vulgarity such as is not even faintly approximated in Japan, we also know that we produce types of women as fine as the world can show. And while I cannot speak with absolute certainty of the intellectual attainments of Japanese women, I am inclined to think that our more liberal attitude toward the sex, the greater freedom of companionship between American women and men, and the growth of the American woman's interest and share in public matters may tend to make her, at her best, a more completely satisfying comrade — not because her brains are necessarily better brains than those of the women of Japan, or of other countries, but because she has been encouraged to exercise them in a larger way.

From my point of view, however, the basic question here is not the question of which system produces the highest specimens of womanhood, but that of the inherent right of the individual to develop, let the results be what they may.

The Japanese woman is not allowed this freedom, since it is obviously to the interest of the Japanese man to keep her as she is. Lately there has been some agitation in Japan for what is called "universal suffrage", but it must not be supposed that by that term woman suffrage is meant. The proposal involves only the extension of the ballot to all males, as against the present system which requires that a man shall pay taxes above a certain amount in order to have a vote. Woman suffrage is not even in sight. Only recently a few progressive women have been asking, not for the vote, but for the abrogation of the rule which denies their sex the right to attend political meetings. Nor does the fact that they are asking such a thing by any means imply that they will soon get it. A movement has also been started by some advanced women led by Mrs. Raicho Hiratsuka, for laws compelling men who wish to marry to obtain medical certificates declaring them mentally sound and free from diseases of a kind likely to be communicated to a wife. I heard in Japan that seventy out of three hundred girls employed by the railway administration in Kyoto had organized an association to aid in the advancement of the measures proposed, vowing never to marry unless their would-be husbands complied with the requirements for which Mrs. Raicho Hiratsuka and her associates are endeavoring to obtain legal recognition.

ANOTHER matter that wants mending is the legal status of married women. So far as I know there has been made no serious effort to improve the present situation. Under Japanese law a woman, upon contracting marriage, becomes incompetent, like a minor. A wife cannot transfer her own real estate, bring an action at law, or even accept or reject a legacy or a gift, without the consent of her husband. Laws not dissimilar to these exist, I believe, in some of the more backward States of our own Union. According to the law of Japan a widow cannot succeed her husband as head of the family if she have a child who can take the succession. In matters of inheritance an elder sister gives place to a younger son, even to an illegitimate son recognized by the father.

A husband may divorce a wife for adultery, but a wife cannot divorce a husband for this cause — or rather, she can do so only when he has offended with a married woman whose husband has therefore brought action for divorce. Thus it will be seen that a husband may even take a concubine to live in his home, along with his wife and children, without giving ground for divorce. Concubinage, I am told, is still to some extent practised in Japan, though popular opinion is against it. In one respect, however, the Japanese divorce laws are more enlightened than our own. A husband and wife who agree in wishing a divorce may easily obtain it by stating the fact to the court.

Somehow or other I came to the subject of divorce before that of marriage. The Orient and the Occident are nowhere farther apart than in their views and customs as to the mating of men and women. In Japan marriages for love rarely occur, though it is said that the tendency of young people to marry to suit themselves is growing. Young Japanese girls, I am told, often look with envy upon women of other nations where marriage for love is the general rule. Probably they suppose such matches are invariably happy; that the love is always real love, and that it endures forever. No doubt our system, viewed from afar, looks as rosy to a Japanese girl as their system looks appalling to an American girl. Yet each has certain merits. The Japanese system does not suggest romance, it is true; but is romance, after all, the most essential stone in the foundation for a happy married life? Romantic notions figure too largely in some of our matches, and too little in some of theirs. And while the mature judgment of older people is with them the determining factor in the making of a match, it is too often with us no factor at all.

Marriages in Japan are generally brought about by older married couples who act as go-betweens. There is a popular saying that everyone should act as a go-between at least three times. The go-between, knowing a young man and woman whom he regards as suitable to each other, proposes the match confidentially to the parents of both. If preliminary reports are mutually satisfactory to the two families, a meeting of the young couple and their parents and relatives is arranged on neutral ground. Any intimation of the real purpose of this meeting is tactfully avoided at the time, though the purpose of it is, of course, fully understood by all concerned. Under this arrangement either family may, without giving offense, drop the matter after the first meeting, but if the results of the preliminary inspection are satisfactory to both sides, the parents meet again and definitely arrange the match, which is made binding by an exchange of presents.

Chamberlain says that while in theory the betrothal may not be concluded if either young person objects, in practise the two are in the hands of their parents, and that "the girl is nobody in the matter."

THIS generalization was doubtless accurate a few years ago, and may be accurate today in remote parts of Japan where Western ideas have not crept in, but among the educated classes in large cities a distinct change has come over the rising generation. There is as great a gap between the older and younger generations in Japan as in the United States, and as with us, the older people, over there, complain that youth is getting altogether out of hand, while youth complains that its aspirations are not understood by parents and grandparents. This does not mean that Japanese young men and women run practically wild, as so many American young men and women now are doing, but merely that the slight personal freedom they are demanding represents in Japan as great an innovation as is exhibited in the United States by the change from moderate parental control to no control at all.

Yet the cults and traditions of Old Japan are vastly powerful, and though tradition may yield a little here and there, it will not soon be broken down. This fact is made apparent in the quick reversion to type of Japanese men and women who have lived for years in the United States, and who, when in the United States, seem to have become quite like Americans. Meet them in Japan and you soon see that their Occidentalism was merely skin-deep. While with us they gracefully adapted themselves to our ways, and doubtless enjoyed them, but always in the back of their minds was the knowledge that they were Japanese and that they would ultimately return to Japan, there to become a part of the finely adjusted mechanism of Japanese homogeneity. I know many such men and women and find them very interesting. They have passed through an extraordinary mental and spiritual experience without being confused by it. Instead of mixing their Japanese and American selves, they acquire a perfect duality. They can sit on either side of the fence, as it were, and look over calmly and interpretatively at the other side.

I discussed this matter with one young matron who spent the first twenty years of her life in the United States, and who, when she moved back to Japan, spoke her native tongue with an American accent.

"My brothers and sisters and I went to American boarding schools," she said. "We dressed like Americans, had American boy and girl friends, went to house-parties, and grew up, outwardly, just as they were growing up. But always we were taught by our parents to understand that this was not to go on forever.

"When I came back to Japan and married I saw that the best thing to do was to show people that I was as Japanese as any of them. If I had kept up my foreign ways it would have been resented. So I became completely Japanese, and for a number of years did not even meet Americans who came here. Then when I had made clear my attitude and felt I was established, I began to see Americans again and entertain them."

In another case a young Japanese in an American university used to tell his college friends that when he went back to Japan he would show his emancipation from old Japanese tradition by marrying as he pleased. Soon after reaching home, however, he was married by his parents to a bride he hardly knew. He speaks fluent English, I am told, and has an American side which he can show at will, but the inner man is essentially as Japanese as though he had never been away. And rightly so, of course. The Japanese who throws himself as an impediment against the movement of the great machine of national conventions is not likely to break so much as a single tooth in the smallest of its wheels, but will surely break himself.

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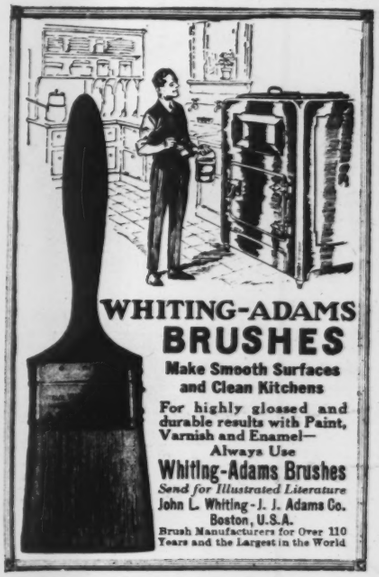

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But to return to the subject of marriages: Having made the match the go-between naturally takes pride in its success. He befriends the young couple; if they are unhappy he mediates between them, endeavoring to settle their difficulties; and if their unhappiness continues, and divorce is spoken of, it becomes his duty to exhaust every resource to prevent their acting rashly.

Before making the match, however, the go-between takes precautions to provide against such dangers as may be foreseen. He must, for example, make discreet investigations as to the health of both families for several generations back, to insure against hereditary taints, among which the most dreaded is leprosy.

The Japan Year Book, in most cases a useful reference work, is curiously silent on the subject of leprosy, though several pages are devoted to tuberculosis and other diseases. It was reported recently that a million Japanese have tuberculosis, but leprosy, though less contagious and consequently much less frequent, is more feared. An authority has told me that there are probably two million lepers in the world and that the only countries free from the disease are England and Scotland, from which it has been eradicated by segregation. It is estimated that New York City has one hundred lepers, and that there are cases of it in most, if not all States in the Union. Yet according to the Government report only three States — California, Louisiana and Massachusetts — make provision for the segregation and care of sufferers from this most terrible of diseases. Some people give the number of lepers in Japan as under twenty thousand. The Home Office sets the figure at sixty-four thousand. Specialists, however, say that even the latter figure is far too low, and that the actual number is nearer one hundred thousand.

The first leprosarium in Japan was started twenty-eight years ago by Roman Catholic missionaries. A few years later a second leper hospital was founded by Miss H. Riddell, an Englishwoman who has been probably the greatest single influence in bettering conditions for the Japanese lepers. Miss Riddell's leprosarium at Kumamoto, South Japan, was used by the Japanese Government as a model for the State leprosariums of which there are now five. Other such institutions are operated by missionaries and private individuals, but the work must be greatly extended if it is hoped to check the spread of the disease, to say nothing of stamping it out. The story of Miss Riddell and her work is enormously interesting.

A Japanese friend of mine who has frequently acted as go-between in arranging matches for employees of a large company of which he is an official, tells me that girls in families tainted with leprosy are often exceptionally beautiful, and that they frequently have very white skins. In certain parts of Japan where leprosy is common there are, he tells me, rich families having beautiful daughters for whom it is impossible to find husbands in the neighborhood because of rumors of leprosy in their blood. Such families occasionally move to the great cities where they seek to find husbands for their daughters through matrimonial agents or by personal advertisements in newspapers. The custom of advertising for a husband or wife has of late years grown considerably, and as has happened in this country, rascalities are sometimes discovered behind such advertisements, wherefore the police keep an eye on matrimonial agencies.

ONE reason why accurate statistics on leprosy are hard to get, not only in Japan, but in all countries, is that families in which a case occurs will often go to great lengths to conceal it. In Japan this is particularly true because there a leper cannot marry, and leprosy is cause for divorce not only in the case of the individual actually afflicted, but in that of the victim's blood relations including those as far removed as second cousins. No wonder the go-between feels a sense of responsibility!

Though the Japanese system of arranged marriages is sometimes likened to the French system, the two are quite different. In France the great point is the bride's dowry — so much so that a girl who has no *dot* entertains but the scantiest hope of ever being married. But the Japanese bride is not expected to bring a dowry of money. Her wedding present from her parents consists as a rule of furniture and clothing which they give according to their purse. The daughter of a rich family may, at her marriage, receive enough kimonos not only to last her all her life, but to go a long way toward clothing her daughters and granddaughters. That is one of the blessings of a costume having uniform lines which do not change.

The ceremonies connected with a Japanese wedding are extremely interesting, but are too elaborate to be gone into here. There is no wedding trip. The bride moves at once to the home of her husband's parents, unless she is lucky enough to have married a man who can afford a home of his own. Along with her name and residence she transfers her allegiance absolutely to the husband's family. Particular stress is laid upon her duty to her husband's mother.

THIS fact is recognized in a textbook issued by the Imperial Department of Education for use in the higher girls' schools, which says: "Absence of harmony is often witnessed between a husband's mother and her daughter-in-law, and this is often traceable to the latter's disobedience and undutifulness. The mother-in-law may be too conservative to get on smoothly with the young daughter-in-law trained in new ideas, but dutifulness, patience and sincerity on the latter's part will bring on peace and harmony. . . . If, on the contrary, the daughter-in-law, while tolerant of her own weaknesses, is critical toward her husband's mother and complains of her heartlessness, she will only betray her own unworthiness. These points should always be kept in mind by young girls."

Young Japanese heiresses are doubly fortunate since their affluence provides, among other comforts, a means of escaping the dreaded mother-in-law. Instead of moving to her husband's home, an heiress will often bring her husband to the shelter of her own paternal roof, where by adoption he becomes a son of her family, taking the family name.

When all is said, there is no question that the condition of Japanese women is slowly improving, although the woman movement there is still in the academic stage. Little by little the example of women in America and England is making itself felt, and the educational opportunities open to women are gradually increasing. The average college for women is not, to be sure, comparable with the ordinary college for men, but there is said to be one university of really high standing which is open to women, and a number of other co-educational institutions are listed as fairly good. Waseda College is now opening its doors for the first time to women as well as men, and though women cannot graduate from Tokyo Imperial University, I am informed that they are permitted to attend lectures there.

Women are going more and more into business and professional life. Great numbers of them are now employed in the government postal and railway offices, in the offices of prefectures and municipalities, and, of course, in the telephone service, as well as by private companies of all kinds. Employers report steady improvement in the standard of intelligence and capability among their women employees. Women, they say, do their work well and are usually content with small salaries. In seeking positions they generally declare that they wish to occupy themselves profitably between the time of leaving high school and that of marrying.

Eliminating, for the time being, the *geisha*, who because of her curious occupation will be separately discussed, and who does not in any case fit into a discussion of woman's progress, since she is in some measure a barrier to it, we find that the medical profession is probably the most profitable field for women workers. There are some seven or eight hundred women doctors in Japan, of whom almost half are graduates of the Tokyo School for Women, founded by a woman physician, Dr. Y. Yoshioka.

Trained nursing is also a popular occupation and many girls have lately been leaving office and telephone work to take it up, chiefly for the reason that trained nurses receive $1. to $1.25 per day, which is considered good pay.

Until ten or a dozen years ago there were no actresses in Japan, female rôles having invariably been taken by men, but the octogenarian Baron Shibusawa (lately created Viscount), who has done so much toward liberalizing the thought of Japan in many lines, founded a school for actresses, with the result that there is now a place for them on the Japanese stage, and that a few have come to be well known, although none are as yet so popular as the best known actors. The people of the theatre hold in Japan a social position similar to that held by Occidental players a century or more ago. They are distinctly a lower caste, and while they are admired for their art, and are adored by young girls as matinée idols are with us, they are considered as belonging to a social stratum in which *geisha* and wrestlers figure.

There are now perhaps a dozen or more women working as reporters and special writers on the various Tokyo newspapers. Miss Osawa, who started work on the *Jiji Shimpo* twenty-one years ago, is, I believe, the dean of Japanese women journalists.

There are more than twenty well-known monthly magazines for women, many of them edited by women and largely contributed to by women writers. Authorship is a traditional occupation for women in Japan, women's names being among the greatest in that nation's ancient literature — in which connection it is interesting to note the fact that some of the old-time authoresses were courtesans.

One hears a good deal of talk of the "new woman" in Japan, and perhaps the surest indication that she is coming into being is the fact that supposedly humorous postcards are sold on the Tokyo streets, in which the new woman is shown in various dictatorial attitudes before a cringing husband. Once, at a dinner I attended in Osaka, a woman who runs a business training school for girls, arose and made a short speech. I noticed that while she spoke not a few of the men smiled pityingly. American women old enough to recall the early days of the woman movement in this country will have no difficulty in estimating the distance that the Japanese woman has yet to go.

Japanese ladies who have the time and inclination for charitable activity accomplish a great deal. The W. C. T. U. is active in Japan, Mrs. Yajima, its president, a lady past eighty years of age, being perhaps the leader among progressive women of the land. The Red Cross has a large membership, and the Y. W. C. A., like the Y. M. C. A., has a firmly fixed and useful place, carrying on a wide variety of activities. Among these are classes to teach young girls the ways of the business world which is so rapidly opening to them. As an indication of the need for such instruction, a lady who works in the Y. W. C. A. in Tokyo told me of a case in which a Japanese girl who came for instruction reported that she was in the habit of kissing her foreign employer good morning and good night, in the belief — a belief we must suppose to have been inculcated by him — that such was the general business custom.

IT is often said that the Japanese never kiss. Bowing is the national form of salutation, though those accustomed to meet foreigners shake hands with them. The fact as to kissing is that one never sees it, even between mother and child, and that this is interpreted as signifying that kissing is unknown. That is not the case. I own an old print by Utamaro which shows a man and woman kissing with the greatest zeal. The Japanese simply do not kiss indiscriminately or in public places.

The feeling against demonstrations of affection in public is so strong that when American motion pictures were first taken to Japan audiences would hoot at those tender passages so much enjoyed by some persons in this country. For several years past, however, all such representations have been cut from American films intended for exhibition over there. This work is done by an American who lives in Japan, and who has made up what is probably one of the strangest films in the world by assembling all the cuts into one awful reel of lust and osculation, in which figure most of the widely known American movie stars. This film he sometimes runs off privately for his friends, and it is said to leave those who witness it in a frame of mind to vote kissing a capital offense.

In a rather pitiful list of ten requests made by a Japanese wife to her husband, and exhibited as a poster at the Girls' Industrial School of Tokyo, was the appeal: "Please stop saying '*Oi, kora*', when you call me."

Oi, the expression used by most Japanese husbands when they call their wives, is about equivalent to our "Hallo!" or "Hey!" Sometimes a husband will call his wife by name, but one more often hears *Oi*, or *Oi, oi*, even among persons of position. *Oi* is more familiar than rude. A man would say it to his close friend. But a woman would never say it to her husband. *Kora* is really objectionable, being an exclamation addressed only to inferiors. Naturally, then, wives object to it, whether they make bold to declare the fact or not. For a wife may not even call her husband by his first name, but must address him as *anata*, which is a respectful form for "you."

It has been said that the peasant woman who works beside her husband in the fields or fishing villages, or who helps him push a

cart, or navigate a boat on the rivers and canals, is the happiest woman in Japan, being a real companion to him. There is much room for improvement in the attitude of the middle-class Japanese toward his wife. He gets into automobiles and railroad trains ahead of her and has the air of ignoring her in public.

THE attitude of such husbands does not however necessarily mean that they do not care for their wives. Rather it means that they are old-fashioned — that the ancient notion of woman's position, based on the teachings of Buddhism and Confucianism, has clung to them. But most of all, I think, it reveals their fear of being thought ridiculous. For if a man showed his wife what we would call ordinary civility, the old-school Japanese thought him henpecked.

Strangely enough, the position occupied by women in the days of Japan's early antiquity was much higher than it has since become. In olden times women took part in war, had a voice in politics, and in other ways held their own with men. In the eighth century successive Empresses occupied the Imperial throne, and the influence of certain able women was strongly felt at court and in society. Two centuries later we find a great era of literary women many of whose names are famous to this day.

But soon after the introduction of Buddhism and Confucianism all this was changed. The Buddhist doctrine called women creatures of sin, treacherous and cruel; and says Confucius: "When a boy is born let him play with jewels; when a girl is born let her play with tiles." So it came about that woman's position declined until it was possible for the famous moralist Kaibara to write a treatise on the Duty of Woman, containing such maxims as these:

"A woman should look upon her husband as if he were Heaven itself, and never weary of thinking how she may yield to him, and thus escape celestial castigation. Let her never dream of jealousy. If her husband be dissolute she must expostulate with him but never either nurse or vent her anger. Should her husband become angry she should obey him with fear and trembling and not set herself up against him in anger and frowardness."

An endless quantity of such quotations may be taken from the writings of moral teachers, and in them is indicated the debt of the women of Japan to Chinese doctrines. In view of which it seems strange indeed to visit a Buddhist temple and there be shown coils of thick black rope which was used in the erection of the building, and which was made entirely from the hair of devout women who sacrificed their prized tresses for this purpose, being too poor to give aught else.

Thus, while the Occident was teaching men to be chivalrous toward women, the Orient was teaching women to be, as one might put it, chivalrous toward men. But in both cases the modern tendency is toward change. The growth of woman's economic independence in this country, making her man's competitor, tends to make man less polite in his general casual contacts with her. Having elected to be his equal she must take her chances with him in the subway rush and in the scramble for streetcar seats.

Fifty years hence, Japan will perhaps have reached this pass but, for whatever reason, the present trend of things there seemed to me to be almost the reverse of the trend with us. Slowly, very slowly, the attitude of the Japanese man toward the Japanese woman is improving. I found that evening classes were being held at the Y. W. C. A. in Tokyo for the purpose of teaching young husbands and wives how to enjoy social life together, and there is no doubt that in more fashionable society the better type of modern young husband treats his wife with much more consideration and courtesy, and makes much more a companion of her, than was customary or even possible under the old régime. Twenty-five years ago it was well enough for a man to walk on the street with a *geisha*, but the man who walked in public with his wife was jeered at, and might even find himself a target for missiles. But though that is no longer the case, the tradition that man should assume a superior air still to some extent survives among the masses, so that for a husband to treat his wife with perfect courtesy before strangers requires, singular though it may seem, real moral courage.

Obviously you cannot understand Japan without understanding the Japanese woman who is the nation's crowning glory. But as Lafcadio Hearn tells you, she is not to be understood without an understanding of the organization of Japanese society, which, in turn, is not to be understood without a comprehension of Shintoism, the State religion.

Everyone has a prescription for understanding Japan. One friend told me I could never understand it until I had grasped the attitude of the people toward the Imperial House. But that is only another way of saying that Shintoism must be understood. Many, naturally, speak of Buddhism. Others mention the feudal system, with its clan loyalty, as the touchstone, and still others assured me that a knowledge of the Tea Ceremony and of the *Nō Drama* were essential.

"Fujiyama is the key-note of Japan," wrote Kipling. "When you understand the one you are in position to learn something about the other." Sir Charles Eliot, long before he became British Ambassador at Tokyo, wrote that it is hopeless to attempt to understand Japan without first recognizing "the peculiar spirituality of the Japanese"; but there are not wanting others to deny the existence of any such spirituality as Sir Charles describes, and who, instead, harp upon the alleged Prussianism of Japan as explaining everything.

Dr. Nitobé, the gifted Japanese author, who, like Okakura, writes charmingly in English, gives us as the key to Japan the doctrine of *bushido*, or "military knight ways"; but again there are students of Japan who affirm that the system of practical ethics attributed by the doctor's patriotic pen to the *samurai* of old, would astound those doughty warriors could they hear of it. The book "Bushido", declare these critics, is less a key to Japan than to Dr. Nitobé.

Is not the interdependence of facts, of which I spoke earlier in this chapter, illustrated in the trend of what I have written, all of which, remember, grew out of a discussion of a bunch of flowers in a bamboo vase? Do you see why I called Japan "The Isle of Complexities"? And do you see that I might also call it "The Isle of Contradictions"?

Perhaps you will not be surprised, then, at my confession that after having spent several weeks in Japan I found myself fascinated but also puzzled. Why, I asked myself, had I so gaily set forth under an agreement with the editor of *McClure's Magazine*, to write about Japan? Why hadn't I made it a mere pleasure trip? For it is one thing to see and be satisfied with seeing, and quite another to attempt interpretation.

IT has often been said that if a man stays in Japan six or eight weeks he can write a book about it; that if he stays a year or two he may write a single article for a magazine; but that if he stays several years he will be afraid to write at all. That is one theory. But there are those who are appalled when one tells them one means to write a series of articles on Japan after a two months' visit.

"To get the Japanese background," one friend told me, "you ought to have a month or two in Korea, and at least a year in China. Then you should come back and rent a house and live in Japanese fashion for a while."

"Say about two hundred years?" I suggested.

My friend smiled.

"One hundred and fifty years might do," he said, "if you made every minute count."

Then, perhaps because he read in my face the signs of my discouragement, he reminded me of an old fable.

Seven blind men went to "see" an elephant. One of them, bumping into the great beast's side, said, "Here is a creature resembling a wall." Another, feeling the trunk, likened the elephant to a serpent; another, touching a tusk, announced that the animal resembled a spear; and still another, grasping an ear, compared the animal to a large leaf. The one who got hold of the tail likened it to a rope, while he who embraced a leg thought of a tree, and he who crawled over the back declared that an elephant resembled a hill.

There in a paragraph you have Japan and her interpreters.

Another article in this interesting series of Japanese Impressions by Julian Street will appear in the January McClure's

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